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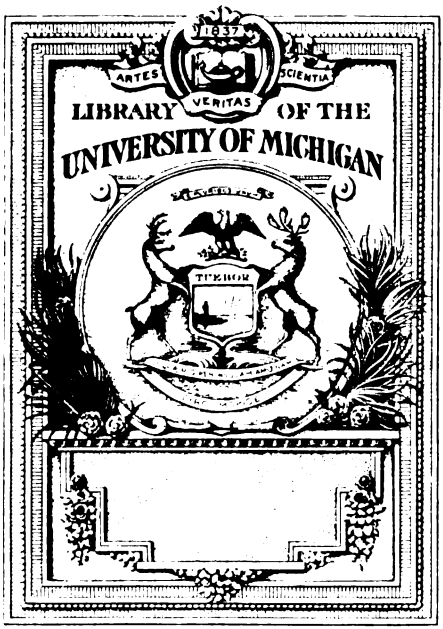

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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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ROBSON AND SONS, PRINTERS, PANCRAS ROAD, N.W.

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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE TEXT REVISED

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN NINE VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

THIRD EDITION.

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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

We learn from Henslowe's *Diary* (p. 147 sqq. ed. Shakespeare Soc.) that in April 1599 Dekker and Chettle were engaged in writing a play, which has not come down to us, called *Troilus and Cressida;* and to that piece perhaps applies the entry made by Roberts in the Stationers' Registers, Feb. 7th, 1602-3, of "The booke of Troilus and Cresseda, as yt is acted by my Lo. Chamberlens men,"—which "booke," as far as we know, was never given to the press. But another entry in the Stationers' Registers, made by Bonian and Walley, Jan. 28th, 1608-9, of "A booke called the History of Troylus and Cressula," undoubtedly describes our author's drama, which was published by the booksellers who made the entry. "The play was originally printed in 1609 [4to]. It was formerly supposed that there were two editions in that year, but they were merely different issues of the same impression: the body of the work (with two exceptions) is alike in each; they were from the types of the same printer, and were published by the same stationers. [Various readings are frequently found in old plays which have been printed from the same forms of type.] The title-pages [see vol. i. p. 154] vary materially; but there is another more remarkable diversity. On the title-page of the copies first circulated, it is not stated that the drama had been represented by any company; and in a sort of preface, headed 'A never Writer to an ever Reader. News,' it is asserted that it had never been 'staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar;' in other words, that the play had not been acted. This was probably then true; but as 'Troilus and Cressida' was very soon afterwards brought upon the stage, it became necessary for the publishers to substitute a new title-page, and to suppress their preface: accordingly a re-issue of the same edition took place, by the title-page of which it appeared, that the play was printed 'as it was acted by the King's Majesty's servants at the Globe.' . . . . . It is very evident that 'Troilus and Cressida' was originally acted in the interval between the first and the second edition of the 4to, as printed by G. Eld for Bonian and Walley in the early part of 1609. It is probable that our great dramatist prepared it for the stage in the winter of 1608-9, with a view to its production at the Globe as soon as the season commenced at that theatre: before it was so produced, and after it had been licensed, Bonian and Walley seem to have possessed themselves of a copy of it; and having procured it to be printed, issued it to the world as 'a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar.' That they had obtained it without the consent of the company, 'the grand possessors,' as they are called, may be gathered from the conclusion of the preface. The second issue of Bonian and Walley's edition of 1609 was not made until after the tragedy had been acted at the Globe, as is stated on the title-page." Collier (*Introd. to Troilus and Cressida*).—That some portions of it, particularly towards the end, are from the pen of a very inferior dramatist, is unquestionable: and they would seem to belong to an earlier piece on the same subject, perhaps to the joint-production of Dekker and Chettle before mentioned.—The *Troilus and Creseide* of Chaucer may be considered as the foundation of this play; towards which something was also furnished by Caxton's *Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye* (first printed circa 1474*), and by Lydgate's *Historye, Sege, and dystruccyon of Troye* (first printed in 1513).

* "(1472-4 ?)." Blades's *Life and Typog. of William Caxton*, vol. ii. p. 3.

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ADDRESS

PREFIXED TO SOME COPIES OF THE EDITION OF 1609, 4to.

A never writer to an ever reader:—News.

ETERNAL reader, you have here a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical; for it is a birth of your brain that never undertook any thing comical vainly: and were but the vain names of comedies changed for the titles of commodities, or of plays for pleas, you should see all those grand censors, that now style them such vanities, flock to them for the main grace of their gravities; especially this author's comedies, that are so framed to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexterity and power of wit, that the most displeased with plays are pleased with his comedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings as were never capable of the wit of a comedy, coming by report of them to his representations, have found that wit there that they never found in themselves, and have parted better-witted than they came; feeling an edge of wit set upon them, more than ever they dreamed they had brain to grind it on. So much and such savoured salt of wit is in his comedies, that they seem, for their height of pleasure, to be born in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time, I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not,—for so much as will make you think your testern well bestowed,—but for so much worth as even poor I know to be stuffed in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best comedy in Terence or Plautus: and believe this, that when he is gone, and his comedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and, at the peril of your pleasure's loss and judgment's, refuse not nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude; but thank fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you; since by the grand possessors' wills, I believe, you should have prayed for them, rather than been prayed. And so I leave all such to be prayed for—for the states of their wits' healths—that will not praise it. *Vale.*

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIAM, king of Troy.

HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS,
} his sons.

MARGARELON, a bastard son of Priam.

ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR,
} Trojan commanders.

CALCHAS, a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.

PANDARUS, uncle to Cressida.

AGAMEMNON, the Grecian general.

MENELAUS, his brother.

ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS,
} Grecian commanders.

THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.

ALEXANDER, servant to Cressida.

Servant to Troilus.

Servant to Paris.

Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, wife to Menelaus.

ANDROMACHE, wife to Hector.

CASSANDRA, daughter of Priam; a prophetess.

CRESSIDA, daughter of Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—*Troy, and the Grecian camp before it.*

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PROLOGUE.

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruisèd Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides,[1] with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr[2] up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard:—and hither am I come
A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence
Of author's pen or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle; starting[3] thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Troy. Before* PRIAM'S *palace.*

Enter TROILUS *armed, and* PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet; I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas, hath none!

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skilless as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word "hereafter" the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,

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Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—"when she comes!"—When is she thence?[4]

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thèe,—when my heart,
As wedgèd with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,—
I have—as when the sun doth light a storm—[5]
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, —well, go to,—there were no more comparison between the women,—but, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit; but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, "she is fair;"
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman![6]—this thou tell'st me,
As[7] true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

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Tro. Good Pandarus,—how now, Pandarus!

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. [*Exit Pandarus. Alarum.*

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus,—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not a-field?

Tro. Because not there: this woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.

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What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returnèd home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed; 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if "would I might" were "may."—
But to the sport abroad:—are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we, then, together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A street.*

Enter CRESSIDA *and* ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to th' eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armorer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,[8]
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good; and what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men,—unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their

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particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: he hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: what do you talk of? —Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector armed and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so: Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

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Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay, if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were,—

Cres. So he is.

Pan. Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself! no, he's not himself:—would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must friend or end: well, Troilus, well,—I would my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit[9] this year,—

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities,—

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him,—his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour—for so 'tis, I must confess,—not brown neither,—

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She praised his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having

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colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin—

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him,—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin—

Cres. Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to, then:—but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—indeed, she has a marvell's[10] white hand, I must needs confess,—

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing!—Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er,—

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed,—

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Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes:—did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, "Here's but one and fifty[11] hairs on your chin, and one of them is white."

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. "One and fifty hairs," quoth he, "and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons." "Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris my husband?" "The forked one," quoth he; "pluck't out, and give it him." But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A retreat sounded.*

Pan. Hark! they are coming from the field: shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do,—sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Æneas passes.

Pan. That's Æneas: is not that a brave man? he's one

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of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

ANTENOR *passes.*

Cres. Who's that?

Pan. That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person.—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR *passes.*

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector!—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? it does a man's heart good:—look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there's no jesting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

Pan. Swords! any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one: by God's lid, it does one's heart good.—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris:

PARIS *passes.*

look ye yonder, niece; is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha!—Would I could see Troilus now!—You shall see Troilus anon.

HELENUS *passes.*

Cres. Who's that?

Pan. That's Helenus:—I marvel where Troilus is:—that's Helenus:—I think he went not forth to-day:—that's Helenus.

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Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus! no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well.—I marvel where Troilus is.—Hark! do you not hear the people cry "Troilus"?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS *passes.*

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus:—'tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him:—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty.—Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way!—Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Cres. Here comes more.

Forces *pass.*

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat!—I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus.—Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone: crows and daws, crows and daws!—I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles,—a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well!—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie,—for then the man's date's out.

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Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit Boy.*] I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle?

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.[12]

Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.

[*Exit Pandarus.*

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise:
But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done; joy's soul lies[13] in the doing:
That she belov'd knows naught that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:[14]
Then, though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III. *The Grecian camp. Before* AGAMEMNON'S *tent.*

Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, *and others.*

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmisèd shape. Why, then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our wrecks,[15]
And call them shames, which are, indeed, naught else
But the protractive trials of great Jove
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unminglèd.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail

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Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rivall'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide
In storms of fortune: for in her ray and brightness
The herd hath more annoyance by the breese
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled[16] under shade, why, then the thing of courage,
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in selfsame key
Retorts[17] to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which—[*to Agamemnon*] most mighty for thy place and sway,—
[*To Nestor*] And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life—
I give to both your speeches,—which were such
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air—strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides—knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please both,
Though[18] great and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect[19]
That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,

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When rank Thersites opes his mastiff[20] jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.[21]
When that the general is not like the hive,[22]
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th' unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other;[23] whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: but when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny,
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
Then[24] enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenity[25] and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,

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And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong—
Between whose endless jar justice resides—
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,[26]
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: with him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action—
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls—
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;

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And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested[27] seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms unsquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries, "Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just.
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he being drest to some oration."
That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as[28] like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good[29] Achilles still cries, "Excellent!
'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night-alarm."
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries, "O, enough, Patroclus;
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen." And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain—
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice—many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a pace[30]
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites—

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A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint—
To match us in comparisons with dirt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded-in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war;
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*A tucket.*

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.[31]

Men. From Troy.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm[32]
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How!

Æne. Ay;
I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes

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The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?
Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,[33]
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.[34]
Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?
Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.
Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?
Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.
Agam. He hears naught privately that comes from Troy.
Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.
Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.
Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector,—Priam is his father,—
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is rusty grown: he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece
That holds his honour higher than his ease;

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That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;[35]
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburnt, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;

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So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.
[*Exeunt all except Ulysses and Nestor.*
Ulyss. Nestor,—
Nest. What says Ulysses?
Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain;
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
Nest. What is't?
Ulyss. This 'tis:—
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.
Nest. Well, and how?[36]
Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.
Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.
Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?
Nest. Yes,
It is most meet: who may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation[37] shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action; for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks

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To their subséquent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets Hector issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence the conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his[38] instruments,
In no less working than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;—
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, that they will sell;[39] if not,
The lustre of the better yet to show,
Shall show the better. Do not, then, consent[40]
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: 'mong ourselves
Give him allowance as the worthier man;
For that will physic the great Myrmidon
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still

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That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.
Nest. Ulysses,
Now[41] I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A part of the Grecian camp.*

Enter AJAX *and* THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. Agamemnon,—how if he had boils,—full, all over, generally?—

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?—[42]

Ajax. Dog,—

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel, then. [*Beating him.*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak, then, thou vinewedst leaven, speak: I[43] will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

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Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation!

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porpentine, do not: my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation!

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites![44]

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinico may tutor thee: thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you thus?—How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do: what's the matter?

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Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well! why, I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

[*Ajax offers to beat him, Achilles interposes.*

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary,—no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. E'en so; a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch,

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if he knock out either of your brains: 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor—whose wit was mouldy ere your[45] grandsires had nails on their toes—yoke you like draught-oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to, Ajax, to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace!

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach[46] bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:—

That Hector, by the fifth hour[47] of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms
That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not,—'tis put to lottery; otherwise
He knew his man. [*Exeunt Achil. and Patr.*

Ajax. O, meaning you.—I will go learn more of it. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Troy. A room in* PRIAM'S *palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, *and* HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:—
"Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,

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Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war—
Shall be struck off:"—Hector, what say you to't?
Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I
As far as toucheth my particular,
Yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out "Who knows what follows?"
Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath been as dear as Helen,—I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten,—
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?
Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?[48]
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly[49] shame!
Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?
Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest;
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know an enemy intends you harm;
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels, then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set

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The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of th' affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: how may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant
When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve
Because we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo, and makes stale the morning.[50]
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,

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And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went,—
As you must needs, for you all cried, "Go, go;"
If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,—
As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cried, "Inestimable!"—why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that fortune never did,—
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base,
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep![51]
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n,
That in their country did them that disgrace
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*within*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise, what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister; I do know her voice.

Cas. [*within*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, *raving.*

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace!

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld,[52]
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe!
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,

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We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass[58] the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,

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When Helen is defended; nor none so noble
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz'd,—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners: now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbèd wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-order'd nation
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature and of nations speak aloud
To have her back return'd: thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood

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Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame in time to come canónize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.
Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advértis'd their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept:
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Grecian camp. Before* ACHILLES' *tent.*

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites! what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me: 'sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare enginer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-aimed[54] ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache![55] for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a

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placket. I have said my prayers; and devil envy say Amen. —What, ho! my Lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. —Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; the heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come,—what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles.—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayst tell that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

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Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand to the creator.[56] It suffices me thou art.—Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo on the subject! and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and* AJAX.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.
He shent our messengers;[57] and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so; lest perchance he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent:
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: but why, why? let him show us the cause.—A word, my lord. [*Takes Agamemnon aside.*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who, Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument that has his argument,—Achilles.

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Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: but it was a strong composure a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.—Here comes Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness and this noble state
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other
But for your health and your digestion sake,—
An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus:—
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,
If you do say we think him over-proud
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself[58]
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows,[59] as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this; and add,
That if he overhold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report,—

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Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant:—tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied;
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you.

[*Exit Ulysses.*

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself; pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. [*aside*] Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: possess'd he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth

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Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of 't
Cry "No recovery."

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as doth revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were t' enlard his fat-already pride,
And add more coals to Cancer when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder, "Achilles go to him."

Nest. [*aside*] O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. [*aside*] And how his silence drinks up this applause!

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armèd fist
I'll pash him o'er the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An 'a be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride:
Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nest. [*aside*] How he describes himself!

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Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. [*aside*] The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Agam. [*aside*] He will be the physician that should be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. [*aside*] Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. 'A should not bear it so, 'a should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. [*aside*] An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulyss. [*aside*] 'A would have ten shares.

Ajax. I will knead him; I'll make him supple.

Nest. [*aside*] He's not yet through warm:[60] force him with praises: pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyss. [*to Agam.*] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—but 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us!
Would he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now,—

Ulyss. If he were proud,—[61]

Dio. Or covetous of praise,—

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne,—

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected!

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:[62]
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigour, let[63]
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

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To sinewy Ajax. I'll not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor,—
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:—
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.(64)

Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow(65)
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Troy. A room in* PRIAM'S *palace.*

Enter a Servant *and* PANDARUS.

Pan. Friend, you,—pray you, a word: do not you follow the young Lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

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Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the Lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles. [*Music within.*]—What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir: it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who's there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—(66)

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen: could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Serv. Sodden business! there's a stewed phrase indeed!

Enter PARIS *and* HELEN, *attended.*

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! —especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken music.

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Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance.—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen.—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But, marry, thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus,—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you,—

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith,—

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.[67]

Pan. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but, my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.[68]

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer[69] Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter; you are wide: come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

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Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so. [*Sings.*

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For, O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.
These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love?[70] hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers?—Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the

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gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something:—you know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.*

[*A retreat sounded.*

Par. They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris;
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.* PANDARUS' *orchard.*

Enter PANDARUS *and* TROILUS' Boy,[71] *meeting.*

Pan. How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Boy. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Pan. O, here he comes.

Enter TROILUS.

How now, how now!

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Boy.*

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,

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Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields
Where I may wallow in the lily-beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight. [*Exit.*

Tro. I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round.
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense: what will it be,
When that the watery palate tastes[72] indeed
Love's thrice-repurèd[73] nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning[74] destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit.*

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of majesty.

Re-enter PANDARUS *with* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby. —Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put

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you i' the fills.—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you o' the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's—"In witness whereof the parties interchangeably"—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [*Exit.*

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!

Cres. Wished, my lord!—The gods grant—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worst.[75]

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

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Tro. Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid, then, so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—pardon me—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much[76]
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother:—see, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?—
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege

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Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning[77] in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel!—stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith. [*Kisses her.*

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:
I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid!

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun
Yourself.[78]

Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:—
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show'd[79] more craft than love;
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise;
Or else you love not; for to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman—
As, if it can, I will presume in you—
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight

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Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
"As true as Troilus" shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states charácterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they've said "as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,"—
"Yea," let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
"As false as Cressid."

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand; here my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all Pandars; let all inconstant[80] men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

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Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber with a bed; which bed,[81] because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away!
And Cupid grant[82] all tongue-tied maidens here
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Grecian camp.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, *and* CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind[83]
That, through the sight I bear in things to Jove,
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possessions,[84]
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into[85] the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you—often have you thanks therefore—
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: but this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood,[86] a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,

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And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pay.[87]

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS, *before their tent.*

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' th' entrance of his tent:—
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me
Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him:[88]
If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink:
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along:—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better. [*Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.*

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit.*

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Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?
Ajax. How now, Patroclus!
Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.
Ajax. Ha!
Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit.*
Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?
Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly as they use[89] to creep
To holy altars.
Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour, but honour[90] for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,[91]
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses:
I'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, Ulysses!
Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!
Achil. What are you reading?
Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, "That man—how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without or in—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others

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Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver."

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form:
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd[92] there
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,—
It is familiar,—but at the author's drift;
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
Though in and of him there be much consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them formèd in th' applause
Where they're extended; who, like an arch, reverberates[93]
The voice again; or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow—
An act that very chance doth throw upon him—
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,

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As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrieking.

Achil. I do believe it; for they pass'd by me
As misers do by beggars,—neither gave to[94] me
Good word nor look: what, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes:[95]
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As they are done:[96] perséverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take th' instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but[97] goes abreast: keep, then, the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forth-right,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;[98]
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,[99]
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer: welcome[100] ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gauds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

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The present eye praises the present object:[101]
Then marvel not, thou great and cómplete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.[102]

Achil. Ha! known!

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;[103]
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps pace with thought, and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.[104]
There is a mystery—with whom[105] relation
Durst never meddle—in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expressure to:
All the commérce that you have had with Troy
As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much
To throw down Hector than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump,
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,
"Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him."[106]
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:

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A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself;[107] and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?[108]

Patr. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then, beware;
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
T' invite the Trojan lords after the combat
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view.—A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites

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his lip with a politic regard, as who should say "There were wit in this head, an 'twould out;" and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break 't himself in vainglory. He knows not me: I said, "Good morrow, Ajax;" and he replies, "Thanks, Agamemnon." What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering: speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon.[109] Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon!

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to 't?

Ther. God b' wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

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Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none,—unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Troy. A street.*

Enter, from one side, ÆNEAS, *and* Servant *with a torch; from the other,* PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, *and others, with torches.*

Par. See, ho! who 's that there?
Dei. 'Tis the Lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?—
Had I so good occasion to lie long
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, Lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas,—take his hand,—
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce;
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think or courage execute.

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Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health;
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In human gentleness,[110]
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love in such a sort
The thing he means to kill more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand cómplete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love,[111] that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you: 'twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company: or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think—
Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge—
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefóre: I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you:
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit with Servant.*

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed,—faith, tell me true,

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Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her soilure,
With such a hell of pain and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamèd piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, each heavier for a whore.[112]

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: hear me, Paris:—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight
A Trojan hath been slain; since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll but commend what we intend to sell.[113]
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Court of* PANDARUS' *house.*

Enter TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: sleep kill[114] those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses

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As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow, then.

Tro. I prithee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you a-weary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays
As tediously as hell;[115] but flies the grasps of love
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Prithee, tarry;—
You men will never tarry.—
O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried.—Hark! there's one up.

Pan. [*within*] What, 's all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life!

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. How now, how now! how go maidenheads?—Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do—and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what:—what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! ah, poor capocchio![116] hast not slept to-night? would he not—a naughty man—let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

Cres. Did not I tell you?—would he were knock'd i' th' head![117] [*Knocking within.*
Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

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Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you're deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.—
[*Knocking within.*
How earnestly they knock!—Pray you, come in:
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.
[*Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.*

Pan. [*going to the door*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my Lord Æneas! By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him: It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn:—for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

Æne. Who![118]—nay, then:—come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you're ware: you'll be so true to him to be false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

As PANDARUS *is going out, re-enter* TROILUS.

Tro. How now! what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: there is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The Lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!—
I will go meet them: and, my Lord Æneas,

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We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.(119)

[*Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.*

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad: a plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now! what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Prithee, get thee in: would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death:—O, poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I've forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine,
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to't.—I'll go in and weep,—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praisèd cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding "Troilus." I will not go from Troy. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III. *The same. Street before* PANDARUS' *house.*

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, *and* DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:—good my brother Troilus,[120]
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.
Tro. Walk into her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*
Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A room in* PANDARUS' *house.*

Enter PANDARUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.
Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.
Pan. Here, here, here he comes.

Enter TROILUS.

Ah, sweet ducks![121]
Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*

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Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. "O heart," as the goodly saying is,

"—— O heart, O[122] heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?"

where he answers again,

"Because thou canst not ease thy smart
By friendship nor by speaking."[123]

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse: we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs!

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*within*] My lord, is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: some say the Genius so

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Cries "Come!" to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit.*

Cres. I must, then, to the Grecians?[124]

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?[125]

Tro. Hear me, my love: be thou but true of heart,—

Cres. I true! how now! what wicked deem is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:
I speak not "be thou true," as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to Death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But "be thou true," say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens!—"be true" again!

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love:
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving, well compos'd with gifts of nature,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise:[126]
How novelty may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy—
Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin—
Makes me afeard.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain, then!
In this I do not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,

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To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.
Cres. Do you think I will?
Tro. No.
But something may be done that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.[127]
Æne. [*within*] Nay, good my lord,—
Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.
Par. [*within*] Brother Troilus!
Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.
Cres. My lord, will you be true?
Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit
Is "plain and true;" there's all the reach of it.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, *and* DIOMEDES.

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,[128]
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam's[129] is in Ilion.
Dio. Fair Lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.
Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal[130] of my petition to thee

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In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, Prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust:[131] and know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say, "Be't so,"
I'll[132] speak it in my spirit and honour, "No."

Tro. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes.*

[*Trumpet within.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: come, come, to field with him.

Dei.[133] Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Grecian camp. Lists set out.*

Enter AJAX, *armed;* AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, *and others.*

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,[134]

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Thou dreadful Ajax; that th' appallèd air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.
Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy spherèd bias cheek
Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*
Ulyss. No trumpet answers.
Achil. 'Tis but early days.
Agam. Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?
Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMEDES *with* CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the Lady Cressid?
Dio. Even she.
Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.
[*Kisses her.*
Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.
Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.
Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
[*Kisses her.*
So much for Nestor.
Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
[*Kisses her.*
Achilles bids you welcome.
Men. I had good argument for kissing once.
Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now;
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
And parted thus you and your argument. [*Kisses her.*
Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.
Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine:
[*Kisses her again.*
Patroclus kisses you.
Men. O, this is trim!

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Patr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.
Men. I'll have my kiss, sir.—Lady, by your leave.
Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?
Men.[135] Both take and give.
Cres. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.
Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady! every man is odd.
Cres. No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o' the head.
Cres. No, I'll be sworn.
Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
Cres. You may.
Ulyss. I do desire 't.
Cres. Why, beg then, do.[136]
Ulyss. Why, then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.
Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.
Dio. Lady, a word:—I'll bring you to your father.
[*Exit with Cressida.*
Nest. A woman of quick sense.
Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give accosting[137] welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*
All. The Trojans' trumpet.
Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

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Enter HECTOR, *armed*; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, *and other* Trojans, *with* Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all you state[139] of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands?[139] or do you purpose
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other; or shall be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achil.[140] 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprising
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: but whate'er, know this:—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle, then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMEDES.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed.—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[*Ajax and Hector enter the lists.*

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

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Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?
Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless: firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open and both free;
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath:[141]
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects;[142] but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and with private soul
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.
[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*
Agam. They are in action.
Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!
Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;
Awake thee!
Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!
Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*
Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.
Ajax. I am not warm yet; let us fight again.
Dio. As Hector pleases.
Hect. Why, then will I no more:—
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so
That thou couldst say, "This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds-in my father's;" by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member

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Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: but the just gods gainsay
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drainèd! Let[143] me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earnèd in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus[144] so mirable—
On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st oyes
Cries "This is he"—could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it;
The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success—
As seld I have the chance—I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: understand more clear,
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,

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Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. [*to Troilus*] My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;—
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Who must we answer?

Æne. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth; and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advancèd sword i' th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have said to some my standers-by,
"Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"
And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

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Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow:—
Well, welcome, welcome!—I have seen the time—

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou![145]
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief: I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body

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Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or there?[1446]
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly
As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin:—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field:
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all except Troilus and Ulysses.*

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,

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In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?
Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.
Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?
Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?
Tro. O sir, to such as boasting show their scars
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Grecian camp. Before* ACHILLES' *tent.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.
Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy!
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?
Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee. [*Gives letter.*
Achil. From whence, fragment?
Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

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Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity![147] and what need these tricks?

Ther. Prithee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.[148]

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries![149]

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No! why art thou, then, exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleave-silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such waterflies,—diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall Greeks; fail fame; honour or go or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.—
Away, Patroclus! [*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*

Ther. With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but, if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamem-

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non,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique[150] memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus! —I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hoy-day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, *and* DIOMEDES, *with lights.*

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;
There, where we see the lights.
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. No, not a whit.
Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Re-enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.
Agam. So now, fair Prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.
Men. Good night, my lord.
Hect. Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.
Ther. Sweet draught: sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink,[151] sweet sewer.
Achil. Good night and welcome, both at once, to those
That go or tarry.
Agam. Good night. [*Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.*
Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

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Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.
Hect. Give me your hand.
Ulyss. [*aside to Troilus*] Follow his torch; he goes to Calchas' tent:
I'll keep you company.
Tro. [*aside to Ulyss.*] Sweet sir, you honour me.
Hect. And so, good night.
[*Exit Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus following.*
Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.
[*Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor.*
Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabbler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Before* CALCHAS' *tent.*

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.
Cal. [*within*] Who calls?
Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter?
Cal. [*within*] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS *and* ULYSSES, *at some distance; after them* THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.
Dio. How now, my charge!
Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark, a word with you.
[*Whispers.*

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Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember! yes.

Dio. Nay, but do, then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List.

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what,—

Dio. Foh, foh! come, tell a pin: you are forsworn.

Cres. In faith, I cannot: what would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan!

Cres. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark, one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.

Tro. I pray thee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word!

Dio. And so, good night.

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Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!
Ulyss. Why, how now, lord!
Tro. By Jove,
I will be patient.
Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!
Dio. Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.
Cres. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something: will you go?
You will break out.
Tro. She strokes his cheek!
Ulyss. Come, come.
Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potato-finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!
Dio. But will you, then?
Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
Ulyss. You have sworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.
Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith?
Ulyss. My lord,—
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.—
He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give't me again.
Dio. Whose was't?
Cres. It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens:—well said, whetstone!

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Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. O all you gods!—O pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;[152]
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you shall not;
I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this: whose was it?

Cres. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—and yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why, then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go:—one cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—do come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night: I prithee, come.
[*Exit Diomedes.*
Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;

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But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads must err; O, then conclude
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said, "My mind is now turn'd whore."

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we, then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics,—apt, without a theme,
For depravation,—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,

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That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth conduce[153] a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifex for a point, as subtle
As Ariachne's[154] broken woof, to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy relics
Of her o'er-eaten faith,[155] are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be but half attach'd[156]
With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulgèd well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek:—as much as I do Cressid love,[157]
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stainèd name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

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Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince.—My courteous lord, adieu.—
Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*

Ther. Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: a burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Troy. Before* PRIAM'S *palace.*

Enter HECTOR *and* ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go!

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-day.[158]

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

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Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.
Hect. Be gone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.
Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.
And. O, be persuaded! do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.[159]
Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.
Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.[160]

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?
And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.
[*Exit Cassandra.*
Hect. No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth;
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day for thee, and me, and Troy.
Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.
Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.
Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,[161]
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.
Hect. O, 'tis fair play.[162]
Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.
Hect. How now! how now!
Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The[163] venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,

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Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.[164]

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector,[165] then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA *and* PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:[166]
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him!

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in. [*Exit Andromache.*

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

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Cas. O, farewell, dear Hector!
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry "Hector! Hector's dead!" O Hector!

Tro. Away! away!

Cas. Farewell:—yet, soft!—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!

[*Exeunt severally Priam and Hector. Alarums.*

Tro. They're at it, hark!—Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As TROILUS *is going out, enter from the other side* PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

[*Gives letter.*

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' th's days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;
Th' effect doth operate another way.— [*Tearing the letter.*
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.[167] [*Exeunt severally.*

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SCENE IV. *Plains between Troy and the Grecian camp.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab of a sleeveless errand. O' the t'other side, the policy of those crafty swearing[169] rascals—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses — is not proved worth a blackberry:—they set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin[169] to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.—Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS *following.*

Tro. Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve! now the sleeveless![170]

[*Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no,—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a

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plague break thy neck for frighting me!—What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle:—yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter DIOMEDES *and a* Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her I have chastis'd[471] the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.
Serv. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashèd corses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polyxenes is slain;
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers:—haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot,
And there they fly or die, like scalèd sculls
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:

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Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?—
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;[172]
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry:—
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

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Ajax. What wouldst thou?
Dio. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office
Ere that correction.—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay the[173] life thou ow'st me for my horse!
Dio. Ha, art thou there?
Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.
Dio. He is my prize; I will not look upon.[174]
Tro. Come, both you cogging Greeks; have at you both!
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee, ha!—have at thee, Hector!
Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.
Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan:
Be happy that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*
Hect. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a fresher man,[175]
Had I expected thee.

Re-enter TROILUS.

How now, my brother!
Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off:—fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly
mark:—

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No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it:—wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why, then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter ACHILLES *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath:
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your aims.[176]
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MENELAUS *and* PARIS, *fighting; then* THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it.—Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo!—The bull has the game:—ware horns, ho! [*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: farewell, bastard. [*Exit.*

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exit.*

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SCENE VIII. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrefièd core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.
[*Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield behind him.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and darkening of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.
Hect. I am unarm'd; forgo this vantage, Greek.
Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.
[*Hector falls.*
So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down!
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
"Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain."—[*A retreat sounded.*
Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part.
Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.
Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler-like, the armies separates.
My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bait,[177] thus goes to bed.
[*Sheathes his sword.*
Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and others, marching. Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?
Nest. Peace, drums!

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[*Within*] Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along:—let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—
If in his[178] death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE X. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter ÆNEAS *and* Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector!—the gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smite all Troy![179]
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go into Troy, and say there "Hector's dead:"
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet.—You vile abominable tents,

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Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—and, thou great-siz'd coward,
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—[180]
Strike a free march[181] to Troy!—with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt Æneas and Trojans.*

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side,* PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! [*Exit.*

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aching bones!—
O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
And being once subdu'd in armèd tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some gallèd goose of Winchester[182] would hiss:
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
And at that time bequeath you my diseases. [*Exit.*

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P. 5. (1) "*Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,*
And Antenorides,"

I leave these names as they stand in the folio (this Prologue is not in the quarto),—except that I have substituted "*Antenorides*" for "Antenonidus." —According to Dares Phrygius, cap. 4, "Ilio portas fecit [Priamus], quarum nomina hæc sunt, Antenoridæ, Dardaniæ, Iliæ, Scææ, Thymbrææ, Trojanæ [*or* Antenoria, Dardania, Ilia, Scæa, Thymbræa, Trojana];" and Theobald made the names in the present passage agree with that list. But Shakespeare, we may be sure, did not consult Dares Phrygius.—Caxton, in his prose *Recuyell of the historyes of Troye*, &c. under the heading "How the kynge Priam reedified the cyte of troye," writes thus; "In this Cyte were sixe pryncipall gates. of whome that one was named *dardane*. the seconde *tymbria*. the thirde *helyas*. the fourthe *chetas*. the fifthe *troyenne*. and the sixthe *antenorides*." Ed. (which has neither paging nor signatures) circa 1474: see Introd. to this play, p. 2.—Lydgate, in his poem entitled *The hystorye, Sege and dystruccyon of Troye*, says;

"The firste of all and strengest eke withall
. . . . . .
Was by the kynge called *Dardanydes;*
And in storye lyke as it is founde,
Tymbria was named the seconde;
And the thirde called *Helyas;*
The fourthe gate hyghte also *Cetheas;*
The fyfte *Troiana*, the syxth *Anthonydes*," &c.
B. ii. sig. F 1, ed. 1513.

In the last of these lines ed. 1555 reads

"—— the syxth *Antinorydes*."

P. 5. (2) "*Sperr*"

So Theobald.—The folio has "Stirre." (In the fourth line above Theobald substituted "*Priam's six* gates i' th' *city*," to avoid what he says is "a verb *plural* governed by a nominative *singular*;" and Capell, who retains the old reading above, prints here "Sperrs." But the city with the enumeration of its gates was certainly considered by our author as equivalent to a plural nominative.)

P. 5. (3) "*starting*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "starts."

P. 7. (4) "'*when she comes!*'—*When is she thence!*"

Rowe's correction (made partly in his first, partly in his sec. ed.).—The old eds. have "then *she comes, when* she is *thence*."

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P. 7. (5) "*storm*—"

The old eds. have "scorne."

P. 7. (6) "*and spirit of sense*
Hard as the palm of ploughman!"

"*In comparison with Cressida's hand*, says he, *the spirit of sense*, the utmost degree, the most exquisite power of sensibility, which implies a soft hand, since the sense of touching, as [Julius Cæsar] Scaliger says in his *Exercitations*, resides chiefly in the fingers, is hard as the callous and insensible palm of the ploughman. Warburton reads

'——*spite* of sense;'

Hanmer,

'——*to th'* spirit of sense.'

It is not proper to make a lover profess to praise his mistress *in spite of sense;* for though he often does it *in spite of the sense* of others, his own senses are subdued to his desires." JOHNSON.—Capell prints "in *spirit of sense*," &c.

1865. Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes to amend the greater part of this speech as follows;

"thou answer'st, she is fair;
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice
Handlest in thy discourse:—(O that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
And spirit of sense the cygnet's down is harsh
As the hard palm of ploughman!—) this thou tell'st me,
And true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm
Pour'd in the open ulcer of my heart,
Thou lay'st in every gash that Love hath given me
The knife that made it."

And he observes; "Three out of these four changes are the property of others [of Grant White, Walker, and Barron Field]. I must express my utter dissent from those critics who take the part which I have put into parenthesis for a quotation from Pandarus. '*O that her hand*,' &c. is evidently a lover's burst, and the whole passage is as remote from the low jargon of Pandarus as the sky from a cesspool. The words '*this thou tell'st me*' refer to Cressida's *eyes, hair*, &c. of which Pandarus had been in the habit of talking. This is evident from the close of the speech. The phrase '*every gash*' can refer to nothing but an enumeration of various particulars. '*Spirit of sense*' I take to mean here *most delicate and ethereal touch*. In act iii. sc. 3 the same words are applied to the sight, or rather to the eye, the instrument of sight."

P. 7. (7) "*As*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 191) says of this reading "Evidently wrong. 'And,' I think."

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P. 9. (8) "*harness'd light*,"

i. e. armed lightly,—whether we choose to understand "*lightly*" in its usual sense, or in that of *quickly, soon* ("*Lightly* or sone." *Prompt. Parv.* ed. 1499).—Theobald substituted (most vilely) "harness-dight."—Heath understands "*lightly*" to mean "ready for action."

P. 11. (9) "*wit*"

Rowe's correction.—The old eds. have "will."

P. 12. (10) "*marvell's*"

Here,—as in *Hamlet*, "You shall do *marvell's* wisely," &c. act ii. sc. 1,—"*marvell's*" is an abbreviation of *marvellous*.

P. 13. (11) "*Here's but one and fifty*"

The old eds. have, both in the present and in the next speech of Pandarus, "—— two *and fifty*,"—which Theobald altered as above, observing, "How else can the number make out Priam and his fifty sons?" and this rectification of an error, which probably arose from the Ms. having had the numbers in figures, was adopted by all subsequent editors till Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier brought back into the text the corrupted reading.—It is not to be doubted that Shakespeare knew the exact number of sons which from the earliest times had been assigned to Priam,—even supposing that the following passage was by another dramatist;

> "Romans, of *five-and-twenty valiant sons*,
> *Half of the number that King Priam had*,
> Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!"
>
> *Titus Andronicus*, act i. sc. 2;—

and it is utterly improbable that here he would needlessly deviate from the Homeric tradition.—Mr. Knight, in defending "two *and fifty*," remarks that "The Margerelon of the romance-writers, who makes his appearance in Act V., is one of the additions to the old classical family." But Margerelon is not to be considered as an *addition* to the family (which, in all conscience, was large enough already): the romance-writers merely bestowed that name on one of the fifty sons whom antiquity had left unnamed.

P. 16. (12) "Pan. *I'll be with you, niece, by and by.*
Cres. *To bring, uncle?*
Pan. *Ay, a token from Troilus.*"

After "*To bring, uncle*," the quarto has a colon; the folio, a full-point.—When Pandarus says, "*I'll be with you*, niece, by and by," Cressida catches at the words "*I'll be with you*," and subjoins "*to bring*,"—just as Pandarus catches at "*to bring*," and adds "Ay, a token," &c.—See Gloss. sub "*bring*," &c.

P. 16. (13) "*lies*"

Mason would read "dies."

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P. 16. (14) "*Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "Achiev'd men still *command*," &c.: but if the text requires alteration (of which I have yet to be convinced), Mr. Harness's reading, "Achiev'd men us *command*," &c. is far preferable.—See Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 313, where this passage is quoted without any suspicion of its being corrupt; and the editor's note *ibid.*

P. 17. (15) "*wrecks*,"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The old eds. have "workes;" which Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 192) pronounces to be "palpably wrong."

P. 18. (16) "*fled*"

"Perhaps '*flee*'," says Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 68); which Capell gives.

P. 18. (17) "*Retorts*"

So I conjectured in my *Few Notes*, &c. p. 107; and so too Mr. Grant White. —The quarto has "Retires;" the folio, "Retyres."—Pope printed "Returns;" Hanmer, "Replies,"—which is the reading of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.— Mr. Staunton gives "Re-chides."

P. 18. (18) "*Though*"

The old eds. have "Thou."—Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 18. (19) "*and be't of less expect*," &c.

Here "*expect*" is explained to mean *expectation*.—I have no doubt that the line is corrupted.—Pope gave "we *less expect*," &c.; Capell, "*And* we *less expect*," &c.; and Mr. W. N. Lettsom conjectures, "we no *less expect*," &c. *i. e.* "we are as sure of a bad speech from you as of a good one from Thersites. Ulysses makes a similarly inverted or ironical comparison below, p. 21;

'as *near* as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as *like* as Vulcan and his wife.'"—

This speech is not in the quarto.

P. 19. (20) "*mastiff*"

The folio has "Masticke."—This speech is not in the quarto.

P. 19. (21) "*Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.*"

Hanmer omitted the first "*Hollow;*" Steevens proposes to omit the second.

P. 19. (22) "*When that the general is not like the hive*," &c.

The meaning is,—When the general is not *to the army* like the hive to the bees, the repository of the stock of every individual, that to which each par-

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ticular resorts with whatever he has collected for the good of the whole, *what honey is expected?* what hope of advantage? The sense is clear, the expression is confused." JOHNSON.—Warburton reads "*When that the general* not likes *the hive*," &c.; Heath proposes "*When that the* general's *not* the life of *th' hive*," &c.; and Capell prints "*When that the general is not* lik'd o' *the hive*," &c.

P. 19. (23) "*other ;*"

Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 192) reads "ether:" in opposition to which reading Mr. Grant White observes, "It is not Sol's place in the *ether*, but his supremacy 'amidst the other' heavenly bodies, which Ulysses wishes to impress upon his hearers." *Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 354.

P. 19. (24) "*Then*"

So Hanmer.—The old eds. have "The."

P. 19. (25) "*primogenity*"

So the quarto ("*primogenitie*").—The folio has "primogenitiue."

P. 20. (26) "*an universal wolf,*

. . . . . .

. . . *an universal prey,*"

"[The first 'universal'] wrong, surely." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 307.

P. 21. (27) "*o'er-wrested*"

i. e. over-wound,—as with a *wrest* (for tuning harps).—The old eds. have "*ore*-rested."

P. 21. (28) "*as*"

Has been omitted; and rightly perhaps.

P. 21. (29) "*good*"

So the second folio.—The quarto and the first folio have "god;" which in my former edition I wrongly retained.—On the words "*good*" and "*god*" confounded in our early writers, see *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 304, by Walker, —who compares with the misprint in the present passage a similar misprint of the folio in *Coriolanus*, act iii. sc. 1;

"Shall? O *God!* but most vnwise Patricians: why," &c.

P. 21. (30) "*pace*"

The old eds. have "place."

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P. 22. (31) "*What trumpet? look, Menelaus.*"

Capell prints "*What* trumpet's that? *look, Menelaus.*"—Steevens would omit "*Menelaus.*"—Qy. "—— Menelaus, look"?

P. 22. (32) "*Achilles' arm*"

"Perhaps the author wrote '*Alcides'* arm'." JOHNSON.

P. 23. (33) "*Jove's accord,*"

Theobald takes this for an ablative absolute,—"when Jove shows himself on their side:" but it is very doubtful if we have the true text here.—Malone (badly) conjectures "*Jove's* a god;" Steevens (as badly), "Love's a lord;" and Mason (absurdly), "*Jove's* own bird."—The quarto has "great *Ioues accord.*"

P. 23. (34) "*that praise, sole pure, transcends.*"

Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "*sole pure*" to "soul-*pure*,"—which seems to convey no meaning at all.

P. 24. (35) "*Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;*"

So the folio.—The quarto has "*Then euer Greeke did* couple *in his armes,*" which Mr. Collier persists in adopting. He says; "The Rev. Mr. Dyce does not understand ('Remarks,' p. 151) the expression 'couple in his arms.' We are sorry for it: to other people the words may be more intelligible; and, with all respect, we cannot alter the language of Shakespeare in deference merely to Mr. Dyce's want of perception. It is only a figurative mode of saying, 'did embrace in his arms,' but the folio sacrifices the figure: so when old Talbot, in 'Henry VI., Part I.,' A. iv. sc. 7, clasps his dead son, he says that they are 'coupled in bonds of perpetuity.' The arms of the Greek are what are termed 'couples' in the language of the chase."—I now repeat the words which I used long ago,—that here "couple" is neither English nor sense; and I would ask, what has become of Mr. Collier's "perception" when he can see no difference of expression between "a Greek *coupling* a lady in his arms" and old Talbot and his son "being *coupled* in bonds of perpetuity"?

P. 25. (36) "*Well, and how?*"

Steevens proposes "*Well, and how* then?"

P. 25. (37) "*imputation*"

"Mr. Collier, following his annotator, reads 'reputation;' neither being aware that 'imputation' was often used [nearly] in that sense: see *Hamlet*, act v. sc. 2, 'I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the *imputation* laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed." STAUNTON.

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P. 26. (38) "*are his*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*are* in *his*."—This is not in the quarto.

P. 26. (39) "*perchance, that they will sell;*"

The old eds. have "*perchance* theile [*and* they'l] *sell.*"

P. 26. (40)

"*The lustre of the better yet to show,*
Shall show the better. Do not, then, consent"

So the folio, except that it omits "then," which was supplied by Pope.—Mr. Grant White conjectures

". . . . . .
Shall show the better thus. *Do not consent.*"—

Here the quarto has

"*The luster of the better* shall exceed,
By shewing the worse first: *do not consent.*"

P. 27. (41) "Nest. *Ulysses,*
Now"

The old eds. have "*Nest.* Now Vlysses."

P. 27. (42) "*core?*—"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "sore."—Mr. Staunton proposes "cur."—From Johnson's *Dictionary*, sub "*Core*," we learn that the word is used in the sense of a body or collection (French, *corps*) by Bacon in the following passage of his *History of King Henry the Seventh;* "But hee was more doubtfull of the raysing of forces to resist the rebels, then of the resistance it selfe; for that he was in a *core* of people, whose affections he suspected." p. 17, ed. 1641,—on the strength of which passage Mr. Grant White here substitutes "corps" for "*core.*"

P. 27. (43) "*thou vinewedst leaven, speak: I*"

The quarto has "*thou* vnsalted *leauen, speake, I:*" the folio, "you whinid'st *leauen speake, I.*"—The sense seems to require "—— *speak*, or *I;*" which Hanmer gave.

P. 28. (44) "Ajax. *Mistress Thersites!*" &c.

So the folio.—The quarto has

"*Aiax.* Mistres Thersites.
Ther. Thou shouldst strike him. Aiax Coblofe,
Hee would punne thee into shiuers with his fist, as a sayler
breakes a bisket, you horson curre. Do? do?
Aiax: Thou stoole for a witch."—

Nares in his *Gloss.* writes as follows: "COB-LOAF. A large loaf. *Cob* is used

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in composition to express large, as *cob-nut*, *cob-swan*, &c. But if Ajax uses it to Thersites, he must mean to imply awkwardness and deformity." Then, after citing the passage as it stands in our text, Nares proceeds; "This is desperately corrupt. Of 'Mistress Thersites,' I can make nothing [neither could Walker, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 193]; but the 4to suggests the true reading of the rest, after transposing only one word, by giving the whole to Thersites;

'*Ther.* Shouldst thou strike him, Ajax, *cobloaf!* he would pun thee into shivers,' &c.

The commentators, to explain the other reading, say that *cob-loaf* means 'a crusty uneven loaf,' that it may suit Thersites; and Mr. Steevens says it is so used in the midland counties; but Mr. Steevens finds an usage where he wants it. Whereas, if Thersites calls Ajax *cob-loaf*, it then retains its analogous sense, of a 'large, clumsy loaf,' and the succeeding allusion to a biscuit is natural, and in its place. 'Though you are like a large loaf, Achilles would pound you like a biscuit.' The passage little deserves the labour of correcting, had not the correction been so obvious." But Nares's so-called "obvious correction" (founded on the error of the quarto) is undoubtedly wrong. "*Cobloaf*" applies well to the personal deformity of Thersites. ("*Cob-loaf*, a misshapen loaf of bread," &c. Capell's *Gloss.* "*Cobloaf.* A crusty uneven loaf, with a round top to it. Loaves called *cobbs* are still made in Oxfordshire. See Edwards's Old English Customs, p. 25." Halliwell's *Dict. of Arch. and Prov. Words*, &c.)—I may add that "*Thou shouldst strike him*" is equivalent to "You had better strike him."

P. 30. (45) "*your*"

The old eds. have "their."

P. 30. (46) "*brach*"

Rowe's correction.—The old eds. have "brooch."—"'*Brach*' certainly means [here] a *bitch*, and not a *dog*, which renders the expression more abusive and offensive. Thersites calls Patroclus 'Achilles' *brach*' for the same reason that he afterwards calls him his *male harlot* [but see note 148] and his *masculine whore*." MASON.

P. 30. (47) "*the fifth hour*"

So the folio.—The quarto has "*the* first *houre*:" but, as Mr. Collier observes, it would seem by what Thersites says afterwards (p. 60),—"If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other,"—that "*fifth* hour" is right.

P. 31. (48) "*The past-proportion of his infinite?*"

"Thus read both the copies. The meaning is, 'that greatness to which no measure bears any proportion.' The modern editors silently give 'The *vast* proportion—.'" JOHNSON.—But see note 37 on *The Comedy of Errors* for examples of the proneness of printers to blunder in words beginning with the letter *v*.

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P. 31. (49) "*godly*"

"Qy. '*goodly*,' with Capell's [conjecture in his] *Var. R.*" W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 32. (50) "*whose youth and freshness*
Wrinkles Apollo, and makes stale the morning."

So the folio, except that (like the quarto) it has "Apolloes."—The quarto reads "—— *and makes* pale *the morning:*" but the reading of the folio (though Mr. Collier declares that it "can hardly be right") is surely preferable; "*stale*" is more properly opposed to "freshness" than "pale." Compare

"Pallas for all her painting than,
Her face would seeme but pale;
Then Juno would haue blusht for shame,
And Venus looked *stale*."
Lyly's *Maydes Metamorphosis*, 1600, sig. D 2.

"Faire Iris would haue lookt but *stale* and dimme
In her best colours, had she there appear'd."
Wither's *Epithalamia*, sig. D 2, ed. 1620.—

Since I wrote what precedes, I find that Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 305), speaking of this passage, says, "I follow Dyce in reading with the folio '*stale*.'"

P. 33. (51) "*That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!*"

"Surely, with some editions [Hanmer's],

'*What* we have stol'n, *that* we do fear to keep.'"
Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 193.

P. 33. (52) "*wrinkled eld,*"

The folio has "*wrinkled* old;" the quarto, "*wrinckled* elders."—Corrected by Ritson.

P. 34. (53) "*pass*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "poise;" and rightly perhaps.

P. 36. (54) "*short-aimed*"

The old eds. have "*short*-armd" and "*short*-arm'd."—The correction "*short-aimed*" was made in my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, &c. p. 152. Compare our author's *Coriolanus*, act i. sc. 2;

"By the discovery
We shall be *shorten'd in our aim.*"

P. 36. (55) "*the bone-ache!*"

The quarto has "*the* Neopolitan *bone-ache.*"

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P. 38. (56) "*to the creator.*"

The quarto has "of the Prouer."

P. 38. (57) "*He shent our messengers;*"

The quarto has "*He* sate *our messengers;*" the folio, "*He* sent *our Messengers.*"—I adopt the emendation of Theobald: the word "*shent*" is several times used by our author; and Steevens *ad l.* has aptly cited from the romance of *The Sowdon of Babyloyne*, "All *messengeris he doth shende:*" moreover, if the reading of the quarto, "*He* sate *our messengers*," be, as I suspect it is, a mistake for "*He* rates *our messengers*," Theobald's alteration of the folio's "sent" to "*shent*" is still further strengthened.—Mr. Collier (at the suggestion of a friend) gave in his ed. of *Shakespeare*, "We sent *our messengers*," &c.; and so reads his Ms. Corrector. But "We sent *our messengers*,"—a simple declaration that Agamemnon had sent messengers to Achilles, without any mention of the treatment which those messengers had received from the latter,—by no means suits with what immediately follows in the sentence. The objection which Mr. Collier brings against Theobald's emendation, viz. that "Achilles had not rebuked any messengers" (meaning, I presume, that the said rebuking is not previously mentioned in the play), forms really no objection at all; for neither is there previously the slightest hint of messengers having been sent by Agamemnon to Achilles; yet from the present passage (whichever reading be adopted) it is clear that they had been sent; and, as we are expressly told (act i. sc. 3) that Achilles used to take pleasure in seeing Patroclus "pageant" Agamemnon, we surely may suppose that he would treat his messengers with any thing but respect.

P. 39. (58)

"*Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself*"

"I suspect that two half-lines have dropt out, to this effect;

'Than in the note of judgment. *Tell him this;*
And add, besides, that worthier than himself,' &c."

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 182.

P. 39. (59) "*His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows,*"

The quarto has "*His* course, and time, *his ebbs* and *flowes;*" the folio, "*His pettish* lines, *his ebs, his flowes.*"

P. 42. (60) "*He's not yet through warm:*"

Both the quarto and the folio give these words to *Ajax.*

P. 42. (61) "Nest. *What a vice were it in Ajax now,—*
Ulyss. *If he were proud,—*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read

"*Nest.* Why, *what a vice were it in Ajax now,*
If he were proud."

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P. 42. (62) "*Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:*"

The quarto has "*Thrice fam'd beyond all* thy *erudition;*" the folio, "*Thrice fam'd beyond,* beyond *all erudition.*"

P. 42. (63) "*let*"

Added by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 194).

P. 43. (64) "Nest. *Ay, my good son.*"

The folio gives these words to *Ulysses.*—The quarto prefixes to them (and rightly, as the context shows) "*Nest.*":—yet Mr. Knight says; "Because Nestor was an old man, THE MODERN EDITORS make *him* reply to the question of Ajax," &c.

P. 43. (65) "*Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow*"

An imperfect line, which has been variously amended. Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "—— *to Troy* to-day: *to-morrow.*"

P. 44. (66) "*love's invisible soul,*—"

Which, says Johnson, "may mean, the *soul of love* invisible every where else,"—was altered by Hanmer to "*love's* visible *soul;*" an alteration adopted by Capell, and recommended by Mr. W. N. Lettsom.

P. 45. (67)

"*Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.*"

Given to Pandarus in the old eds.; to Helen by Rowe.

P. 45. (68) "*You must not know where he sups.*"

Given to Helen in the old eds.; to Pandarus by Hanmer.

P. 45. (69) "*my disposer*"

i.e. she who *disposes* or inclines me to mirth by her pleasant (and rather free) talk: see note 36 on *Love's Labour's lost.*—(Of the alterations made and proposed here—"*my* dispouser," "*my* deposer," and "*my* dispraiser," it is not easy to say which is the most foolish.)

P. 46. (70) "Pan. *Is this the generation of love,*" &c.

"However '*Pan.*' may have got shuffled to the head of this speech, no more of it, I am confident, than the last five or six words belongs to that character. The rest is clearly *Helen's.*" RITSON.

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P. 47. (71) "TROILUS' Boy,"

Here in the old eds. he is called "*Troylus* Man:" but this is evidently the attendant whom they have previously (see p. 16) designated "*Troilus' Boy.*"

P. 48. (72) "*palate tastes*"

The old eds. have "pallats taste."

P. 48. (73) "*thrice-repurèd*"

So some copies (*e.g.* the Duke of Devonshire's copy, and my own copy) of the quarto.—Other copies of the quarto, and the folio, have "*thrice* reputed."

P. 48. (74) "*Swooning*"

The old eds. have "sounding." See note 93 on *The Winter's Tale.*

P. 49. (75) "*worst.*"

Both the quarto and the folio have "worse."—Corrected by Hanmer.

P. 50. (76) "*but not, till now, so much*"

"Read, with the quarto, 'but, *till now*, *not* so much'." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 51. (77) "*Cunning*"

Pope's correction.—The old eds. have "Comming."

P. 51. (78) "Tro. *You cannot shun*
Yourself," &c.

Some slight imperfection here.

P. 51. (79) "*show'd*"

The quarto has "show;" the folio, "shew." (Mr. Grant White prints "shew," considering it—erroneously, I believe—as a form of the preterite.)

P. 52. (80) "*inconstant*"

So Hanmer.—The old eds. have "constant;" which the reader will find elaborately defended in the notes of Tyrwhitt, Malone, and Heath.—"Tyrwhitt would not have contended for the reading of '*constant*' instead of 'inconstant,' had he considered the passage with his usual accuracy. It is true that, in Shakespeare's time, a Troilus was an expression for a constant lover, and a Cressida for a jilt, because in the conclusion of their amour Troilus continued faithful, and Cressida proved false; but Pandarus supposes in this speech that they should both prove false to each other, and in that case it would have been absurd to say that Troilus should be quoted as

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an example of constancy." MASON. — "Notwithstanding all the reasoning of the critics, the emendation of Hanmer ('*inconstant*') is not only plausible, but absolutely necessary. Pandarus is not uttering a prophecy, but an imprecation on the lovers and himself in case Troilus and Cressida are false one to the other. Nor [Now?] why Troilus should always be called constant, if he proved false to Cressida, these critics would have done well to explain. Mr. Mason's objection to 'constant,' which, by the way, I have almost transcribed, is unanswerable; though attempted, in vain, to be answered by Malone." PYE.

P. 53. (81) "*a chamber with a bed; which bed,*"

The old eds. have only "*a Chamber, which bed.*"—The additional words were inserted by Hanmer.—In my former edition I queried "*a chamber*, whose *bed;*" which Mr. Grant White has adopted.

P. 53. (82) "*And Cupid grant,*" &c.

Walker suspects that this couplet is interpolated. He says; "Could *Shakespeare* have written it? Besides, the preceding '*away*' seems a natural conclusion of the scene, and in Shakespeare's manner." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 204.

P. 53. (83) "*Appear it to your mind*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes, most improperly, "Appeal *it to your mind.*"

P. 53. (84) "*That, through the sight I bear in things to Jove,*
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possessions,"

A much-controverted passage; in which it is doubtful whether the reading of the old eds. be "*to* loue" or "*to Ioue.*" (Elsewhere in this play the word "*Jove*" occurs twelve times: in the quarto always in Italic; in the folio three times in Roman, and nine times in Italic.)—According to Steevens, if we read "*to* love," and alter the punctuation thus,

"*That, through the sight I bear in things, to* love
I have abandon'd Troy," &c.,

the meaning may be, "No longer assisting Troy with my advice, I have left it to the dominion of *love*, to the consequences of the amour of Paris and Helen:" which, though ridiculous enough, is plausible when compared to Mr. Knight's,

"*That, through the sight I bear in things to* love," &c.

i. e. "through my prescience in knowing what things I should love," &c.!—Rowe printed

"*That, through the sight I bear in things to* come," &c.;

a violent alteration,—"made," as Johnson observes, "to obtain some meaning."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives

"*That, through the sight I bear in things* above," &c.

(a reading which, before the Corrector's emendations were discovered, had

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been suggested by Mr. Collier himself in his note *ad l.*, and perhaps by others).—Johnson and Malone preferred

"*That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove*
I have abandon'd Troy," &c.;

to which the strong objections are obvious.—1865. Mr. Staunton substitutes

"*That, through the sight I bear in things* from *Jove*," &c.—

The old eds. have "*left my* possession."

P. 53. (85) "*into*"

Equivalent to "unto" (as in several other passages of our poet).

P. 53. (86) "*a prince of blood*,"

The fourth folio has "*a prince* o' th' *blood*."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 195) makes here the same alteration as we find in the fourth folio, and then observes; "*Troilus and Cressida* is—certainly in the latter part, and, if I recollect right, throughout—one of the most incorrectly printed plays in the folio; second only in this respect to *Love's Labour's lost*."—But compare "Art thou *of blood* and honour?" p. 93.

P. 54. (87) "*In most accepted pay*."

The old eds. have "*In most accepted* paine." But the original compositor probably mistook "*paie*" for "paine:" and "*pay*" is supported by the preceding words of the sentence, "*buy* my daughter." (Johnson says; "Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read 'In most accepted *pay*.' They do not seem to understand the construction of the passage. '*Her presence*, says Calchas, *shall strike off*, or recompense, *the service I have done*, even in those *labours* which were *most accepted*.")

P. 54. (88) "*Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him*:"

The old eds. have "*Why such* vnpaulsiue [and *vnplausiue*] *eyes are bent?* why turn'd on him?" *Variæ lectiones*, beyond all doubt.

P. 55. (89) "*use*"

The old eds. have "vs'd" (an error occasioned by the occurrence of that word in the preceding line but one).—Corrected by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 297).

P. 55. (90) "*but honour*"

So the quarto.—The folio has "*but* honour'd:" hence the modern reading, "*but* is [and *but*'s] *honour'd*."

P. 55. (91) "*riches, favour*,"

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. have "*riches*, and *fauour*."

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P. 56. (92) "*mirror'd*"

The certain emendation of both the Ms. Correctors, Mr. Collier's and Mr. Singer's.—The old eds. have "married."—1865. "*Mirror'd* for 'married,'" says Dr. Ingleby (*Complete View of the Shakespeare Controversy*, &c. p. 232), "is just one of those emendations which beguile the judgment, lull criticism, and enlist our love of the surprising and ingenious. *But it is not sound.*" Isn't it?

P. 56. (93)

"*Where they're extended; who, like an arch, reverberates*," &c.

Both the quarto and the folio have

"*Where th'are* [the folio *they are*] *extended: who like an arch* reuer-
b'rate," &c.

i.e. says Boswell, "They who applaud reverberate. This elliptic mode of expression is in our author's manner." But if we retain "reverberate," we must also change "*receives and renders back*" to "receive *and* render *back*." —I have merely (with the editor of the second folio) altered "reverberate" to "*reverberates*."—That "*who*" may stand here for *which* (and compare a later passage of this scene,

"There is a mystery—with *whom* relation
Durst never meddle," &c.)

will not be doubted by any one who reads my note on the line of *Timon of Athens*, act v. sc. 1,

"*Who* once a day with his embossèd froth," &c.

P. 57. (94) "*to*"

Ought probably to be omitted.

P. 57. (95) "*A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes:*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 238) quotes this line as containing a misprint, "*ingratitudes*" for "ingratitude" (which Hanmer gives); and perhaps such is the case: but it may be mentioned that in *Timon of Athens*, act v. sc. 4, Walker approves of the emendation, "*ingratitudes*" for "ingratitude." —Mr. Singer (some time after the publication of his *Shakespeare,—Notes and Queries* for March 13th, 1858, p. 202, Sec. Series) proposed "*A great-siz'd* muster *of ingratitudes*,"—a very ingenious conjecture; with which, however, Mr. Arrowsmith makes himself merry in *The Editor of 'Notes and Queries,'* &c. p. 11.

P. 57. (96) "*As they are done:*"

The old eds. have "*As done.*" (Compare, in the preceding line, "as *they are* made.")

P. 57. (97) "*one but*"

Walker, quoting this passage (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 348), has "but one."

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P. 57. (98) "*And leave you hindmost;*"

"The quarto wholly omits the simile of the horse, and reads thus;

'And leave you hindmost [him, most], then what they do at [in] present—'

The folio seems to have some omission, for the simile begins,

'*Or*, like a gallant horse—'." JOHNSON.—

"The construction is, 'Or, like a gallant horse, &c., *you* lie there for pavement—;' the personal pronoun of a preceding line being understood here." MALONE.

P. 57. (99) "*to the abject rear,*"

Hanmer's correction.—The folio has "*to the abiect*, neere."—This simile is not in the quarto.

P. 57. (100) "*welcome*"

The old eds. have "the *welcome.*"

P. 57. (101) "*And give to dust, that is a little gilt,*
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:"

The old eds. have "*And* goe *to dust*," &c.—Theobald printed

"And *give* to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than *they will give to gold*, o'er-dusted;"

"the foundation of which amendment," he says, "he owes to Dr. Thirlby."—But with "*gilt o'er-dusted*" compare a line in *King Richard II.* act ii. sc. 1,

"Wipe off *the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt:*"

which seems to forbid the alteration of "*gilt*" to "gold" in the present passage, though the alteration is approved by Walker, who (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 102) also recommends the following arrangement;

"*And give to dust, that is a little gilt,*
More laud than gold *o'er-dusted. The present eye*
Praises the present object;"

an arrangement which is perhaps the preferable one.

P. 58. (102) "*daughters.*"

A trisyllable here: see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 207.

P. 58. (103) "*Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;*"

The quarto has only

"*Knowes almost euery* thing."

The folio has "—— *euery graine of* Plutoes *gold*," as it again has in *Julius Cæsar*, act iv. sc. 3, "Deerer then *Pluto's* Mine;" and in both places "Pluto's"

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might stand; for even the ancients themselves frequently confounded Πλούτων, the god of the lower world, with Πλοῦτος, the god of riches. But since the folio has in *Timon of Athens*, act i. sc. 1, "*Plutus* the God of Gold," and in *All's well that ends well*, act v. sc. 3,

> "*Platus* [a mistake for *Plutus*] himselfe,
> That knowes the tinct and multiplying med'cine," &c.,

the variation of the name in the present passage and in that of *Julius Cæsar* may surely be attributed, not to Shakespeare, but to transcribers or printers.

P. 58. (104)

> "*Keeps pace with thought, and almost, like the gods,*
> *Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles,*" &c.

The old eds. have "*Keepes* place *with thought*," &c.—Various attempts have been made to amend the second line.—Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 29) says, "My ear seems to dictate the arrangement,

> '*Keeps pace with thought;*
> *And almost, like the gods, does thoughts unveil*
> *In their dumb cradles.*
> *There is a mystery*,' &c."—

Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes

> "*Keeps pace with* th' brain (*or* mind), *and almost, like the gods,*
> *Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.* There's
> *A mystery* (*with whom relation*
> *Durst never meddle*)," &c.

P. 58. (105) "*whom*"

See note 93.

P. 58. (106) ". . . . . *win;*
. . . . . *him.*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 135) cites an instance of "*win*" used as a rhyme to "*him*" from some verses addressed to W. Browne. I may add that, in the introductory lines to the second act of *Pericles*, "*sin*" rhymes to "*him.*"

P. 59. (107) "*Sweet, rouse yourself;*"

Mr. Collier now rashly adopts the reading of his Ms. Corrector, "Swift, *rouse yourself.*" See note 71 on *The Comedy of Errors*.

P. 59. (108) "*Be shook to air.*
Achil. *Shall Ajax fight with Hector?*"

So the quarto.—The folio has "*Be shooke to* ayrie *ayre;*" which Mr. Knight deliberately adopts. "The quarto," he says, "has *air*, without the Shaksperian superlative"!

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P. 60. (109) "*Agamemnon.*"

After this word the folio has "&c.;" which is not unusual in old plays printed from the prompter's book: it seems to mean that the actor of the part might, if he chose, "speak more than was set down for him,"—a license which assuredly was not granted by Shakespeare.

P. 62. (110) "*In human gentleness,*"

The old eds. have "*In* humane (*and* humaine) *gentlenesse.*"—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 196) compares *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act ii. sc. 3,

"in *human* modesty
Such separation," &c.

P. 62. (111) "*This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,*
The noblest hateful love,"

The folio has "*This is the most* despightful'st *gentle,*" &c.; which Mr. Knight adopts, observing, "This is the common construction of the age of Shakspere: the MODERN reading is *despiteful.*" Now, it is true enough that Shakespeare, like other early writers, frequently joins "*most*" with a superlative: but what Mr. Knight calls the *modern* reading happens to be that of the quarto,—and the better one, as the context shows.

P. 63. (112)

"*Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;*
But he as he, each heavier for a whore."

The quarto has

"*Both merits poyzd, each weighs nor lesse nor more,*
But he as he, the *heauier for a whore.*"

The folio,

"*Both merits poyz'd, each weighs* no *lesse nor more,*
But he as he, which *heauier for a whore;*"

where nothing can be plainer than that "which" is a mistake, either of the transcriber or printer, for "*each.*" (This emendation occurred to me long before Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector was heard of.)

P. 63. (113) "*We'll but commend what we intend to sell.*"

The old eds. have "*Weele* not *commend,*" &c.—I adopt the conjecture of Zachary Jackson; which is perhaps the best method of amending a line in which there is manifestly *some* corruption. — Warburton and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector read "*We'll not commend what we intend* not *sell;*" an alteration which Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 197) "fears would be far too harsh for Shakespeare."

P. 63. (114) "*kill*"

"A strong expression this '*kill,*' and not digested by moderns, for the four latter make *seal* of it; but of its genuineness the word '*attachment*' is evi-

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dence, which continues the metaphor." Capell's *Notes*, &c. vol. ii. P. iv. p. 131.—"Read 'lull;' at any rate, '*kill*' is nonsense." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 64. (115) "*As tediously as hell,*"

Pope gave "Tedious *as hell.*"

P. 64. (116) "*ah, poor capocchio!*"

The old eds. have "*a poore* chipochia,"—"*a*" being put, as it frequently is, for "*ah.*" So in Peele's *Arraignment of Paris;*

"*A* Colin thou art all deceiued," &c. Sig. C ii. ed. 1584.
"*A* Venus, but for reuerence," &c. *Id. ibid.*
"*A* well is she hath Colin wonne," &c. *Id.* Sig. C iii.

(Several editors print "capocchia;" but wrongly, if the term is to be considered as Italian, and as meaning *simpleton;* though an ed. of Baretti's *Ital. Dict.* is now before me, in which "*capocchio*" is given as *an adjective.* The word "capocchia" signifies *the knob of a stick,* and—something else.)

P. 64. (117) "*knock'd i' th' head!*—"

This (the reading both of the quarto and the folio) has been altered to "*knock'd* o' *the head*" by editors who forgot that formerly *in* was often used for *on.*

P. 65. (118) "*Who!*"

Theobald prints "Pho."

P. 66. (119)

"*Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature*
Have not more gift in taciturnity."

So the folio.—The quarto has

"*Good, good, my lord, the secrets of* neighbor Pandar
Haue not," &c.

The reading of the folio (though Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector and others have tampered with it) is doubtless right,—"*secrets*" being used here as a trisyllable: see *Shakespeare's Versification,* &c. p. 10, by Walker, who cites the following among other passages;

"Whether thou wilt be *secret* in this."
Marlowe's *Edward II.*;—*Works*, p. 221, ed. Dyce, 1858.

"Tush, that's a *secret;* we cast all waters."
Middleton's *Fair Quarrel,*—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 499, ed. Dyce.

"But you must swear to keep it *secret.*"
Jonson's *Sejanus,*—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 134, ed. Gifford.—

1865. To the above examples may be added;

"Bid him be merry still, but *secret.*"
Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, Sig. F, ed. 1618.

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P. 67. (120) "*Comes fast upon;—good my brother Troilus,*"

Capell printed "*Comes fast upon:* now, *good my brother Troilus:*" and in his *Notes, &c.* he oddly but truly speaks of "*comes fast upon*" as an "antiquary expression," and adds that "the verse's supplement hitherto has been '*fast upon* us.'" Vol. ii. P. iv. p. 132.

P. 67. (121) "*Ah, sweet ducks!*"

So the quarto ("*a* [i.e. ah: see note 116] *sweete ducks*").—The folio has "*a sweet* ducke." But the plural is right: Pandarus, seeing the lovers embrace (which, from his next speech, it is evident they do), calls them "sweet ducks," —as, presently, he calls them "lambs."

P. 68. (122) "*O*"

Not in the old eds.

P. 68. (123) "*Because thou canst not ease thy smart*
By friendship nor by speaking."

This, it must be confessed, reads oddly.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*By* silence *nor by speaking.*"

P. 69. (124) "*Grecians?*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom, on account of what follows, would read "Greeks."

P. 69. (125) "*When shall we see again?*"

In *Cymbeline*, act i. sc. 1, Imogen addresses the very same words to Posthumus.—See note 122 on *Measure for Measure*, and note 2 on *King Henry VIII.*

P. 69. (126)

"*The Grecian youths are full of quality;*
They're loving, well compos'd with gifts of nature,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise:"

The quarto has only

"*The Grecian youths are full of quality,*
And swelling ore with arts and exercise."

The folio has

"*The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,*
Their *louing well compos'd, with* guift *of nature,*
Flawing *and swelling ore with Arts and exercise;*"

where "Flawing" (a misprint for "Flowing") and "*swelling*" are surely *variæ lectiones:* earlier in this play a double reading has crept into the text of the old copies; see note 33.—But Mr. W. N. Lettsom "entirely differs

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from those who think that either 'flowing' or '*swelling*' was intended to be cancelled." He would read and arrange (nearly with the folio),

> "They're loving, well compos'd with gifts of nature;
> Flowing, swelling o'er, with arts and exercise:"

and he adds that "'*Flowing*' is here a monosyllable, and '*exercise*' a plural;" and that "'*swelling o'er*' strengthens '*Flowing:*' for the metaphor is taken from rivers, which, if they are of any consequence, always *flow*, but only occasionally *swell over* their banks."

P. 70. (127) "*their changeful potency.*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, *inventing a word*, reads "*their* chainful *potency*," from which reading (though starker nonsense was never put on paper) Mr. Collier, equally *ἐφεκτικός*, contrives to elicit a meaning,—"their potency to hold as with a chain."—But may not the old reading be explained "their potency which is subject to variation, and therefore imperfect, and not to be rashly relied on"?

P. 70. (128) "*Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,*"

"Wrong, I think; '*fair*' occurs again four and seven lines below." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 298.

P. 70. (129) "*Priam's*"

So Hanmer; and Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 265).—The old eds. have "Priam."

P. 70. (130) "*zeal*"

The old eds. have "seale;" which is defended by Heath (who altogether misunderstands the passage), and is retained by Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight; by the former, without any remark,—by the latter with a note which, to me at least, is unintelligible.—1865. Mr. Collier now reads, with his Ms. Corrector, "*zeal.*"

P. 71. (131) "*I'll answer to my lust:*"

A very doubtful reading.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom conjectures "*I'll answer to* thy *lust*," i.e. I'll answer you in any way you please.—Here Mr. Staunton remarks, "'*Lust*,' in its ancient sense of *pleasure*, is intelligible; but it looks very like a misprint for '*trust*.'"

P. 71. (132) "*I'll*"

The quarto has "I."—See note 10 on *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and note 27 on *King Henry VIII.*

P. 71. (133) "Dei."

Here the folio has the prefix "*Dio.*"—This is not in the quarto.

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P. 71. (134)

"*Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,*
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,"

In the old eds. the passage stands thus,

"*Here art thou in appointment fresh and faire,*
Anticipating time. With starting courage,
Giue with thy trumpet," &c.;

and so it stands in the eds. of Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier,—the former observing on it; "Perhaps, all things considered, there never was a book so correctly printed as the first folio of Shakspere. If it had been reprinted, with a literal attention to the *punctuation* even, up to the present hour, we should have a better copy than England possesses in a hundred shapes. WE HAVE AN INSTANCE BEFORE US." Several other instances exactly parallel of *the correct punctuation of the first folio* might be easily adduced: I shall only cite two;

"*Hot.* Reuolted Mortimer?
He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of Warre: to proue that true,
Needs no more but one tongue. For all those Wounds,
Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke," &c.
First Part of Henry IV. act i. sc. 3.

"*Grif.* This Cardinall,
Though from an humble Stocke, vndoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much Honor. From his Cradle
He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one."
Henry VIII. act iv. sc. 2.

P. 73. (135) "Men."

The old eds. have "*Patr.*;" wrongly, as Tyrwhitt saw.

P. 73. (136) "*do.*"

I have added this word for the sake of the rhyme, feeling quite confident that a rhyme was intended here.—Johnson's proposed addition was "two."

P. 73. (137) "*accosting*"

So Mason (and so Walker; "Certainly '*accosting.*'" *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 199).—The old eds. have "a coasting."

P. 74. (138) "*you state*"

So the folio.—The quarto has "the *state.*"—But (though we have previously had "this noble *state*," *i.e.* "these personages of high rank," p. 39), I strongly suspect that Shakespeare wrote here "*you* (or "ye") states;" the plural being formerly very common in the sense of "nobility."

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P. 74. (139) "*commands?*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 68) says; "I think Shakespeare wrote '*crownes;*' which to a careless eye, like that of the printer, might look like '*commands.*'"

P. 74. (140) "Achil."

The old eds. have "*Aga.*"

P. 75. (141) "*Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath:*"

The quarto has "—— *an* impare *thought*," &c.; the folio, "—— *an* impaire *thought*," &c.—Johnson saw that here "*impure*" was the true reading, but he forbore to make any change, being "overpowered by the unanimity of the editors and concurrence of the old copies."—Next comes Steevens, whose note in defence of "impair" runs thus; "So, in Chapman's Preface to his translation of the Shield of Homer, 1598: 'nor is it more *impaire* to an honest and absolute man,' &c." But it happens that the passage which Steevens has cited, and which I now subjoin entire, is nothing to the purpose, for in it "empaire" is A SUBSTANTIVE,—not, as he supposed, and as he has misled even Nares, Todd, and Richardson to suppose, *an adjective;*

"To the Vnderstander.

"You are not euery bodie, to you (as to one of my very few friends) I may be bold to vtter my minde, nor is it more *empaire* [*i.e.* impair, impairment] to an honest and absolute mans sufficiencie to haue few friendes, then to an Homericall Poeme to haue few commenders, for neyther doe common dispositions keepe fitte or plausible consort with iudiciall and simple honestie, nor are idle capacities comprehensible of an elaborate Poeme." *Achilles' Shield*, 1598, sig. B.

In my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's editions of Shakespeare*, p. 156, I pointed out this unfortunate mistake of Steevens: yet Mr. Collier, in the sec. ed. of his *Shakespeare*, 1858, persists in retaining the lection "*an* impair *thought*," which he explains "a thought unworthy of him, *not equal* to him;" nay, declares that "the very passage" which I have quoted from *Achilles' Shield* "proves me to be wrong." I therefore subjoin three other passages of Chapman, in which surely Mr. Collier will not venture to deny that "*empaire*" is A SUBSTANTIVE;

"Onely the extreame false printing troubles my conscience, for feare of your deserued discouragement in the *empaire* of our Poets sweetness; whose generall diuinitie of spirit, clad in my willing labours (enuious of none, nor detracting any) I commit to your good nature and solid capacitie."

"To the Vnderstander,"—*Achilles' Shield*, 1598, sig. B 3.

"And God, that yet neuer let me liue, I know will neuer let me die, an *empaire* to any friend."

Epistle Dedicatorie to *An Epicede*, &c. *on Prince Henry*, 1612.

"Blow, blow, sweet windes, O blow away
Al vapours from the fined ayre;
That to this golden head no ray
May languish with the least *empaire.*"

Masque of the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn, 1613, sig. D 3.—

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Shakespeare, of course, is not singular in making the accent fall on the first syllable of "*impure*:" compare a line in Lord Stirling's *Tragedie of Darius*;

"*Nor* suffer *impure thoughts* to staine his minde." Sig. G, ed. 1604.

P. 75. (142) "*objects*;"

Altered by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "abjects."

P. 76. (143) "*Be drainèd! Let*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 200) conjectures "*Be drainèd* forth" (*or* "out,"—as Capell gave).—I strongly suspect that the poet wrote "*Be drainèd! O, let.*" — (Both the quarto and the folio have "*drained*," not "drain'd.")

P. 76. (144) "*Neoptolemus*"

Was expanded into "*Neoptolemus'* sire" by Warburton. But most probably, as Johnson observes, "the author, remembering that the son was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, considered Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentilitium*, and thought the father was likewise Achilles Neoptolemus."—Steevens shows that in a poem by Wilfrid Holme, *The Fall and Evill Successe of Rebellion*, &c. 1572, the same mistake occurs.

P. 78. (145) "*thou?*"—

Tyrwhitt would read "though."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 201) conjectures "there" (*i.e.* in that matter).

P. 79. (146) "*whether there, or there, or there?*"

Here "*whether*" is to be read (as it is frequently written in Shakespeare) "whêr."

P. 81. (147) "*adversity?*"

"I believe in this instance signifies *contrariety*. The reply of Thersites has been studiously *adverse* to the drift of the question urged by Patroclus." STEEVENS. — "We feel assured that Shakespeare wrote '*perversity*,' and that in some way, either by the copyist or printer, the preposition became changed." COLLIER.

P. 81. (148) "*male varlet.*"

Here and in the next speech both the quarto and the folio have "*male* varlot;" which was altered in the fourth folio to "*male varlet.*"—"Sir T. Hanmer reads '*male* harlot,' plausibly enough, except that it seems too plain to require the explanation which Patroclus demands." JOHNSON.—"Some editors have seriously proposed to read 'male *harlot*,' not being aware that the former word often represented the latter one: thus, in Middleton's 'Roaring Girl,' Act i. Sc. 1, 'She's a *varlet*.' In Decker and Middleton's play called 'The Honest Whore,' Act i. Sc. 10, we have, indeed, the very expression of the text,

'—— 'tis a *male varlet* sure, my lord.'" STAUNTON.—

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I doubt if in the above-cited passage of *The Roaring Girl* (Middleton's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 447, ed. Dyce) "*varlet*" be any thing more than a general term of reproach. As for the passage of *The Honest Whore* (Middleton's *Works*, vol iii. p. 77), which Mr. Staunton adduces, and which was originally quoted by Farmer, I can only say that if "*male varlet*" be used there as equivalent to *amasius* (which is by no means certain), the passage is rightly brought forward in illustration of that in *Troilus and Cressida*. I subjoin it; having first to notice that the person who occasions the dialogue is a female,—Bellafront, in the disguise of a page;

"*Ser.* Here's a person [parson] would speak with you, sir.

Hip. Hah!

Ser. A parson, sir, would speak with you.

Hip. Vicar?

Ser. Vicar! no, sir, 'has too good a face to be a vicar yet; a youth, a very youth.

Hip. What youth? of man or woman? lock the doors.

Ser. If it be a woman, marrow-bones and potato-pies keep me from meddling with her, for the thing has got the breeches! 'tis a *male varlet* sure, my lord, for a woman's tailor ne'er measured him," &c.

I may conclude this unsatisfactory note by observing that Horne Tooke considers *varlet* to be the same word as *harlot*, the aspirate being changed to *v*.

P. 81. (149) "*discoveries!*"

Hanmer substitutes "debaucheries;" Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, "discolourers" (!).—"Singer, I think, is right in reading '*discoverers;*' but surely '*discoverers*' with the epithet '*preposterous*' can mean nothing but 'masculine whores.' Compare *Isaiah* lvii. 8; 'Thou hast discovered thyself to another than me.'" W. N. LETTSOM.—Qy. is "*discoveries*" the abstract for the concrete? see note 142 on *Love's Labour's lost*.

P. 82. (150) "*oblique*"

"'*Antique*,' I think" [which Hanmer printed]. Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 202.

P. 82. (151) "*Sweet draught: sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink*,"

"Rather, 'Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet draught, sweet sink.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 202.

P. 86. (152) "*Nay, do not snatch it from me;*"

In the old eds. this is given, by mistake, to "Dio."

P. 88. (153) "*conduce*"

This very doubtful reading was altered to "commence" by Rowe.

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P. 88. (154) "*Ariachne's*"

So the folio.—The quarto has "Ariachna's" and (in some copies) "Ariathna's."—There seems to be little doubt that Shakespeare wrote the name incorrectly.

P. 88. (155) "*The fractions of her faith* . . . .
. . . . . .
Of her o'er-eaten faith,"

"Qu. 'o'er-eaten *truth*' or '*troth*'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 298.

P. 88. (156) "*May worthy Troilus be but half attach'd*"

So Walker: see his *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 165, and his *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 261.—The old eds. omit "*but*" (which omission makes "*Troilus*"—what it never is in Shakespeare—a trisyllable).

P. 88. (157) "*as much as I do Cressid love*,"

The quarto has "*as much I do Cressid loue*," &c.; the folio, "*as much I doe* Cressida *loue*," &c.; the second folio, "*as much as I doe* Cressida *love*," &c.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "*As much as I* did *Cressid love*."

P. 89. (158) "*to-day*"

The old eds. have "*to* the *day*" (of which Malone and others approve!).

P. 90. (159) "And. *O, be persuaded! do not count it holy*
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity."

The last three lines are not in the quarto; "the compositor's eye," as Malone observes, "having probably passed over them; in consequence of which the next speech of Cassandra is in that copy given to Andromache, and joined with the first line of this."—The folio has

"And. *O be perswaded, doe not count it holy,*
To hurt by being iust; it is as lawfull:
For we would count *giue much to* as *violent thefts,*
And rob in the behalfe of charitie."—

In the third line I adopt the emendation of Tyrwhitt, who no doubt is right in saying that the word "count" crept in from the preceding line but one. —The more recent attempts to mend the passage are not worth considering. —Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier, who give each a new alteration, object to the expression introduced by Tyrwhitt, "*use thefts*," calling it "clearly not Shakespearian" and "awkward." It certainly does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare; but Middleton (no mean master of language) has

"Is it enough to USE adulterous THEFTS," &c.
Women beware Women,—*Works*, iv. 621, ed. Dyce.

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P. 90. (160) "*Life every man holds dear; but the brave man*
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life."

The old eds. have "—*but the* deere *man*," &c.—"No other word than '*brave*' will fit the sentence; and so Pope, and all following editors, read, till Johnson (I think it was he) restored *dear*." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 294.

P. 90. (161) "*When many times the captive Grecians fall,*
. . . . . .
You bid them rise, and live."

The old eds. have "——*the captiue* Grecian falls," &c.

P. 90. (162) "*Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,*
. . . . . .
Hect. *O, 'tis fair play.*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 298) observes; "'*Fair*' [in the first of these lines] has a specious look; but is quite out of place. Read '*fierce:*' *faire—fierce* or *feirce*."—Is the true reading "fell *sword*"? Compare *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2;

"But with the whiff and wind of his *fell sword*
Th' unnervèd father falls."

P. 90. (163) "*The*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "Then;" and rightly, I suspect.

P. 91. (164) "*ruthful work, rein them from ruth.*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 299) conjectures "deathful *work*," &c.

P. 91. (165) "*Hector,*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "Nay, *Hector.*"

P. 91. (166) "*Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 299) would read "*Lay* hand *upon him*," &c.

P. 92. (167) "*But edifies another with her deeds.*"

After this line the folio has

"*Pand.* Why, but heare you?
Troy. Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame
Pursue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.
A Larum. *Exeunt.*"—

"The two last lines (with a similar introduction by Pandarus [and "*broker*" rightly substituted for "brother"]) are also found just before the close of the play: they cannot be rightly inserted in both places, and as they seem

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to come in with at least equal propriety, and with the correction of a misprint, subsequently, we have given them in that place, and omitted them here." COLLIER.—But Walker, differing wholly from Mr. Collier, observes; "This is the proper place for these two speeches; for without them the scene ends abruptly: and, on the other hand, the concluding lines of Troilus's speech, v. 10,—

'Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe,'—

are evidently the concluding lines of the play itself: the mind of the reader is fully satisfied, and any thing additional sounds like an impertinence and obtrusion,—an extra note after the harmony is completed. Besides, after what had passed, is it conceivable that Pandarus's disgrace should have been put off to the end of the play? Pandarus's epilogue must, therefore, be an interpolation. (Since I wrote this, I have discovered that Steevens also thought that the play ended here.) Perhaps the words from '*A goodly medicine*' to '*painted cloths*' ought to be added to the end of v. 3. Troilus strikes Pandarus, or pushes him violently from him." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 203.

P. 93. (168) "*swearing*"

Theobald substituted "sneering."

P. 93. (169) "*begin*"

The old eds. have "began."

P. 93. (170) "*the sleeveless*"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The old eds. have "*the* sleeue."

P. 94. (171) "*I have chastis'd*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 8) would read "I've châstisèd."—See note 140 on *The Tempest*.

P. 95. (172) "*show thy face;*"

Qy. "and *show thy face*"?

P. 96. (173) "*the*"

The old eds. have "thy."

P. 96. (174) "*I will not look upon.*"

"That is (as we should now speak), I will not be a *looker-on.*" MALONE.—See note 121 on *The Winter's Tale*.

P. 96. (175) "*I would have been much more a fresher man,*"

"Qu. '—— *a much more* fresher man'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 248.

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P. 97. (176) "*aims.*"

"So," says Mr. Collier, "the 4to belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. . . . This slight variation in the copies [some copies having 'armes,' and the folio 'arme'] makes clear a passage *which gave the commentators some trouble;*" Mr. Collier evidently not knowing that here Capell printed "*aims.*"

P. 98. (177) "*bait,*"

So the quarto ("*bait*" meaning, of course, refreshment).—The folio has "bed;" for which nonsense the editor of the second folio (who most probably never looked into the quarto) substituted "bitt," &c.: the two later folios have "bit."

P. 99. (178) "*his*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom conjectures "this."

P. 99. (179) "*smite all Troy,*" &c.

So Hanmer (whose punctuation is,

"*smite all Troy*
I say at once; let your brief plagues be mercy," &c.).—

The old eds. have "smile at *Troy,*" &c. (In *King Henry V.* act ii. sc. 1, vol. iv. p. 434, we have had "*smites*" misprinted "smiles:" in *Coriolanus*, act i. sc. 1, the folio has "wold *al* the rest wer so;" and in note 141 on the present play is a quotation from a masque by Chapman in which "*All*" is spelt "*Al;*" a spelling that might easily be corrupted into "At" by a scribe or compositor.)—Mr. W. N. Lettsom (Preface to Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. p. xxiii.) observes; "'*Smile,*' no doubt, is nonsense, and the words 'I say at once' are awkward, whether we take them with what goes before, or with what comes after. Perhaps we might reasonably read, partly with Hanmer,

'Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and *smite all* Troy,
Ay, slay at once; let,' &c.

'*Ay*' is almost always spelt '*I*' in the old copies."

P. 100. (180) "*frenzy thoughts*"

The old eds. have "frienzes (*and* frensies) *thoughts.*"

P. 100. (181) "*Strike a free march,*" &c.

See note 167.

P. 100. (182) "*Some gallèd goose of Winchester*"

See Glossary in "*Winchester goose.*"—Commenting on these words, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, 1858, Mr. Collier goes out of his way to tax me with error, as follows; "The ordinary term for a victim to sharpers and persons of that class, in the time of Shakespeare and afterwards, was, as

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every body knows, *gull*. See a passage in Middleton's 'Michaelmas Term,' A. iii. sc. 4 (Works by Dyce, i. 477), in which, by an odd blunder, a usurer is called a 'gull' instead of a *gall:* the person so designated was the *gall* and annoyance, not 'the gull of the city.'" What an "odd blunder" Mr. Collier himself commits here! The passage is; "I must tell you this, you have fell into the hands of a most merciless devourer, the very *gull* a' the city, &c.;" and the context "devourer" proves that "*gull*" is perfectly right. The following extract from Todd's *Johnson's Dictionary* is particularly recommended to the notice of Mr. Collier; "GULL.—3. A sea-bird [*mergus*. Probably from *gulo*, as the bird is *a voracious feeder*]."

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CORIOLANUS.

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CORIOLANUS.

First printed in the folio of 1623.—It is proved by the style to have been one of the author's latest compositions: according to Malone, it was written in 1610.—North's *Plutarch* (translated from the French of Amiot) supplied Shakespeare with the incidents, and indeed with much of the wording, of this tragedy.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Caius Marcius, afterwards Caius Marcius Coriolanus, a noble Roman.

Titus Lartius, Cominius, } generals against the Volscians.

Menenius Agrippa, friend to Coriolanus.

Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, } tribunes of the people.

Young Marcius, son to Coriolanus.

A Roman Herald.

Tullus Aufidius, general of the Volscians.

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

Volumnia, mother to Coriolanus.

Virgilia, wife to Coriolanus.

Valeria, friend to Virgilia.

Gentlewoman attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

Scene—*Partly Rome and its neighbourhood; partly Corioli and its neighbourhood; and partly Antium.*

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CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

Scene I. *Rome. A street.*

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, *with staves, clubs, and other weapons.*

First Cit. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Citizens. Speak, speak.

First Cit. You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

Citizens. Resolved, resolved.

First Cit. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Citizens. We know't, we know't.

First Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Citizens. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away!

Sec. Cit. One word, good citizens.

First Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object[a] of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

Sec. Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

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Citizens. Against him first:[2] he's a very dog to the commonalty.

Sec. Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

First Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

Sec. Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.[3]

First Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly[4] proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

Sec. Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

First Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

Citizens. Come, come.

First Cit. Soft! who comes here?

Sec. Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

First Cit. He's one honest enough: would all the rest were so!

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you
With bats and clubs? the matter? speak, I pray you.

First Cit. Our business[5] is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

First Cit. We cannot, sir; we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well

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Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment: for the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

First Cit. Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er cared for us yet:—suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale 't[6] a little more.

First Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob-off our disgrace with a tale: but, an 't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where th' other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd,—

First Cit. Well, sir,
What answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,

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Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—
For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak—it tauntingly[7] replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.
First Cit. Your belly's answer? What!
The kingly-crownèd head,[8] the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—
Men. What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?
First Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—
Men. Well, what then?
First Cit. The former agents,[9] if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?
Men. I will tell you;
If you'll bestow a small—of what you've little—
Patience awhile, you'll[10] hear the belly's answer.
First Cit. Ye're long about it.
Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he,
"That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,
I send it[11] through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: and though that all at once,
You, my good friends,"—this says the belly, mark me,—
First Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

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Men. "Though all at once can not
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran."—What say you to 't?

First Cit. It was an answer: how apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: for, examine
Their counsels and their cares; digest[12] things rightly
Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find
No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think,—
You, the great toe of this assembly?

First Cit. I the great toe! why the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,[13]
Lead'st first to win some vantage.—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Hail, noble Marcius!

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

First Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to ye will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,[14]
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate; and your affections are

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A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye![15]
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these[16] several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say!
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines; side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain enough!
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost[17] thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd: hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,—
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only:—with these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one—
To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale—they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.[18]

Men. What is granted them?

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Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus,[19]
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd[20] the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, *hastily.*

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: what's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

Mar. I'm glad on 't; then we shall ha' means to vent
Our musty superfluity.—See, our best elders.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *and other* Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS VELUTUS.

First Sen. Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us,—
The Volsces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.
I sin in envying his nobility;
And were I any thing but what I am,
I'd wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

First Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t'other,
Ere stay behind this business.

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Men. O, true-bred!

First Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. [*to Com.*] Lead you on.—
[*To Mar.*] Follow Cominius: we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.[21]

Com. Noble Marcius!

First Sen. [*to the Citizens*] Hence to your homes; be gone!

Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volsces have much corn; take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutiners,[22]
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

[*Exeunt all except Brutus and Sicinius. The Citizens steal away.*

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him! He is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: but I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he's well grac'd,—can not
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To th' utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, "O, if he
Had borne the business!"

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

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Bru. Come:[33]
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.
Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.
Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Corioli. The Senate-house.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS *and certain* Senators.

First Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath[34] been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*Reads.*
"They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east or west: the dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,—
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,—
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely 'tis for you:
Consider of it."
First Sen. Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.
Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,

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It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

Sec. Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:[25]
If they set down before 's, for the[26] remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties.[27] Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

First Sen. Farewell.

Sec. Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Rome. A room in* MARCIUS' *house.*

Enter VOLUMNIA *and* VIRGILIA: *they sit down on two low stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: if my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour than in the embracements of his bed where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from

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whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam,—how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely, had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather have[28] eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum;
I[29] see him pluck Aufidius down by th' hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
"Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome:" his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man, that's[30] task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords, contemning.—Tell Valeria[31]
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman *with* VALERIA *and her* Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers.

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What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.[32]— How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship, well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: 'has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again: or[33] whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it!

Vol. One on 's father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

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Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady: as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would.—Fare you well, then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Before Corioli.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, *and* Soldiers.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—a wager they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Enter a Messenger.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell nor give him; lend you him I will For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.[34]

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.—Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work,

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That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some Senators *and others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

First Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little. [*Drums afar off.*] Hark, our drums
Are bringing forth our youth! we'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. [*Alarum afar off.*] Hark you, far off!
There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they're at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volsces *enter and pass over.*

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows:
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum; and exeunt Romans *and* Volsces, *fighting. The* Romans *are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter* MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er;[35] that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agu'd fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,

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And make my wars on you: look to't: come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches. Follow me.[36]

Another alarum. The Volsces *and* Romans *re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The* Volsces *retire into Corioli, and* Marcius *follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope:—now prove good seconds:
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[*Enters the gates.*

First Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.

Sec. Sol. Nor I.

[*Marcius is shut in.*

First Sol. See, they have shut him in.

All. To the pot,[37] I warrant him.

[*Alarum continues.*

Re-enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

First Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!
Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up![38] Thou art lost,[39] Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish,[40] not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter Marcius, *bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

First Sol. Look, sir.

Lart. O, 'tis Marcius!
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the city.*

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SCENE V. *Within Corioli. A street.*

Enter certain Romans, *with spoils.*

First Rom. This will I carry to Rome.
Sec. Rom. And I this.
Third Rom. A murrain on't! I took this for silver.
[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter MARCIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS *with a trumpet.*

Mar. See here these movers that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm![41] Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—down with them!—
And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.
Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.
Mar. Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you well:
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.
Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords![42] Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!
Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.
Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!— [*Exit Marcius.*
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers o' the town,
Where[43] they shall know our mind: away! [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE VI. *Near the camp of* COMINIUS.

Enter COMINIUS *and Forces, retreating.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends: well fought; we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we've heard
The charges of our friends.—Ye[44] Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,
May give you thankful sacrifice!

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issu'd,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. [*within*] Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.[45]

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Enter MARCIUS.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O, let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward!

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him or pitying, threatening th' other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file—a plague!—tribunes for them!—
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.[46]
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? know you on which side
They've plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,[47]
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,

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By the blood we've shed together, by the vows
We've made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking: take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing.—If any such be here—
As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser[48] his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, t' express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

O, me alone! make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? none of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all:[49] the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four[50] shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE VII. *The gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward* COMINIUS *and* CAIUS MARCIUS, *enters with a* Lieutenant, *a party of* Soldiers, *and a* Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I've set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.
Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.
Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon 's.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *A field of battle between the Roman and the Volscian camps.*

Alarum. Enter, from opposite sides, MARCIUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.
Auf. We hate alike:
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame I envy.[61] Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!
Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.
Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'tis not my blood
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to th' highest.
Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip[62] of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.
[*They fight, and certain Volsces come to the aid of Aufidius.*

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Officious, and not valiant,—you have sham'd me
In your condemnèd seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by Marcius.*

SCENE IX. *The Roman camp.*

Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter, from one side, COMINIUS *and* Romans; *from the other side,* MARCIUS, *with his arm in a scarf, and other* Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds:[53] but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' th' end admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians,[54] hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts, "We thank the gods
Our Rome hath such a soldier!"
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, *with his power, from the pursuit.*

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done
As you have done,—that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been,—that's for my country:[55]
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,

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Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech you—
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done—before our army hear me.
Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.
Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,—
Whereof we've ta'en good, and good store,—of all
The treasure in this field achiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.
Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry,* "Marcius! Marcius!" *cast up their caps and lances: Cominius and Lartius stand bare.*

May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made[56] all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
A coverture for the wars![57] No more, I say!
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without note,
Here's many else have done,—you shout[58] me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.
Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you—
Like one that means his proper harm—in manacles,
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be 't known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius

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Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all th' applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.[59]—Bear
Th' addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound and drums.*

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no: howbeit, I thank you:—
I mean to stride your steed; and at all times,
To undercrest your good addition
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take 't; 'tis yours. What is't?[60]

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:—
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind.—Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—
I'm weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:

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The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *The camp of the* Volsces.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS *bloody, with two or three* Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!
First Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.
Auf. Condition!—
I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, be that I am.—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy?—Five times, Marcius,
I've fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By th' elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force
True sword to sword, I'll poach at him some way,
Or wrath or craft may get him.
First Sol. He's the devil.
Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour,[61] poison'd
With only suffering stain by him, for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor fane nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements[62] all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to the city;
Learn how 'tis held; and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

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First Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove: I pray you—
'Tis south the city mills—bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

First Sol. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. A public place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? do you?

Both. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—will you not be angry?

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Both. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint,[63] hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning:[64] what I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen as you are,—I cannot call you Lycurguses,—if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot[65] say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you[66] have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? what harm can your bisson[67] conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejourn the con-

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troversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding,[68] the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion; though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you. [*Brutus and Sicinius retire.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* VALERIA, *with Attendants.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,—whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home!

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Vir. Val. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

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Men. I will make my very house reel to-night:—a letter for me!

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw't.

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic,[69] and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench.—Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded,—I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—brings 'a victory in his pocket?—the wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows:[70] Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had stayed by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go.—Yes, yes, yes; the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true.—Where is he wounded?—[*To the Tribunes*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

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Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh,—there's nine that I know.[71]

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish within.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:
Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;
Which, being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS; *between them,* CORIOLANUS, *crowned with an oaken garland; with* Captains, Soldiers, *and a* Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows Coriolanus:—welcome,
Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus![72] [*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother!

Cor. O,
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*

Vol. [*raising him*] Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,—
What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?—
But, O, thy wife!

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now, the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—[*To Valeria*] O my sweet lady, pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O, welcome home;—

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And welcome, general; and ye're welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes:—I could weep,
And I could laugh; I'm light and heavy:—welcome:
A curse begin at very root on's heart
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We've some old crab-trees here at home that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle but a nettle, and
The faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on!

Cor. [*to Vol. and Vir.*] Your hand, and yours:
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them charge of honours.(73)

Vol. I have liv'd
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy: only there
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol!

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.*
Brutus and Sicinius come forward.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the blearèd sights
Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him:(74) the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames

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Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawded[75] cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.
Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.
Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.
Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin and end; but will
Lose those he hath won.
Bru. In that there's comfort.
Sic. Doubt not
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they,
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
With the least cause, these his new honours; which
That he will give them make I[76] as little question
As he is proud to do't.
Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.
Sic. 'Tis right.
Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry 't but by the suit of the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.
Sic. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.
Bru. 'Tis most like he will.
Sic. It shall be to him, then, as our good wills,[77]
A sure destruction.
Bru. So it must fall out
To him or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to's power he would

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Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Dispropertied their freedoms; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in the war;[78] who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch[79] the people,—which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep,—will be his fire[80]
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You're sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought
That Marcius shall be consul:
I've seen the dumb men throng to see him, and
The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. The Capitol.*

Enter two Officers, *to lay cushions.*

First Off. Come, come, they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?

Sec. Off. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

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First Off. That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

Sec. Off. Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

First Off. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved[81] indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm: but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes,—to flatter them for their love.

Sec. Off. He hath deserved worthily of his country: and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any further deed to heave them[82] at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

First Off. No more of him; he's a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

A sennet. Enter, with Lictors *before them,* COMINIUS, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, Senators, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS. *The* Senators *take their places; the* Tribunes *take theirs also by themselves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the Volsces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service that
Hath thus stood for his country: therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general

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In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here,[83] both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.
First Sen. Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our state's defective for requital
Than we to stretch it out.—[*To the Tribunes*] Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.
Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.
Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do,[84] if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.
Men. That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?
Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.
Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—[*Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.*] Nay, keep your place.
First Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.
Cor. Your honours' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again
Than hear say how I got them.
Bru. Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not.
Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.

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You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit.*

Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter—
That's thousand to one good one—when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour
Than one on's[85] ears to hear 't?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin[86] he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxèd like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers;
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as weeds[87] before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd

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The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli like a planet: now all's his:
When, by and by, the din of war gan pierce
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

First Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious as they were
The common muck of the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time to end it.

Men. He's right noble:
Let him be call'd for.

First Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.

Men. It then remains
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate

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One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't:—
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. [*to Sic.*] Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them,—thus I did, and thus;—
Show them th' unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only!—

Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.(88)

Senators. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish. Exeunt all except Brutus and Sicinius.*

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive 's intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.*

Enter several Citizens.

First Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

Sec. Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

Third Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them.

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Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

First Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

Third Cit. We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn,[89] some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

Sec. Cit. Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

Third Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will,—'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

Sec. Cit. Why that way?

Third Cit. To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

Sec. Cit. You are never without your tricks:—you may, you may.

Third Cit. Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.—Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* MENENIUS.

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done't?

Cor. What must I say?—

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"I pray, sir,"—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:—"Look, sir;—my wounds;—
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums."

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that: you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all:
I'll leave you: pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean. [*Exit Menenius.*]—So, here comes a brace.

Re-enter two Citizens.

You know the cause, sirs, of my standing here.

First Cit. We do, sir;[90] tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

Sec. Cit. Your own desert!

Cor. Ay, not[91] mine own desire.

First Cit. How! not your own desire!

Cor. No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

First Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well, then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

First Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir; what say you?

Sec. Cit. You shall ha't, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir.—There's in all two worthy voices begged.—I have your alms: adieu.

First Cit. But this is something odd.

Sec. Cit. An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt the two Citizens.*

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Re-enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

Third Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

Third Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you I may be consul.

Fourth Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

Third Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices!—
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolless toge[92] should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heapt
For truth t' o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, th' other will I do.—

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Here come more voices.

Re-enter three other Citizens.

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I've seen, and heard of;[93] for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul.

Fifth Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

Sixth Cit. Therefore let him be consul: the gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All three Citizens. Amen, amen.—God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, *with* BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS.

Men. You've stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: remains
That, in th' official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I, then,[94] change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.*

He has it now; and, by his looks, methinks
'Tis warm at's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds.—Will you dismiss the people?

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Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?
First Cit. He has our voices, sir.
Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.
Sec. Cit. Amen, sir:—to my poor unworthy notion,[95]
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.
Third Cit. Certainly
He flouted us downright.
First Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech,—he did not mock us.
Sec. Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He us'd us scornfully; he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country.
Sic. Why, so he did, I'm sure.
All the Citizens. No, no; no man saw 'em.
Third Cit. He said he had wounds, which he could show in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
"I would be consul," says he; "agèd custom
But by your voices will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore:" when we granted that,
Here was, "I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—
Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you:"—was not this mockery?
Sic. Why, either were you ignorant to see't?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?
Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd,—when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal; and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature

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Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.
Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.
Bru. Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?
Sic. Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker? and now again,
Of him[96] that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues?
Third Cit. He's not confirm'd; we may
Deny him yet.
Sec. Cit. And will deny him; I
Will have five hundred voices of that sound.
First Cit. I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.
Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends
They've chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking
As therefore kept to do so.
Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;

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How in his suit he scorn'd you; but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion[97]
After th' inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,
No impediment between, but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say you chose him
More after our commandment than as guided
By your own true affections; and that your minds,
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continu'd; and what stock he springs of,—
The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, who was nobly nam'd so,
Twice being by the people chosen censor,
Was his great ancestor.[98]

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances; but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixèd enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say you ne'er had done't—
Harp on that still—but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

All the Citizens. We will so: almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt.*

Bru. Let them go on;

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This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.
Sic. To the Capitol, come:
We will be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius, then, had made new head?
Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter composition.
Cor. So, then, the Volsces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon's again.
Com. They're worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.
Cor. Saw you Aufidius?
Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.
Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my lord.
Cor. How? what?
Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

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Cor. At Antium lives he?
Lart. At Antium.
Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
T' oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth: I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.
Sic. Pass no further.
Cor. Ha! what is that?
Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.
Cor. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles and the commons?(99)
Bru. Cominius, no.
Cor. Have I had children's voices?
First Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.
Bru. The people are incens'd against him.
Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.
Cor. Are these your herd?—
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.
Bru. Call't not a plot:
The people cry you mock'd them; and of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people,—call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.
Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.

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Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Cor.[100] You're like to do such business.
Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.
Cor. Why, then, should I be consul? By yond clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
Sic. You show too much of that
For which the people stir: if you will pass
To where you're bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.
Men. Let's be calm.
Com. The people are abus'd; set on. This paltering
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak't again,—
Men. Not now, not now.
First Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more.
First Sen. No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more!
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay against those measles,

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Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well
We let the people know't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind!
Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute "shall"?
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. "Shall"!
O good,[101] but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra heart to choose an officer,[102]
That with his peremptory "shall," being but
The horn and noise o' the monster,[103] wants not spirit
To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity.[104] If you are learn'd,[105]
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,[106]
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his "shall,"
His popular "shall," against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take

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The one by th' other.

Com. Well,—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power,—
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not our recompense,[107] resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't: being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates:—this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: th' accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive[108]
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bisson multitude[109] digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—"We did request it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands:"—thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares fears; which will in time break ope
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.

Men. Come, enough.[110]

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—
Where one[111] part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,

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Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
T' unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To imp a body with a dangerous physic[112]
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become 't;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For th' ill which doth control 't.

Bru. 'Has said enough.

Sic. 'Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: in a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason!

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho!

Enter an Ædile.

Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people [*Exit Ædile*]:—in whose name myself
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

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Sen. and Pat. We'll surety him.
Com. Agèd sir, hands off.[113]
Cor. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.
Sic. Help, ye citizens!

Enter a rabble of Citizens, *with the* Ædiles.

Men. On both sides more respect.
Sic. Here's he that would take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him, ædiles!
Citizens. Down with him! down with him!
Sen. Pat. &c. Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[*They all bustle about Coriolanus.*
Tribunes!—Patricians!—Citizens!—What, ho!—
Sicinius!—Brutus!—Coriolanus!—Citizens!—
Peace, peace, peace!—Stay, hold, peace![114]
Men. What is about to be?—I'm out of breath;
Confusion's near; I cannot speak.—You, tribunes,
Speak[115] to the people:—Coriolanus, patience:—
Speak, good Sicinius.
Sic. Hear me, people; peace!
Citizens. Let's hear our tribune: peace!—Speak, speak, speak.
Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.
Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
First Sen. T' unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city but the people?
Citizens. True,
The people are the city.
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.
Citizens. You so remain.
Men. And so are like to do.
Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;[116]
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

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Sic. This deserves death.
Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it.—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.
Sic. Therefore lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
Bru. Ædiles, seize him!
Citizens. Yield, Marcius, yield!
Men. Hear me one word:
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.
Æd. Peace, peace!
Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friends,[117]
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.
Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent.—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.
Cor. No, I'll die here. [*Drawing his sword.*
There's some among you have beheld me fighting:
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.
Men. Down with that sword!—Tribunes, withdraw awhile.
Bru. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Help, help[118] Marcius, help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!
Citizens. Down with him! down with him!
[*In this mutiny the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People are beat in.*
Men. Go, get you to your[119] house; be gone, away!
All will be naught else.
Sec. Sen. Get you gone.
Cor.[120] Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that?
First Sen. The gods forbid!—
I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

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Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: be gone, beseech you.
Com.[121] Come, sir, along with us.
Cor. I would they were barbarians,[122] as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd; not Romans, as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol—
Men. Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.
Cor. On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could myself
Take up a brace o' the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.[123]
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.
Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little: this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.
Com. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.*
First Pat. This man has marr'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.— [*A noise within.*
Here's goodly work!
Sec. Pat. I would they were a-bed!
Men. I would they were in Tiber! What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak 'em fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS, *with the rabble.*

Sic. Where is this viper,

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That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?
Men. You worthy tribunes,—
Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at naught.
First Cit. He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.
Citizens. He shall, sure on't.
Men. Sir, sir,—
Sic. Peace!
Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.
Sic. Sir, how comes 't that you
Have holp to make this rescue?
Men. Hear me speak:—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults,—
Sic. Consul!—what consul?
Men. The consul Coriolanus.
Bru. He consul![124]
Citizens. No, no, no, no, no.
Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.
Sic. Speak briefly, then;
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence
Were but our[125] danger; and to keep him here
Our certain death: therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.
Men. Now the good gods forbid
That our renownèd Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deservèd children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

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Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost—
Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his country;
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,
A brand to th' end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry: when he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was.[126]

Bru. We'll hear no more.—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties—as he is belov'd—break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come,—

Men. Consider this:—he has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,—
In peace,—to his utmost peril.[127]

First Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it

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Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you, then, as the people's officer.—
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place.—We'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you.—[*To the Senators*] Let me
Desire your company: he must come, or what
Is worst will follow.

First Sen. Pray you, let us to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in* CORIOLANUS'S *house.*

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight; yet will I still
Be thus to them.

First Pat. You do the nobler.[128]

Cor. I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

I talk of you:
Why did you wish me milder? would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.[129]

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,[130]
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

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Cor. Let go.[131]

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: lesser had been
The thwartings of your disposition,[132] if
You had not show'd them how ye were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.[133]

Enter MENENIUS *and* Senators.

Men. Come, come, you've been too rough, something too rough;
You must return and mend it.

First Sen. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.[134]

Men. Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to th' herd,[135] but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I'd put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I, then, do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I've heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace what each of them by th' other lose,[136]
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

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Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not,—which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,—how is it less or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on[137] to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,[138]
But with such words that are but rooted in
Your tongue,[139] though but bastards, and syllables[140]
Of no allowance[141] to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd
I should do so in honour: I am, in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I prithee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it,—here be with them,—
Thy knee bussing the stones,—for in such business
Action is eloquence, and th' eyes of th' ignorant
More learnèd than the ears,—waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble[142] as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling,—say[143] to them,
Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,

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Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks it,[144] why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Prithee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower.—Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I've been i' the market-place; and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence: all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will.—
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce? must I
With my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw't against the wind.—To the market-place!—
You've put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I prithee now, sweet son,—as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quirèd[145] with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch's,[146] or the virgin voice

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That babies lulls asleep![147] the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't;
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice, then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
But owe[148] thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content:
Mother, I'm going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is "mildly:"—pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it, then,—mildly! [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.*

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home,—that he affects
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?
Æd. He's coming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.
Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?
Æd. I have; 'tis ready.[149]
Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?
Æd. I have.
Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, "It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons," be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry "Fine,"—if death, cry "Death;"
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth[150] o' the cause.
Æd. I shall inform them.
Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.
Æd. Very well.
Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.
Bru. Go about it.— [*Exit Ædile.*
Put him to choler straight: he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth[151]

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Of contradiction: being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among 's!
Throng[152] our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!

First Sen. Amen, amen.

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, *with* Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes; audience! peace, I say!

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho![153]

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I'm content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briers,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: do not take
His rougher accents[154] for malicious sounds,

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But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.
Com. Well, well, no more.
Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice
I'm so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic. Answer to us.
Cor. Say, then: 'tis true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How! traitor!
Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.
Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in the people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say
"Thou liest" unto thee with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.
Sic. Mark you this, people?
Citizens. To the rock, to the rock with him![155]
Sic. Peace!
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves th' extremest death.
Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—
Cor. What do you prate of service?
Bru. I talk of that that know it.
Cor. You?
Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?
Com. Know, I pray you,—
Cor. I'll know no further:[156]

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Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day,—I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage[157] for what they can give,
To have't with saying "Good morrow."

Sic. For that he has,
As much as in him lies, from time to time
Envied against the people,[158] seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it;—in the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: i' the people's name,
I say it shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so,
It shall be so; let him away: he's banish'd,
And it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters and my common friends,—

Sic. He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show for[159] Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that,—

Sic. We know your drift:—speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses[160] of unburied men

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That do corrupt my air,—I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till at length
Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
Making not[161] reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes, deliver you, as most
Abated[162] captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising, then,[163]
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius, Senators, and Patricians.*

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Citizens. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone
Hoo! hoo! [*Shouting, and throwing up their caps.*

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Citizens. Come, come, let's see him out at gates; come, come:—[164]
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before a gate of the city.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *and several young* Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—the beast
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;[165]

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That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves[166]
A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I prithee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu.—Farewell, my wife,—my mother:
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
I've seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em.—My mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe't not lightly,—though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen,—your son
Will or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,[167]
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile: determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure[168] to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth

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A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' th' absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:
Thou'st years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch; when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:—
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A street near the gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and an* Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home;[169] he's gone, and we'll no further.—
The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done
Than when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ædile.*
Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

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Sic. They say she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* MENENIUS.

Vol. O, ye're well met: the hoarded plague[170] o' the gods
Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—[*To Brutus*] Will you be gone?

Vir. [*to Sicinius*] You shall stay too: I would I had the power
To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?—

Sic. O blessèd heavens!

Vol. More noble blows than ever thou wise[171] words;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—yet go:—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then!
He'd make an end of thy posterity.[172]

Vol. Bastards and all.—
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. "I would he had"! 'Twas you incens'd the rabble;—
Cats,[173] that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

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Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You've done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:—
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,—
This lady's husband here, this, do you see,—
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.
Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
[*Exeunt Tribunes.*
I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.
Men. You've told them home;
And, by my troth, you've cause. You'll sup with me?
Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
Men. Fie, fie, fie![174] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A highway between Rome and Antium.*

Enter a Roman *and a* Volsce, *meeting.*

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vols. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em: know you me yet?

Vols. Nicanor? no.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vols. You had more beard when I last saw you; but your favour is well approved by your tongue.[175] What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrections; the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

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Vols. Hath been! is it ended, then? Our state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again; for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vols. Coriolanus banished!

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vols. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vols. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vols. A most royal one; the centurions and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vols. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Antium. Before* AUFIDIUS'S *house.*

Enter CORIOLANUS *in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium.—City,

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'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,
In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir: farewell. [*Exit Citizen.*

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose house, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,[176]
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
And interjoin their issues. So with me:
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.[177]—I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *The same. A hall in* AUFIDIUS'S *house.*

Music within. Enter a Servant.

First Serv. Wine, wine, wine!—What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

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Enter a second Servant.

Sec. Serv. Where's Cotus? my master calls for him.—Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

First Serv. What would you have, friend? whence are you? Here's no place for you: pray, go to the door. [*Exit.*

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

Sec. Serv. Whence are you, sir?—Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions?—Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

Sec. Serv. Away! get you away.

Cor. Now thou'rt troublesome.

Sec. Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant.(178)

Third Serv. What fellow's this?

Sec. Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house: prithee, call my master to him.

Third Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

Third Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

Third Serv. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

Third Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go,
And batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*

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Third Serv. What, you will not?—Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

Sec. Serv. And I shall. [*Exit.*

Third Serv. Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

Third Serv. Under the canopy!

Cor. Ay.

Third Serv. Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

Third Serv. I' the city of kites and crows!—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

Third Serv. How, sir! do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress:
Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence!
[*Beats him in.*

Enter AUFIDIUS, *with the second* Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

Sec. Serv. Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within. [*The two Servants retire.*

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou? thy name?[179]
Why speak'st not? speak, man: what's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus,[180] [*Unmuffling.*
Not yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,[181]
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in 't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: what's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown:—know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly and to all the Volsces

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Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: the painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope—
Mistake me not—to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will[182] revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou'rt tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
And say "'Tis true," I'd not believe them more

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Than thee, all-noble Marcius.[183]—Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grainèd ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters:[184] here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't: thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else[185] to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-bear.[186] O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
Th' one half of my commission; and set down—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:[187]
Let me commend thee first to those that shall

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Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: most welcome!

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.—The two Servants come forward.*

First Serv. Here's a strange alteration!

Sec. Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

First Serv. What an arm he has! he turned me about with his finger and his thumb as one would set up a top.

Sec. Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

First Serv. He had so; looking as it were,—Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

Sec. Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest man i' the world.

First Serv. I think he is: but a greater soldier than he you wot on.[188]

Sec. Serv. Who, my master?

First Serv. Nay, it's no matter for that.

Sec. Serv. Worth six on him.

First Serv. Nay, not so neither: but I take him to be the greater soldier.

Sec. Serv. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town our general is excellent.

First Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

Third Serv. O slaves, I can tell you news,—news, you rascals!

First and Sec. Serv. What, what, what? let's partake.

Third Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lief be a condemned man.

First and Sec. Serv. Wherefore? wherefore?

Third Serv. Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

First Serv. Why do you say "thwack our general"?

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Third Serv. I do not say "thwack our general;" but he was always good enough for him.

Sec. Serv. Come, we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

First Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't: before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

Sec. Serv. An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled[189] and eaten him too.

First Serv. But, more of thy news?

Third Serv. Why, he is so made on here within as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowl the porter of Rome gates by the ears: he will mow all down before him, and leave his passage polled.

Sec. Serv. And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

Third Serv. Do't! he will do't; for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he's in directitude.[190]

First Serv. Directitude! what's that?

Third Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

First Serv. But when goes this forward?

Third Serv. To-morrow; to-day; presently; you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

Sec. Serv. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing,[191] but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

First Serv. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as

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far as day does night; it's spritely, waking,[192] audible, and full of vent.[193] Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy;[194] mulled,[195] deaf, sleepy,[196] insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war's[197] a destroyer of men.

Sec. Serv. 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

First Serv. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

Third Serv. Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians.—They are rising, they are rising.

All Three. In, in, in, in! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Rome. A public place.*

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the present peace[198]
And quietness of the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Bru. We stood to't in good time.—Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind
Of late.

Enter MENENIUS.

Hail, sir!

Bru. Hail, sir![199]

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir,[200] is not much miss'd
But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

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Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Citizens. The gods preserve you both!
Sic. God-den, our neighbours.
Bru. God-den to you all, god-den to you all.
First Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.[201]
Sic. Live, and thrive!
Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.
Citizens. Now the gods keep you!
Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
Sic. This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets
Crying confusion.
Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—
Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.
Men. I think not so.[202]
Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.
Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.
Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;

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Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be
The Volsces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come
That turns their countenances.[203]

Sic. 'Tis this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising;
Nothing but his report.

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths—
How probable I do not know—that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius[204] home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone

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Than violentest contrariety.[205]

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!
Men. What news? what news?
Com. You've holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses,—
Men. What's the news? what's the news?
Com. Your temples burnèd in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.
Men. Pray now, your news?—
You've made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news?—
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—
Com. If!
He is their god: he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.[206]
Men. You've made good work,
You and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation and
The breath of garlic-eaters!
Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.
Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit.—You've made fair work!
Bru. But is this true, sir?
Com. Ay; and you'll look pale

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Before you find it other. All the regions[207]
Do smilingly revolt; and who resist
Are mock'd[208] for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.[209]

Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "Beseech you, cease."—You've made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you've crafted fair!

Com. You've brought[210]
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Both Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? we lov'd him; but, like beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head

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Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Citizens. Faith, we hear fearful news.

First Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

Sec. Cit. And so did I.

Third Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us: that we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. Ye're goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall 's to the Capitol?

Com. O, ay, what else? [*Exeunt Cominius and Menenius.*

Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd:
These are a side that would be glad to have
This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

First Cit. The gods be good to us!—Come, masters, let's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong when we banished him.

Sec. Cit. So did we all. But, come, let's home.
[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol.—Would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *A camp, at a small distance from Rome.*

Enter AUFIDIUS *and his* Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,

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Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him: yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,—
I mean for your particular,—you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either
Had[211] borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
T' expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,

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Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these—
As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him—made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd:[212] but he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues[213]
Lie[214] in th' interpretation of the time;
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
T' extol what it hath done.[215]
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths do fail.[216]
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou'rt poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Rome. A public place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and others.*

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,

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Till he had forg'd himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.
Men. Why, so,—you've made good work!
A pair of tribunes that have wreck'd fair Rome[217]
To make coals cheap,—a noble memory!
Com. I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was least[218] expected: he replied,
It was a rare petition[219] of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.
Men. Very well:
Could he say less?
Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For 's private friends: his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff: he said 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose th' offence.
Men. For one poor grain or two!
I'm one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: we must be burnt for you.
Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid 's with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.
Men. No, I'll not meddle.
Sic. Pray you now, go to him.[220]
Men. What should I do?
Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.
Men. Well, and say that Marcius[221]
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? say't be so?
Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure

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As you intended well.
Men. I'll undertake 't:
I think he'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we've stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.
Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.
Men. Good faith, I'll prove him.
Speed how it will, you[222] shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*
Com. He'll never hear him.
Sic. Not?
Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said "Rise;" dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:[223]
So that all hope is vain,
Unless in 's noble mother and his wife;[224]
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore let 's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *An outpost of the Volscian camp before Rome. The Sentinels at their stations.*

Enter to them MENENIUS.

First S. Stay: whence are you?

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Sec. S. Stand, and go back.[225]

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: but, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

First S. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

First S. You may not pass, you must return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.

Sec. S. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

First S. Be 't so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified;
For I have ever magnified[226] my friends—
Of whom he's chief—with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I've tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing: therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

First S. Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here; no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

Sec. S. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

First S. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am, as thy general is.

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First S. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy[227] groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant[228] as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

Sec. S. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

First S. My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half-pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by[229] my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon[230] for what's to come upon thee. —[*To Cor.*] The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates[231] with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here,—this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

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Men. How! away!

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much.[232] Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, [*Gives a letter.*
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st!

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*

First S. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

Sec. S. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: you know the way home again.

First S. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

Sec. S. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?[233]

Men. I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, ye're so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another: let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*

First S. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

Sec. S. The worthy fellow is our general: he's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The tent of* CORIOLANUS.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, *and others.*

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.

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Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.
Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love I have,
Though I show'd sourly to him, once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept; to grace him only
That thought he could do more, a very little
I've yielded to: fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this? [*Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.[234]

Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, *leading young* MARCIUS, VALERIA, *and* Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—
What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great Nature cries "Deny not."—Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,[235]
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.
Vir. My lord and husband!
Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

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Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd
Makes you think so.
Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace.—Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, "Forgive our Romans." O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,[236]
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, i' th' earth; [*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.
Vol. O, stand up bless'd! [*Raising him.*
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent.
[*Kneels; he hastily raises her.*
Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach[237]
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murdering impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.
Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I holp[238] to frame thee.—Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curded[239] by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple:—dear Valeria!
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by th' interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.
Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst prove

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To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy!

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before,—
The things[940] I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics:—tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
T' allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You've said you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: yet we'll ask;
That, if we fail in our request,[941] the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we'll
Hear naught from Rome in private.—Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We've led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy; for how can we,
Alas, how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we're bound,—together with thy victory,
Whereto we're bound? alack, or we must lose

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The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread—
Trust to't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine,[242]
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Young Mar. 'A shall not tread on me;
I'll run away till I'm bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I've sat too long. [*Rising.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces
May say, "This mercy we have show'd;" the Romans,
"This we receiv'd;" and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be bless'd
For making up this peace!" Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—"The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;

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Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To th' ensuing age abhorr'd." Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine[243] strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' th' air,
And yet to charge[244] thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There's no man in the world
More bound to's mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks.—Thou'st never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: but if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.[245]
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;
This is the last:—so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold 's:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny 't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and this child[246]
Like him by chance.—Yet give us our dispatch:
I'm hush'd until our city be a-fire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. [*after holding Volumnia by the hand in silence*] O mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene

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They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You've won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son,—believe it, O believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come.—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, say would you have heard[247]
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: for my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. [*aside*] I'm glad thou'st set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.[248]

[*The ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*

Cor. [*to Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.*] Ay, by and by;
But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Rome. A public place.*

Enter MENENIUS *with* SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond coign o' the Capitol,—yond corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially

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his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in't: our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading: he is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander.[249] What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house:
The plebeians[250] have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Sec. Mess. Good news, good news;—the ladies have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:

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A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not th' expulsion of the Tarquins.
Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?
Sec. Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:[251]
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!
[*Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten, all together; shouting also, within.*
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again within.*
Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You've pray'd well to-day:
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit.—Hark, how they joy!
[*Shouting and music still, within.*
Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next,
Accept my thankfulness.
Sec. Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.
Sic. They're near the city?
Sec. Mess. Almost at point to enter.
Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.[252] *The same. A street near the gate.*

Enter, in procession, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, VALERIA, &c., *accompanied by* Senators, Patricians, *and* Citizens.

First Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout[253] the noise that banish'd Marcius,

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Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry, "Welcome, ladies, welcome!"
All. Welcome, ladies,
Welcome! [*A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Corioli.*(254) *A public place.*

Enter AUFIDIUS, *with* Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o' the city I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t' appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: dispatch. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

Enter three or four Conspirators *of* AUFIDIUS'S *faction.*

Most welcome!

First Con. How is it with our general?
Auf. Even so
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.
Sec. Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
Auf. Sir, I cannot tell:
We must proceed as we do find the people.
Third Con. The people will remain uncertain whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.
Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,

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He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.[255]
Third Con. Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—
Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; holp to reap the fame
Which he did end all his;[256] and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.
First Con. So he did, my lord,—
The army marvell'd at it; and, in the last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory,—
Auf. There was it;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action: therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall.—But, hark!

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.*

First Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.
Sec. Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.
Third Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,

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After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.
Auf. Say no more:
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords *of the city.*

Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auf. I've not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?
Lords. We have.
First Lord. And grieve to hear 't.
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines: but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.
Auf. He approaches: you shall hear him.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *with drum and colours; a crowd of* Citizens *with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and,
With bloody passage, led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We've made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.
Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the high'st degree
He hath abus'd your powers.
Cor. Traitor!—how now!

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Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius!
Cor. Marcius!
Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus, in Corioli?—
You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome—
I say, your city—to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.[257]
Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?
Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears!
Cor. Ha!
Auf. No more.[258]
Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords; 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion—
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.
First Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.
Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! false hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd[259] your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!
Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?
All the Conspirators. Let him die for 't!
Citizens. Tear him to pieces!—Do it presently!—He killed

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my son!—My daughter!—He killed my cousin Marcus!—He killed my father!—

Sec. Lord. Peace, ho!—no outrage:—peace!
The man is noble, and his fame folds-in
This orb o' th' earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

All the Conspirators. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[*Aufidius and the Conspirators draw, and kill Coriolanus, who falls: Aufidius stands on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

First Lord. O Tullus,—

Sec. Lord. Thou 'st done a deed whereat valour will weep.

Third Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know—as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot—the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

First Lord. Bear from hence his body,—
And mourn you for him:—let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

Sec. Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone;
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he

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Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.—
Assist.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus.*
A dead march sounded.

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P. 135. (1) "*object*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "abjectness."

P. 136. (2) "*Against him first*," &c.

Malone thinks that this speech (which in the folio has the prefix "*All*") ought to be assigned to the *First Citizen*.

P. 136. (3) "*Nay, but speak not maliciously*."

The folio gives this speech to "All."

P. 136. (4) "*partly*"

Mr. Staunton conjectures "portly;" Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "pertly," *i.e.* openly, clearly.—(Hanmer prints "*he did it to please his mother, and* partly *to be proud;*" Capell, "*he did it* partly *to please his mother, and to be proud.*")

P. 136. (5) "*Our business*," &c.

"This and all the subsequent plebeian speeches in this scene are given in the old copy to the *second* Citizen. But the dialogue at the opening of the play shows that it must have been a mistake, and that they ought to be attributed to the *first* Citizen [to whom Capell gives them]. The second is rather friendly to Coriolanus." MALONE. — Mr. Knight — who "adheres to the original copy for the precise reason which Malone gives for departing from it"—declares that "this speaker is of *a higher cast* than he who says, 'Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price';"—a view of the Citizen's character quite at variance with the description of it which, according to Mr. Knight's own text, Menenius presently gives;

> "What do you think?
> You, the great toe of this assembly?
> SEC. CIT. I the great toe? Why the great toe?
> *Men.* For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
> Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
> Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
> Lead'st first, to win some vantage."

In fact, the passage just cited serves to prove that Capell and Malone were well warranted in altering the prefix here and subsequently. (In act ii. sc. 3, where Coriolanus, about to solicit the voices of the people, says, "here comes A BRACE," the folio has "*Enter* THREE *of the Citizens*," and prefixes to their respective speeches "3 *Cit.*," "2 *Cit.*," "1 *Cit.*")

P. 137. (6) "*stale 't*"

The folio has "scale 't."

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P. 138. (7) "*tauntingly*"

So the fourth folio.—The earlier folios have "taintingly" and "tantingly."

P. 138. (8) "*The kingly-crownèd head*," &c.

Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 208) says that this passage "evidently belongs to Menenius." I think, on the contrary, that it evidently belongs to the Citizen, who assumes the part and language of the rebellious members. If it be taken from the Citizen, what propriety is there in the subsequent exclamation of Menenius, "'Fore me, *this fellow speaks!*"? (In Mr. Singer's *Shakespeare*, 1826, I find not only that this is given to Menenius, but that, among other changes in the distribution of the present dialogue, the words,

> "Should by *the cormorant belly* be restrain'd,
> Who is *the sink o' the body*,"

are transferred to Menenius,—with great unfitness.)

P. 138. (9) "*The former agents*,"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 206) puts a "qu." after these words, as if uncertain about the meaning of "*former*," or doubting if it were the right reading.

P. 138. (10) "*you'll*"

The folio has "you'st."

P. 138. (11) "*I send it*," &c.

Mr. W. N. Lettsom boldly proposes

> "*I send it through the rivers of your blood*,
> And through the cranks and offices of man,
> *Even to the* center'd *heart*, th' high-seated *brain:*
> The strongest nerves," &c.

P. 139. (12) "*digest*"

I may notice that here the folio has "disgest" (which spelling was formerly not unusual); but that afterwards in this play (see p. 183) it has "*digest* The Senates Courtesie."—A writer in *Notes and Queries*, vol. vi. p. 27, defending the gross corruption of the folio in act iii. sc. 1, "Bosome-multiplied" (see note 109), rests a portion of his very weak argument on the present passage, which he does not scruple to maintain ought henceforth to be pointed thus;

> "The senators of Rome are this good belly,
> And you the mutinous members!—For examine—
> Their counsels, and their cares digest things rightly
> Touching the weal o' the common!—you shall find," &c.!

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P. 139. (13) "*Thou rascal, thou art worst in blood to run,*"

"Mr. M. Mason judiciously observes that . . . a lean *deer* is called a *rascal*, and that 'worst in blood' is *least in vigour* [both "*rascal*" and "*in blood*" being terms of the forest]." STEEVENS.—Here Hanmer substituted "first" for "*worst;*" and Mr. Staunton (not happily) conjectures "last."

P. 139. (14) "*What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,*
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?
First Cit. *We have ever your good word.*
Mar. *He that will give good words to ye will flatter*
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs," &c.

The folio has "*Mar. He that will giue good words to* thee, *wil flatter,*" &c.; the transcriber or compositor, it would seem, having mistaken "*ye*" for "$\overline{\text{y}}$" (*i.e.* thee):—that the author could not possibly have written "thee" here is manifest. See note 107 on *The Tempest*.

P. 140. (15) "*Hang ye! Trust ye?*"

"Coleridge, *Literary Remains*, proposes 'Trust ye? Hang ye!' Perhaps right." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 206.—But compare the first words of Marcius's next speech, "Hang 'em! They say!"

P. 140. (16) "*these*"

Should perhaps be "the."

P. 140. (17) "*almost*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "all most."

P. 140. (18) "*Shouting their emulation.*"

The folio has "Shooting," &c.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*Shouting their* exultation." But the text is certainly right; and seems to be rightly explained by Malone, "Each of them striving to shout louder than the rest."

P. 141. (19) "*Brutus,*" &c.

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 207) proposes

"*Brutus,* one
Sicinius," &c.

P. 141. (20) "*unroof'd*"

The folio has "vnroo'st."

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P. 142. (21) "*Right worthy you priority.*"

Means, says Malone, "You *being* right worthy of precedence."—But Pope, Hanmer, Mason, Walker, and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector agree in reading "*Most worthy* your *priority*,"—very improperly, I think.

P. 142. (22) "*mutiners,*"

See note 74 on *The Tempest.*

P. 143. (23) "*Come:*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom, after proposing an entirely new distribution of the dialogue here between Sicinius and Brutus, remarks; "The word '*Come*' is evidently displaced, and should be inserted, if at all, either before '*Let's hence*' or '*Let's along.*' The metre will allow either."

P. 143. (24) "*What ever hath*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*What euer* haue" ("Elliptically," says Boswell, "whatever *things*"!).

P. 144. (25) "*Corioli:*"

The folio throughout has "Corioles" (and "Carioles").

P. 144. (26) "*the*"

Perhaps, as Johnson conjectured, "their."

P. 144. (27) "*from certainties.*"

Hanmer printed "*from* very *certainties.*"

P. 145. (28) "*have*"

The folio has "had" (a mistake occasioned by the preceding "*had* rather").

P. 145. (29) "*I*"

Not in the folio.—(Compare what precedes, "Methinks *I* hear," &c., and what follows, "Methinks *I see* him," &c.;—and vide Preface to the present edition, p. xxi.)

P. 145. (30) "*that's*"

The folio has "that."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 145. (31) "*At Grecian swords, contemning.—Tell Valeria*"

The folio has "*At Grecian* sword. Contenning, *tell,*" &c. (where "Contenning" is plainly a misprint for "*contemning*").—The second folio has "*At*

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Grecian swords contending. *Tell*," &c. — Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*At Grecian swords contemning. Tell*," &c. — Mr. W. N Lettsom proposes "As *Grecian swords contemning*."—Leo prints "*At Grecian* sword *contemning*," and observes; "Dyce is right in asking whether 'contemning at' is legitimate phraseology. But Volumnia does not speak about 'contemning at;' she says, *spit at:* and the construction of the phrase must be, 'when contemning (full of contempt) it spit forth blood at Grecian sword.' "—My reading is that of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, with the punctuation of the Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*).

P. 146. (32) "*What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.*"

Here Steevens would explain "*A fine spot*" by quoting the vulgar expression, "You have made *a fine spot* of work of it;" and Boswell subjoins, "Surely it means a pretty spot of embroidery. We often hear of *spotted* muslin."—A various reading, sufficiently obvious, occurred to Zachary Jackson ὁ κριτικώτατος,—"*What, are you sewing here? A fine* sport, *in good faith*:" but Valeria would hardly call sewing a *sport*, unless, indeed, she were speaking ironically. (In the folio "spot" is spelt "spotte.")

P. 146. (33) "*or*"

Perhaps a misprint for "and,"—which Hanmer substituted.

P. 147. (34) "*and half.*"

"Should be omitted; as we are told in sc. 6 that ''*Tis* not a mile' between the two armies." STEEVENS.

P. 148. (35)

"*You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues*
Plaster you o'er;"

In the folio thus;

"*You shames of Rome; you Heard of Byles and Plagues*
Plaister you o're."

"This passage, like almost every other abrupt sentence in these plays, was rendered unintelligible in the old copy by inaccurate punctuation. For the present regulation I am answerable. 'You herd of *cowards!*' Marcius would say, but his rage prevents him." MALONE.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads

"*You shames of Rome!* Unheard *of boils and plagues*
Plaster you o'er;"

nor do I think the alteration so "very improbable" as it appears to Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 210), who asks "why *unheard* of?" Surely the "boils and plagues" might be termed "unheard of," if those on whom they fell were consequently to

"be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile."

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P. 149. (36) "*Follow me.*"

The folio has "followes."—I adopt the conjecture of Mr. W. N. Lettsom, who observes; "The received reading '*followed*' is a sophistication by the editor of the second folio. . . . . The old stage-direction ('*Another Alarum; and Martius* followes *them to gates, and is shut in*') probably caused the error. . . . . Mr. Collier proposes 'Follow *us*;' but the singular is requisite: see the context." Note on Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 207.

P. 149. (37) "*To the pot,*"

Mr. Collier adopts the reading of his Ms. Corrector, "*To the* port" [*i.e.* to the gate].—In a volume which appeared some years ago I observed; "A quotation from a drama, *which Mr. Collier himself formerly edited* (in *Dodsley's Old Plays*, vol. xi.), is alone sufficient to show the atrocity of the alteration, '*To the* port;'

'King Edward, no: we will admit no pause,
For goes this wretch, this traitor, *to the pot.*'
Peele's *Edward I.*,—*Works*, i. 118, ed. Dyce, 1829. [*Works*, p. 389, ed. Dyce, 1861.]

(Since I wrote what precedes, Mr. Staunton has published (March 1859) the No. of his *Shakespeare* which contains *Coriolanus;* and in his note *ad l.* he gives, not only the passage which I have cited from Peele, but the following quotations;

'Thou mightest sweare, if I could, I would bring them *to the pot.*'
'New Custome,' Act ii. sc. 3.

'—— they go *to the pot* for't.'
Webster's '*White Devil*,' &c., Dyce's ed. p. 117, vol. i. [*Works*, p. 37, ed. Dyce, 1857].)"
Strictures on Mr. Collier's New ed. of Shakespeare, p. 155.

P. 149. (38) "*Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword,*
And, when it bows, stands up!"

The folio has

"*Who* sensibly *out-dares his sencelesse Sword,*
And when it bowes, stand'st *vp.*"

Here "*sensible*" is the correction of Thirlby (who also substituted "outdoes" for "*outdares*").

P. 149. (39) "*lost,*"

The folio has "left."—Corrected by Mr. Grant White.

P. 149. (40) "*Even to Cato's wish,*" &c.

The folio has "*Euen to* Calues *wish,*" &c.—Corrected by Theobald. ("He [Marcius] was even such another as Cato would have a souldier and a captaine to be; not only terrible and fierce to laye about him, but to make the enemie afeard with the sound of his voyce and grimnes of his countenance." North's *Plutarch*, p. 240, ed. 1579.)

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P. 150. (41) "*prize their hours*
At a crack'd drachm!"

Here Pope changed "*hours*" to "honours."—But Capell (*Notes*, &c. vol. i. P. i. p. 83) observes; "The speaker could never think of applying that word ['honours'] to the men he is rating; their loss of time in this pilfering was what engag'd his thoughts most, as is evident from all he says afterwards." And Steevens defends the original reading by quoting from North's *Plutarch*; "Martius was marvellous angry with them, and cried out on them, that it was no *time* now to looke after spoyle," &c.—For "*drachm*" we perhaps ought to read "drachma."

P. 150. (42) "*Misguide thy opposers' swords!*"

Here, according to Walker, we ought to read "'*The* opposers;' *i.e. the enemies*, ut passim apud S. The metre (ὡς ἐμοίγε δοκεῖ) and the sense both require this; for '*thy* opposers' would properly mean Coriolanus's personal enemies, not the Volscians." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 233.—I believe that "*thy opposers*" is what the author wrote,—meaning "thy opponents,—those of the enemy who shall oppose thee." (In p. 169 Cominius mentions that Coriolanus, when only a stripling, "slew *three opposers*" in battle; and in p. 204 we have "his great *opposer*, Coriolanus.")

P. 150. (43) "*Where*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would substitute "There."

P. 151. (44) "*Ye*"

The folio has "The."

P. 151. (45) "*the sound of Marcius' tongue*
From every meaner man's."

The folio has "*From euery meaner* man,"—"that is," says Malone, "from *that* of every meaner man;" and he cites as examples of similar phraseology,

"Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive." *Cymbeline*, act iv. sc. 2.

and

"friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood [*M. misquotes it* life] that spills another."
Timon of Athens, act iii. sc. 5.

But who does not see that in the first of these passages we ought to print "Ajax'," just as in a passage of *Troilus and Cressida*, p. 43 of the present volume,

"were your days
As green as *Ajax*', and your brain so temper'd," &c.?

And with respect to the passage of *Timon*, it need not be defended on the plea that the necessity of a rhyme occasioned an offence against grammar, for "*another blood*" may certainly mean *another blood than his own*.

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P. 152. (46) "*I do not think.*"

If right, means "I do not think that the time will serve to tell."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "—— *think* it."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "—— *think* so."

P. 152. (47) "*Antiates,*"

Here the folio has "Antients;" but in the next speech "Antiats."

P. 153. (48) "*Lesser*"

The folio has "Lessen."—Corrected in the third folio.

P. 153. (49) "*from all:*"

"Words apparently needless and redundant." STEEVENS.

P. 153. (50) "*four*"

"Why four? The number is a strange one, considering the object in view. The integrity of the passage has been long suspected; but no emendation worthy of notice has been proposed, unless 'foure' is a misprint for 'some,' as Mr. Singer conjectured." GRANT WHITE.—"Qy. '*we*,' *i.e.* Cominius and I. '*Four*' may have been derived from the sixth line above." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 154. (51) "*fame I envy.*"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector; and Mr. Collier is probably right in observing that "the compositor mistook 'I' for the contraction for *and*."—The folio has "*Fame* and *Enuy*."—Whether Malone's or Steevens's explanation of the old reading be the most ridiculous, is doubtful.—Mr. Staunton suggests "*fame I* hate and *envy*,"—which would make the line over-measure.—Here "*envy*" means "hate, bear ill-will to."

P. 154. (52) "*the whip of your bragg'd progeny,*"

Mr. Swynfen Jervis conjectures "prop" instead of "*whip*." But doubtless the old text is right, meaning, as one of Malone's correspondents explains it, "the whip [or scourge] that your bragged progeny was possessed of."

P. 155. (53) "*If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,*
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds:"

Here Mr. Grant White alters "*Thou'lt*" (which in the folio is spelt "*Thou't*") to "Thou'dst;" and he observes, "'If I *should*' requires, of course, 'thou *wouldst*,' not 'thou *wilt*.'"—But see note 10 on *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and note 27 on *King Henry VIII.* Compare too "And if I *should* say (ἐὰν εἴπω), I know him not, I *shall* be (ἔσομαι) a liar like unto you." St. John's *Gospel*, viii. 55.

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P. 155. (54) "*plebeians*,"

Here, as Walker observes (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 161), "*plebeians*" is to be pronounced "*plébians*." (Indeed, the spelling of the folio here is "Plebeans:" but in act iii. sc. 1, the folio has

"Let them haue Cushions by you. You are *Plebeians*," &c.

and in act v. sc. 4,

"The *Plebeians* haue got your Fellow Tribune," &c.;

while in a prose speech, act ii. sc. 1, it has "the Heardsmen of the Beastly *Plebeans*.")

P. 155. (55) "*country*:"

A trisyllable here.

P. 156. (56) "*Made*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom suspects that this is the wrong word, "derived from 'made' in the next line of the speech."

P. 156. (57) "*Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made*
A coverture for the wars!"

The folio has "*Let him be made* an Ouerture *for th' Warres*."—I read, with Tyrwhitt and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, "*A coverture;*" for I cannot but think that the commentators have most signally failed in their endeavours to support the old lection; nor can any thing be more ridiculous than Malone's adducing, in its defence, from *Twelfth-Night*, "no *overture of war*,"—as if that expression were parallel to "an overture for the wars"! (Shakespeare has the word "*coverture*" elsewhere.)—Tyrwhitt and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector make further alteration here; the former reading "*let* this *be made*," &c., the latter "*let* it *be made*," &c.: but, as Steevens observes, "the personal *him* is not unfrequently used by our author, and other writers of his age, instead of *it*, the neuter."—Various changes have been tried in the pointing of this difficult passage: I give what I conceive to be the true punctuation.—1865. In the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, Mr. Collier (forgetting that in the first of these lines "*him*" is the original lection) remarks, "If we were at all authorised to read '*silk*' in the plural, it would not be necessary even to alter *them* to 'it':" Walker too (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 208) queries "Soft as the parasite's *silks*, let *them* be made," &c.: but in the present passage "*silks*" appears to me very objectionable.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom would adopt Tyrwhitt's reading, "Soft as the parasite's silk, let *this* be made," &c.

P. 156. (58) "*shout*"

The folio has "shoot."—Corrected in the fourth folio.

P. 157. (59) "CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS."

The folio has "Marcus Caius *Coriolanus*" both here and in the next speech.

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P. 157. (60) "*Take't; 'tis yours. What is't?*" &c.

In this passage the metre is slightly defective.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 209) would arrange;

> "Take it; 'tis yours. What is't?
> *Cor.* I sometime lay,
> Here in Corioli, at a poor man's house;
> He us'd me kindly;—
> He cried to me," &c.

P. 158. (61) "*valour*,"

The folio has "valors" (the addition of *s* to substantives being a common error in the folio).

P. 158. (62) "*Embarquements*"

Altered by Hanmer to "Embankments;" which Walker says (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 168) "is the true reading."

P. 160. (63) "*the first complaint*,"

Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector makes an emendation on which several critics have bestowed great applause: he substitutes "*the* thirst *complaint*;" and Mr. Collier, who pronounces the reading of the folio to be "merely an error from mishearing on the part of the copyist," asks "What is 'the first complaint' in connexion with Menenius's love for 'a cup of hot wine'?" But is it quite certain that any "CONNEXION" was intended between "*the first complaint*" and "*a cup of hot wine*"? at least, if the folio faithfully represents the author's punctuation, none was intended; for in the folio we find a colon after "*Tiber in't*," while "*the first complaint*" is disjoined only by a comma from "*hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion*,"—*words which assuredly do not in any way allude to Menenius's fondness for drinking.* Again, is "*the* thirst *complaint*" a probable expression?—In short, I consider the Ms. Corrector's alteration as a very doubtful one; and I have the satisfaction of knowing that Mr. John Forster concurs with me in that opinion.—I must add, that Mr. Singer's explanation of "*first*" appears to me even more unlikely than the Ms. Corrector's new reading,—by which indeed it was evidently suggested: "it seems," he says, "that *thirst* was sometimes provincially pronounced and spelt *first* and *furst*. Menenius uses it jocularly." *Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 213.

P. 160. (64) "*one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning*:"

"These words should come before 'said to be something imperfect,' &c.; and '*complaint*' should perhaps be '*complainer*.'" W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 160. (65) "*cannot*"

The folio has "can."

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P. 160. (66) "*you you*"

The second "*you*" is omitted in the folio,—evidently by mistake.

P. 160. (67) "*bisson*"

Here the spelling (or rather, error) of the folio is "beesome" (which Theobald corrected): but in *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2, it has "*Bisson* Rheume."

P. 161. (68) "*bleeding*,"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "pleading."

P. 162. (69) "*empiricutic*,"

Spelt in the folio "*Emperickqutique*;" which in the third folio was altered to "*Empericktique*."—Pope printed "emperic."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "empiric physic."

P. 162. (70) "*On's brows*:"

I may just notice that this is in answer to the question of Menenius, "brings 'a victory in his pocket?"

P. 163. (71) "*One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh,—there's nine that I know*."

Warburton reads "*One i' the neck, and* one, too, *i' the thigh*," &c. (and so Mr. W. N. Lettsom, except that he would omit "*and*").—"The old man, agreeable to his character, is minutely particular: 'Seven wounds? let me see; one in the neck, two in the thigh—Nay, I am sure there are more, there are nine that I know of.'" [?] UPTON.

P. 163. (72) "*a name to Caius Marcius; these*
In honour follows Coriolanus:—welcome,
Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!"

The folio has

"*a Name to* Martius Caius:
These in honor followes Martius Caius *Coriolanus.*
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus."

In this passage the first "*welcome*" is the addition of Walker, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 143.

P. 164. (73) "*charge of honours*."

The folio has "change *of Honors*;" which the commentators defend by the scriptural expression, "change of raiment"!—Here Theobald altered "change" to "*charge*;" and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector. (Afterwards in this play (see p. 229) the folio has, by an undoubted misprint, "And yet to *change* thy Sulphure," &c.)

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P. 164. (74) "*chats him:*"

If not an error, must mean "talks of him."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "cheers *him;*" Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 214) is confident we ought to read "claps *him;*" and Mr. Staunton proposes "shouts *him:*" but these alterations (none of them happy) still leave the metre imperfect,—unless, indeed, we suppose it can be propped by laying a strong emphasis on "*him.*"

P. 165. (75) "*nicely-gawded*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom suggests "*nicely*-guarded."

P. 165. (76) "*I*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom (comparing "Doubt not" above) would omit this pronoun.

P. 165. (77) "*as our good wills,*"

"Means 'as our advantage requires.'" MASON.—(Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "*as*" to "at.")

P. 166. (78) "*the war;*"

So Hanmer.—The folio has "their *Warre.*"

P. 166. (79) "*touch*"

So Hanmer.—The folio has "teach."

P. 166. (80) "*will be his fire,*" &c.

"Will be a fire lighted by himself. Perhaps the author wrote '—— *as* fire' [which Capell gave]. There is, however, no need of change." MALONE.—Pope printed "—— the *fire.*"—In the next line Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "*and* the *blaze.*"

P. 167. (81) "*he waved*"

"That is, 'he would have waved.'" JOHNSON.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "*he*'d *waved.*"

P. 167. (82) "*bonneted . . . to heave them*"

A very difficult passage.—Malone explains "*bonneted*" to mean "took off their bonnets."[?]—The folio has "*to* haue *them.*"—Corrected by Pope.

P. 168. (83) "*By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom*
We meet here,"

The folio has

"*By* Martius Caius *Coriolanus: whom*
We met *here,*" &c.

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P. 168. (84) "*We shall be blest to do,*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*We shall be* prest *to do;*" and Mr. Singer's Ms. Corrector makes the same change,—Mr. Singer terming it "a good and legitimate emendation." *Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 215.—That "prest" (*i. e.* ready) suits the present speech very well, there is no denying: but "blest" (*i. e.* most happy) is supported by a passage in *King John*, act iii. sc. 1;

"and then *we shall be blest*
To do your pleasure, and continue friends."

P. 169. (85) "*one on's*"

i. e. one of's.—The folio has "on ones."—Corrected in the third folio.

P. 169. (86) "*chin*"

The folio has "Shinne."—Corrected in the third folio.

P. 169. (87) "*weeds*"

"Read '*waves*' with the second folio. The sense requires a circumstance that happens usually, *not exceptionally*, to ships under sail." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 171. (88)

"*We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,*
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour."

i. e., says Malone, "We entreat you, tribunes of the people, to recommend and enforce to the plebeians, what we propose to them for their approbation, namely the appointment of Coriolanus to the consulship."—Mason's proposed alteration of the pointing,—

"Our purpose;—to them *and to our noble consul*
Wish we all joy and honour,"—

has been adopted by Mr. Collier; though it is proved to be wrong by the very next speech,

"*Senators.* To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!"

P. 172. (89) "*auburn,*"

Here the folio has "Abram;" but in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act iv. sc. 2, it has "Her haire is *Aburne*, mine is perfect Yellow:"—and in the present passage the editor of the fourth folio altered the old corrupt spelling "Abram" to "*auburn.*"

P. 173. (90) "*So, here comes a brace.*

Re-enter two *Citizens.*

You know the cause, sirs, of my standing here.
First Cit. *We do, sir;*"

See note 5.—The folio has "*You know the cause* (Sir) *of my,*" &c.; but Corio-

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lanus is now speaking to the "brace," though he presently asks them for their voices one by one.

1865. In their recently-published *Globe Shakespeare* the Cambridge Editors print

> "*Cor.* Bid them wash their faces
> And keep their teeth clean. [*Re-enter two of the Citizens.*]
> So, here comes a brace. [*Re-enter a third Citizen.*]
> You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.
> *Third Cit.* We do, sir," &c.

the insertion "[*Re-enter a third Citizen*]" being something more than odd.

P. 173. (91) "*not*"

The folio has "but;" the second folio "no."—Corrected in the third folio. (The two words "not" and "*but*," as the reader must have already observed, are very frequently confounded.)

P. 174. (92) "*woolless toge*"

The folio has "Wooluish tongue."—The editor of the second folio altered "tongue" to "gowne."—In this much controverted passage I adopt the reading of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, "*woolless*:" compare *ante*, p. 165, "The *napless vesture* of humility."—That "tongue" of the folio is a mistake for "*toge*" we might have been sure, even if a similar error were not found in *Othello*, act i. sc. 1, according to the folio, and the quarto of 1630, which have "*the* Tongued *Consuls*."

P. 175. (93) "*battles thrice six*
I've seen, and heard of," &c.

Here "*heard of*" seems to mean "famous," and to refer either to the battles or to the speaker.—Mr. Collier's explanation of the passage is a strange one; "The hero, instantly on the mention of the thrice six battles he has seen, becomes ashamed of his apparent boasting, and adds therefore the qualifying words 'and heard of,' meaning that some of the thrice six battles he had not so much seen as heard of."—Farmer proposed

> "*battles thrice six*
> *I've seen, and* you have *heard of; for your voices*
> *Done many things*," &c.

P. 175. (94) "*then*,"

Added by Hanmer.

P. 176. (95) "*notion*,"

The folio has "notice."—Corrected by Walker, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 210.

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P. 177. (96) "*Of him*"

i. e. On him.—Usually altered to "On *him*."

P. 178. (97)

"*Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion*"

Here "*most*" would seem to be an interpolation.—Mr. Grant White gives the old text, but removes the "*Which*" to the end of the preceding line; and so, by mending the metre in one place, spoils it in another.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes

"*Which*, gibing most ungravely, *he did fashion*."

P. 178. (98)

"*That our best water brought by conduits hither;*
And Censorinus, who was nobly nam'd so,
Twice being by the people chosen censor,
Was his great ancestor."

The folio has merely

"*That our best Water, brought by Conduits hither,*
And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor,
Was his great Ancestor;"

something having been evidently omitted by mistake.—I give the lines as exhibited by the Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*), except that I have printed "*who was nobly nam'd so*," instead of "*nobly* named *so*," because the folio has "*nam'd.*"—"The passage, as Mr. Pope observes, was taken from Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus;* who, speaking of the house of Coriolanus, takes notice both of his *ancestors* and of his *posterity*, which our author's haste not giving him leave to observe, has here confounded one with the other." WARBURTON.—"The passage in North's translation [of Plutarch], 1579, runs thus: 'The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of the which hath sprong many noble personages: whereof Ancus Martius was one, King Numaes daughters sonne, who was king of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the same house were Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conducts. Censorinus also came of that familie, that was so surnamed bicause the people had chosen him censor twise.'" MALONE.

P. 180. (99) "*the nobles and the commons?*"

The folio has "*the* Noble, *and the* Common?"—The editor of the second folio altered "Common" to "*Commons*," but overlooked the as necessary correction of "Noble" to "*nobles*."

P. 181. (100) "Cor."

The folio has "*Com.*"

P. 182. (101) "*O good,*"

The folio has "*O* God!"

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P. 182. (102) "*Given Hydra heart to choose an officer*,"

The folio has "*Giuen Hidra* heere *to choose*," &c.—The true reading was first suggested by Leo; who compares

> "Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
> Hath *given them heart* and courage to proceed."
> *The Sec. Part of King Henry VI.* act iv. sc. 4.

We may also compare

> "Boldness comes to me now, and brings me *heart*."
> *Troilus and Cressida*, act iii. sc. 2.

P. 182. (103) "*The horn and noise o' the monster*,"

So Capell, and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "—— *noise o' th'* Monsters;" one of the many instances in the folio of the final *s* being improperly added.—Mr. Singer, indeed (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 218), tells us that "To change 'monsters' to *monster* destroys the meaning; the plural refers to the many heads of the hydra; the reference is to Sicinius as the mouthpiece of the plebs." But would any writer, after applying to the people collectively the term "*Hydra*," proceed, in the very same sentence, to speak of the so-symbolised plebs as "monsters"? Certainly not. Sicinius is "*The horn and noise o' the* [many-headed] *monster*."—Earlier in the present play we have had, p. 172, "for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make *a monster of the multitude*," &c., and "he himself [*i. e.* Coriolanus] stuck not to call us *the many-headed multitude*:" afterwards in act iv. sc. 1, Coriolanus says,

> "*the beast*
> *With many heads* butts me away."

P. 182. (104) "*If he have power,*
Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity."

The first clause is explained by Johnson, "If this man has power, let the *ignorance* that gave it him *vail* or bow down before him."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads

> " . . . . . .
> *Then vail your* impotence; *if none*, revoke
> *Your dangerous* bounty."—

Mr. Staunton suggests that "*ignorance*" may be a mistake for "signorie" or "signories," *i. e.* senatorial dignity, magistracy, sway, &c.; and that perhaps "*lenity*" means here, not mildness, but lenitude, inactivity, supineness (as it does in a passage of Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus*,—North's translation).—Leo supposes that "*awake your dangerous lenity*" may be equivalent to "*you must* awake *out of* your dangerous lenity;" which is not English.—Mr. Swynfen Jervis proposes

> "abate
> *Your dangerous lenity*."

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P. 182. (105) "*learn'd*,"

In printing "*learn'd*" (not "learnèd") I adhere to the folio: so in *Henry VIII.* act i. sc. 2, we have

"The gentleman is *learn'd*, and a most rare speaker," &c.

"My *learn'd* lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity."

P. 182. (106) "*plebeians*,"

See note 54.

P. 183. (107) "*They know the corn*
Was not our recompense,"

Southern (in a note on his copy of the fourth folio), Hanmer, and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector read "*Was not* their *recompense*:" but the old text may be right, meaning—was not given by us as a recompense.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom suggests "*Was not* a *recompense*."

P. 183. (108) "*motive*"

So Mason and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "Natiue."

P. 183. (109) "*bisson multitude*"

The excellent emendation of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "Bosome-multiplied."—Vide Preface to my second edition, p. xvi.—(In a previous passage of this play the folio has "beesome" for "*bisson*:" see note 67.)

P. 183. (110) "*To peck the eagles.*
Men. *Come, enough.*"

"Perhaps this imperfect line was originally completed by a repetition of '*enough*' [which Hanmer gave]." STEEVENS.—But I ought to mention that the passage stands in the folio thus;

"The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble
Call our Cares, Feares; which will in time
Breake ope the Lockes a' th' Senate, and bring in
The Crowes to pecke the Eagles.
Mene. Come enough."

and such, most probably, was the author's arrangement of these lines, though the folio, by mistake, has omitted something in the second line. It is better, however, if the metre must halt, that it should halt at the conclusion of the passage.

P. 183. (111) "*Where one*"

The folio has "Whereon."

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P. 184. (112) "*To imp a body with a dangerous physic*"

The folio has "*To* iumpe *a Body*," &c.; which Malone explained "To risk a body;" and his monstrous explanation of that rank corruption has, I am sorry to see, misled Dr. Richardson to cite the passage in his *Dict.* under "Jump;" just as a comment of Steevens has misled him to suppose (see note 141 on the preceding play, p. 123) that "impair" was used by Chapman as an adjective.—In my former edition I read, with Pope, "*To* vamp *a body*," &c.; but I now prefer the conjectural emendation of Mr. Singer: the verb "*imp*," a common term in falconry, occurs in our author's *King Richard II.* act ii. sc. 1;

"*Imp* out our drooping country's broken wing:"

indeed, it was often used metaphorically; so Fuller speaks of persons who "*impe* their credit with stollen feathers." *Worthies*, vol. ii. p. 567, ed. 1811. —Mr. Staunton has no doubt that the poet wrote "*To* purge *a body*," &c.

P. 185. (113) "*Agèd sir, hands off.*"

Has been amended to "Hold, *agèd sir*," &c., and to "My *agèd sir*," &c.: but qy. is the preceding "*surety*" a trisyllable?

P. 185. (114)

"Sen. Pat. &c. *Weapons, weapons, weapons!*

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Peace, peace, peace!—Stay, hold, peace!"

The folio has

"2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons:

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

All. Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace."

Here, with the Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*), I throw out the prefix "*All.*"

P. 185. (115) "*Speak*"

An addition by Tyrwhitt, which is positively required for the sense.—Mason, instead of it, would make a most awkward change of punctuation.

P. 185. (116) "Cor. *That is the way to lay the city flat*," &c.

The folio has "*Com. That is the way*," &c.—"It is usual, though in opposition to the old copies, to assign this speech to Coriolanus, on account of what Sicinius says immediately after,

'—— This deserves death.'

But the speech is not at all characteristic of Coriolanus; and the observation of the Tribune refers to what he had previously spoken,

'Marcius would have all from you,' &c." STAUNTON,—

who is, in my opinion, mistaken.

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P. 186. (117) "*friends*,"

The folio has "friend:" but see Menenius's preceding speech, of which, in fact, this is only a continuation.

P. 186. (118) "*Help, help*"

When Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 144) pointed out that here the folio wrongly omits the repetition of the word, he did not know that it was to be found in the editions both of Hanmer and of Capell.—The Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) assign this speech to "Com."

P. 186. (119) "*your*"

The folio has "our."

P. 186. (120) "Cor. *Stand fast*," &c.

The folio has "*Com. Stand fast*," &c.—"This speech certainly should be given to Coriolanus; for all his friends persuade him to retire. So Cominius presently after; 'Come, sir, along with us'." WARBURTON.

P. 187. (121) "Com."

The folio has "*Corio.*"—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 187. (122) "Cor. *I would they were barbarians*," &c.

This distribution of the speeches (unquestionably the right one) was proposed by Tyrwhitt, with whom Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector here agrees.—The folio has

> "Mene. *I would they were Barbarians, as they are,*
> *Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not,*
> *Though calued i' th' Porch o' th' Capitoll:*
> *Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,*
> *One time will owe another.*"

P. 187. (123) "*I could myself*
Take up a brace o' the best of them; yea, the two tribunes."

The Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) make this the commencement of the next speech. But may we not suppose that old Menenius is here speaking rather of what he would like to be able to do than of what he really believes he can do?

P. 188. (124) "*He consul!*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "Consul! *he consul!*"—The earlier alterations are "*He* the *consul!*" and "*He* a *consul!*"

P. 188. (125) "*our*"

So Theobald.—The folio has "one."

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P. 189. (126) "*The service of the foot*
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was."

"Nothing can be more evident than that this could never be said by Coriolanus's apologist, and that it was said by one of the tribunes; I have therefore given it to Sicinius." WARBURTON.—"You allege, says Menenius, that being diseased, he must be cut away. According then to your argument, the foot, being once gangrened, is not to be respected for what it was before it was gangrened. 'Is this just?' Menenius would have added, if the tribune had not interrupted him: and indeed, without any such addition, from his state of the argument these words are understood." MALONE.—"This speech is part of the preceding one of Brutus. The next speech ('We'll hear no more,' &c.), I should say, belongs to Sicinius." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 189. (127)
"*I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him*
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,—
In peace,—to his utmost peril."

The folio, by an evident mistake either of the transcriber or the printer, has
"*Ile go to him, and vndertake to bring him* in peace,
Where he shall answer by a lawfull Forme
(In peace) to his vtmost perill."

P. 190. (128) "*You do the nobler.*"

Dr. Badham (*Cambridge Essays*, vol. for 1856, p. 277) thinks that there is a considerable hiatus here;—which I doubt. The Patrician is commending Coriolanus's obstinate determination to stand out against the plebs.

P. 190. (129)
"*False to my nature? Rather say, I play*
The man I am."

"Sir Thomas Hanmer supplies the defect in the second line, very judiciously in my opinion, by reading '*Truly* the man I am.' *Truly* is properly opposed to *False* in the preceding line." STEEVENS.—Dr. Badham (*Cambridge Essays*, vol. for 1856, p. 278) would read
"*False to my nature? Rather say* you are glad
I play the man I am."—
Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes
"*False to my nature*, mother? *Rather say*
I play the man I am."

P. 190. (130) "*O, sir, sir, sir,*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would substitute, with Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, "*O, son, son, son.*" But in the old reading have we not one of Shakespeare's touches of nature,—Volumnia testifying her displeasure at Coriolanus by the reiterated "*sir*"?

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P. 191. (131) "*Let go.*"

"Here again Sir Thomas Hanmer, with sufficient propriety, reads '*Why*, let *it* go.' Mr. Ritson would complete the measure with a similar expression, which occurs in *Othello*,—'Let *it* go *all*.'" STEEVENS.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom suggests "Let go, *let go*."

P. 191. (132) "*The thwartings of your disposition*,"

The folio has "*The* things *of your* dispositions."—Theobald substituted "*thwartings*" (Rowe having read "*The* things that thwart *your* dispositions").

P. 191. (133) "Cor. *Let them hang.*
Vol. *Ay, and burn too.*"

The Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) give the second speech to "*A Patrician.*"—I can only say, that whoever recollects Mrs. Siddons in this scene, will, I am sure, allow that the words "*Ay, and burn too*" seemed to come quite naturally from the lips of Volumnia as a sudden spirt of contempt for that rabble whom, however, she saw the necessity of her son's endeavouring to conciliate.

P. 191. (134) "*I have a heart as little apt as yours,*
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage."

In this obscure passage Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector interpolates a whole line;

"*I have a heart as little apt as yours*
To brook control without the use of anger,
But yet a brain," &c.

P. 191. (135) "*to th' herd*,"

Theobald's correction; and obvious enough.—The folio has "*to 'th'* heart."

P. 191. (136) "*each of them by th' other lose*"

An example of a verb plural after a nominative singular when a genitive plural intervenes: see note 116 on *Love's Labour's lost*.

P. 192. (137) "*it lies you on*"

Compare

"It *stands your grace upon* to do him right."
King Richard II. act ii. sc. 3.

"Does *it not*, thinks't thee, *stand me now upon*," &c.
Hamlet, act v. sc. 2.

"*It only stands*
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands."
Antony and Cleop. act ii. sc. 1.

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which I quote, because in the present passage several editors (even Mr. Grant White) substitute "*it lies* on you."

But the earlier part of this speech has received incurable wounds from the transcriber or the printer: with the present text, whatever arrangement of the lines be adopted, the verse must halt intolerably.

P. 192. (138)

"*Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,*"

The second folio has "—— *prompts you* to."—Dr. Badham (*Cambridge Essays*, vol. for 1856, p. 289) reads "—— *which your* own *heart* ——."

P. 192. (139) "*rooted in*
Your tongue,"

The folio has "roated *in*," &c.—Though Dr. Richardson in his *Dict.* cites the present passage under "Rote," he observes, "*Roated* in Shakespeare is perhaps rooted, fixed, infixed, impressed,—no deeper than your tongue."—Mr. Collier prints "roted *in*," &c., which he deliberately explains "said by *rote*, by the tongue."

P. 192. (140) "*though but bastards, and syllables*"

Dr. Badham (*Cambridge Essays*, vol. for 1856, p. 289) conjectures "thought's *bastards, and* but *syllables*."

P. 192. (141) "*allowance,*"

Johnson proposed, and Capell printed, "alliance."

P. 192. (142) "*Now humble*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*Now's humble.*"—Mason proposed "Bow *humble.*"

P. 192. (143) "*handling,—say*"

So print Hanmer, Mr. Grant White, and Leo; and so Mr. Staunton proposes.—The folio has "*handling:* or *say.*"

P. 193. (144) "*it,*"

Added by Capell (which Ritson did not know when he proposed the same addition).

P. 193. (145) "*quirèd*"

If the folio could be trusted in such matters, here its spelling, "*quier'd,*" would show how the word was formerly pronounced.

P. 193. (146) "*eunuch's,*"

The folio has "Eunuch."

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P. 193. (147) "*or the virgin voice*
That babies lulls asleep!"

Here the folio has "*That Babies* lull *a-sleepe;*" which Mr. W. N. Lettsom is disposed to retain, thinking that "*voice*" may be a form of the plural (see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., Art. LI.).

P. 194. (148) "*owe*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "ow'st;" and rightly, I suspect.

P. 195. (149) "*'tis ready.*"

The modern addition to these words, "here," seems necessary.

P. 195. (150) "*truth*"

Dr. Badham (*Cambridge Essays*, vol. for 1856, p. 289) would substitute "teeth."

P. 195. (151) "*worth*"

If the right reading, is equivalent to "pennyworth."—Rowe printed "word;" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "mouth."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom suggests "will."

P. 196. (152) "*Throng*"

Theobald's correction.—The folio has "Through."

P. 196. (153) "*Well, say.—Peace, ho!*"

Steevens proposes "*Well*, sir; *say* on.—*Peace, ho!*"

P. 196. (154) "*accents*"

The folio has "Actions."—Corrected by Theobald.

P. 197. (155) "*To the rock, to the rock with him!*"

Here the metre is defective. (The second folio has only "*To th' rock with him.*")

P. 197. (156)
"Men. *Is this the promise that you made your mother?*
Com. *Know, I pray you,—*
Cor. *I'll know no further:*"

Here again the metre halts; nor is it perfected if we adopt the modern arrangement;

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"Men. *Is this*
The promise that you made your mother?
Com. *Know,*
I pray you,—
Cor. *I'll know no further.*"

P. 198. (157) "*Nor check my courage*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*Nor check my* carriage;" and Mr. Collier adds, "It is most inconsistent with the noble character of the hero to represent him in this way vaunting his own 'courage.' . . . *Carriage* is, of course, deportment; and the very same misprint has been pointed out, and remedied in the same way, in *Henry VI. Part III.*" Mr. Singer, too (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 221), commends this alteration, which is countenanced by his own Ms. Corrector.—But they forget that "*courage*" was formerly often used in the sense of—heart, spirit, mind: see note 56 on *The Third Part of King Henry VI.*

1865. As the Ms. Corrector has corrupted the passage of *Coriolanus* and the passage of *King Henry VI.* by changing "*courage*" to "carriage," so Mr. Collier corrupts the following passage of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Island Princess*, act ii. sc. 7, by changing "carriage" to "*courage*;"

"Count me a heavy sleepy fool, a coward,
A coward past recovery, a confirm'd coward,
One without *carriage* or common sense."

Would the Governor of Ternata, after *three times* proclaiming himself a *coward*, immediately add that he was "one without *courage*"? Nobody, I believe, except Mr. Collier, would suppose so, or would fail to see that "one without *carriage*" means "one without *conduct—management.*"

P. 198. (158) "*Envied against the people*,"

i.e., says Steevens, "behaved with signs of hatred to the people." But qy. "Inveigh'd *against the people*"?

P. 198. (159) "*for*"

The folio has "from."

P. 198. (160) "*carcasses*"

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 246) would print the contracted form "carcass'."

P. 199. (161) "*not*"

Capell's correction; and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "but" (which Mr. Staunton and Mr. W. N. Lettsom think right).

P. 199. (162) "*Abated*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 34) proposes "Abased,"—wrongly, I think.—"'*Abated*' here carries the sense of *sunk and diminished in spirit*

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and courage." HANMER.—To the passages cited by Steevens *ad l.* may be added

"Those markes of pride shall be *abated* downe," &c.
The Warres of Cyrus King of Persia, &c. 1594, the concluding speech.

P. 199. (163) "*then*"

This modern addition is in all probability the missing word; for that a word is wanting here who can doubt?

P. 199. (164) "*come:—*"

Not in the folio.

P. 199. (165) "*To say extremity was the trier of spirits;*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*To say*, Extreamities *was*," &c.; to which reading Malone adhered: in defence of the plural here, he cited from an earlier scene, p. 191, "But when *extremities* speak:" to which, however, we may oppose what afterwards occurs, p. 208;

"Now, this *extremity*
Hath brought me to thy hearth."

P. 200. (166) "*being gentle wounded, craves*"

Pope printed "*being* gently warded, *craves;*" Hanmer, "*being* greatly warded, crave;" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*being gentle*-minded, *craves.*" The old text (which scarcely can be right) is thus explained by Johnson; "When Fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded and yet continue calm requires a generous policy."

P. 200. (167) "*My first son,*"

Is explained by Warburton "My noblest son."—Heath proposes (most vilely) "*My* fierce *son.*"—Hanmer printed "First, my son."

P. 200. (168) "*exposure*"

The folio has "exposture;" which Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 211) is "inclined to read." But I believe, with Steevens, that it "is no more than a typographical error."

P. 201. (169) "*Bid them all home,*" &c.

"Something seems to have dropt out of this speech. Qy.

'Bid them all home, *and give 'em thanks;* he's gone,
And we'll no further.—The nobility
Are vexèd, whom we see have *vainly* sided
In his behalf.'

In the third line the sense as well as the metre demands some such word as

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'*vainly*,' for the nobility were not vexed because they had sided with Coriolanus, but because they had done so to no purpose." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 202. (170) "*plague*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "plagues."

P. 202. (171) "*wise*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would substitute "vile." ("At any rate," he observes, "'*wise*' is preposterous.")

P. 202. (172) "*What then!*
He'd make an end of thy posterity."

Given to Volumnia by Hanmer; and rightly perhaps.

P. 202. (173) "*Cats*,"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "*Cats*" to "Curs,"—"consistently," says Mr. Collier, "with the term Coriolanus had previously applied to *the rabble*." But it is quite evident that here Volumnia is speaking, not of *the rabble*, but of *the two tribunes*.—Mr. Staunton suggests "Bats."

P. 203. (174) "*Come, come, come.*
Men. *Fie, fie, fie!*"

Qy.

"*Come, come.*
Men. *Fie, fie!*"

P. 203. (175) "*well approved by your tongue.*"

So Steevens; and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "*well* appear'd *by your Tongue*."

P. 205. (176)

"*Whose house, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,*
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "*Whose* Houres, *whose Bed*," &c.; which no one, *with the context full before him*, need attempt to defend by the passage in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act iii. sc. 2;

"the *hours* that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us."

Here the error of the folio was an easy one: but perhaps it may be partly attributed to the occurrence of the word "*hour*" at the end of the third line.

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P. 205. (177) "*My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon*
This enemy town."

Capell's correction.—The folio has "*My Birth-place* haue *I*," &c.—Qy. (on account of what follows, "if *he* slay me," &c.) "*This* enemy's *town*"?

P. 206. (178) "Enter a third *Servant*."

The folio has "*Enter* 3 *Seruingman*, the 1 meets him;" which I formerly did not understand: I now see that "the 1" means *the Servant who was first on the stage*, before the entrance of the Third Servant,—in fact, *the Second Servant*.

P. 207. (179)

"*Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou? thy name?*"

Qy.

"*Whence com'st thou?* and *what wouldst thou?* say, *thy name?*"

P. 207. (180) "*If, Tullus*," &c.

This speech (taken, with some variation, from North's Plutarch) is printed as prose in the folio; but surely it was not intended for prose by the author, and would seem to be corrupted.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom remarks that the expression "*think for*" is not English.—Pope gave

"*If, Tullus*, yet *thou know'st me* not, *and, seeing me,*
Dost not yet take *me for the man I am,*
Necessity commands me name myself."

Capell,

"*If, Tullus,*
Not yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me, dost not take *me*
To be *the man I am, necessity*
Commands me name myself."

P. 207. (181) "*to the Volscians' ears*,"

Pope prints "*to* Volscian *ears*."

P. 208. (182) "*will*"

The folio has "wilt;" which in my former edition I inconsiderately retained and defended.

P. 208. (183) "*A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter*
Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
And say 'Tis true,' I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all-noble Marcius."

So the lines are arranged in the folio; and, I believe, rightly, though a different arrangement has been attempted. But the second line is certainly mutilated.—Pope gave

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"*Should from yon cloud speak* to me things divine."—

Qy.

"*Should from* out yonder *cloud speak divine things*"?

(In *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2, we have "*yonder cloud.*")—In the third line Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 209) would read "*believe* him *more.*"

P. 209. (184) "*And scar'd the moon with splinters:*"

The folio (with its old spelling) has "*And* scarr'd *the Moone,*" &c.; which is retained by Malone and Mr. Collier (the former innocently remarking that a line in *Richard III.*,

"*Amaze* the welkin with your broken staves,"

"certainly adds *some support*" to the reading "*scar'd*"!).—1865. Mr. Collier now gives, with his Ms. Corrector, "*scar'd.*"

P. 209. (185) "*no quarrel else*"

So the third folio.—The earlier folios have "*no* other *quarrell else.*"

P. 209. (186) "*o'er-bear.*"

So some copies of the folio: other copies have erroneously "*o're*-beate."—Mr. Grant White adopts Jackson's reading, "*o'er-bear't.*"—"The pronoun, I think, can scarcely be dispensed with here, but it should be '*her*'." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 209. (187) "*But come in:*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom suggests "*But* now *come in.*"—The usual alteration is "*But come,* come *in.*"

P. 210. (188) "*wot on.*"

The folio has "*wot* one."

P. 211. (189) "*broiled*"

The folio has "boyld."

P. 211. (190) "*directitude.*"

"I suspect the author wrote '*discreditude*;' a made word instead of '*discredit.*' He intended, I suppose, to put an uncommon word into the mouth of this servant, which had some resemblance to sense; but could hardly have meant that he should talk absolute nonsense." MALONE.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "dejectitude."—Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated,* &c. p. 223) says, much too confidently, "*There can be no doubt* that the Servant is intended to blunder in the use of 'directitude,' which he mistakes for *discreditude.*"

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P. 211. (191) "*This peace is nothing*"

The sentence being perhaps mutilated, Capell printed "*This peace is* good for *nothing:*" the earlier insertion was "worth."

P. 212. (192) "*spritely, waking,*"

The folio has "*sprightly* walking;" which Mr. Staunton retains, and explains "quick *moving* or *marching.*"

P. 212. (193) "*full of vent.*"

i. e. "full of *rumour*, full of materials for *discourse.*" JOHNSON.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*full of* vaunt."

P. 212. (194) "*lethargy :*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 92) queries "a *lethargy.*"

P. 212. (195) "*mulled,*"

i. e., according to Hanmer, "softened and dispirited, as wine is when burnt and sweetened. Lat. *mollitus.*"—Walker would substitute "mute:" see his *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. pp. 92, 188, vol. ii. p. 49.

P. 212. (196) "*sleepy,*"

The folio has "sleepe."—Corrected in the third folio.

P. 212. (197) "*war's*"

The folio has "warres" both here and in the next speech.—"I should have persisted in adherence to the reading of Mr. Pope ["*war's*"] had not a similar irregularity in speech occurred in *All's well that ends well*, act ii. sc. 1, where the Second Lord says, 'O, '*tis* brave *wars!*' as we have here '*wars* may be said to be *a ravisher.*'" STEEVENS.—But the two passages are not similar; and besides, though our author frequently uses "*wars*" for "*war*," the first words of the present speech, "Let me have *war*" (the folio "*Warre*"), prove that in the concluding portion of it he employed the singular.—"In our passage War is personified and is opposed to Peace. It is surely impossible that, under such circumstances, Shakespeare would have used the plural, particularly when he had begun with the singular." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 212. (198) "*His remedies are tame i' the present peace*"

So Theobald.—The folio has "—— *tame, the present peace.*"—Mason would read "—— *are* lame *i' the*," &c.—Mr. Staunton observes; "Omission, however, is not perhaps the only defect in the line; the word '*remedies*' is very equivocal."—Hanmer gave the passage thus;

> "His remedies are tame: the present peace
> And quietness of the people, which before
> Were in wild hurry here, do make his friends
> Blush that the world goes well," &c.

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P. 212. (199) "Bru. *Hail, sir!*"

An addition by Capell, which both the reply of Menenius and the metre prove to have been accidentally omitted in the folio.

P. 212. (200) "*sir*,"

Added by Capell.—Compare what precedes.

P. 213. (201) "*you both.*"

Qy. "both you"?

P. 213. (202) "*Without assistance.*
Men. *I think not so.*"

"Read '*assistancie*' ['*assistancy*']." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 48. —The earlier attempt to perfect the metre here was by printing "Nay, *I think not so.*"

P. 214. (203) "*The nobles in great earnestness are going*
All to the senate-house: some news is come
That turns their countenances."

The folio has "——*some newes is* comming," &c.; which Mr. Knight retains (because "the reader will remember Mr. Campbell's fine image,

'Coming events throw [cast] their shadows before;'"

the Roman nobles, of course, being gifted, like Campbell's wizard, with the second sight!); and which in most of the recent editions is altered to "——*some news is* come in," &c. (Boswell defending that alteration in a note about "redundant terminations," &c.)—Now it is quite evident that the mistake of "comming" for "*come*" was occasioned by the transcriber's or compositor's eye having caught the word immediately above, "*going.*" (So in *The Tempest*, act ii. sc. 2, the folio has

"No more dams I'le make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,
Nor scrape *trenchering*, nor wash dish," &c.;

where the error "*trenchering*" originated in the preceding "firi*ng*" and "requiri*ng*.")

P. 214. (204) "*Good Marcius*"

In my former edition I too hastily adopted the reading of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, "God *Marcius;*" and I have now to regret that I should have been partly the cause of Mr. Grant White's adopting that erroneous reading.

P. 215. (205) "*Than violentest contrariety.*"

"The folio has '*violent'st*,' the true reading. It is a line of three feet and a half,

'Than vio|lent'st con|trarie|ty.'"

Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 170.—Hanmer printed "*Than violentest* contrarieties."

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P. 215. (206)

"*Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,*
Or butchers killing flies."

"Write, or at least pronounce, '*butterflees*' [on account of "*flies*" in the next line]. Drayton, *Muses' Elysium*, viii.;

'Of lilies shall the pillows be,
With down stuft of the *butterflee*.'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 212.

P. 216. (207) "*regions*"

Altered by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "legions;" which (as elsewhere we have had "legions" misprinted "*regions*,"—see note 135 on *The First Part of King Henry VI.*) I have felt strongly inclined to adopt: but Mr. W. N. Lettsom remarks that "the Romans had no army on foot, and consequently no *legions*."

P. 216. (208) "*Are mock'd*"

Hanmer, for the metre, gave "*Are* only *mock'd*."

P. 216. (209) "*they charg'd him even*
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies."

"Their *charge* or injunction would show them insensible of his wrongs, and make them *show like enemies*." JOHNSON.—"'*They charg'd . . And therein show'd*' has here the force of 'They would charge . . . And therein show.'" MALONE.—"Plutarch says that when Coriolanus was besieging Lavinium with the Volsces, the Roman people were desirous to annul the decree of his banishment, but the Senate then maintained it. Possibly Shakespeare may here allude to that circumstance, though it is not mentioned in the play." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 216. (210) "*You've made fair hands,*
You and your crafts! you've crafted fair!
Com. *You've brought*"

"We ought unquestionably," says Mr. Collier, "to read [with the Ms. Corrector] *handycrafts* for 'crafts,' and to print the lines as follows, both on account of the sense and the metre;

'You have made fair hands;
You and your *handycrafts* have crafted fair.'

This change completes the defective line, and shows that Menenius uses the introductory expression, 'You have made fair hands,' in order that he may follow it up by the contemptuous mention of *handycrafts*." No: the old text is quite right. To "*make fair hands*" (or "*a fine hand*") is a common enough expression (so in *Henry VIII.* vol. v. p. 569, "Ye've *made a fine hand*, fel-

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lows"); and the change of "*crafts*" to "handycrafts" is unnecessary for the sense, because *manual* labour is sufficiently implied in the former word. As to "the metre," it is perfect with the old reading; while the Corrector's alteration deranges it entirely.

P. 218. (211) "*Had*"

The folio has "Haue."

P. 219. (212) "*So hated, and so banish'd:*"

According to Mr. Staunton, "After 'So hated, and so banish'd,' there is obviously a chasm, which it were vain to think of filling up."

P. 219. (213) "*virtues*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "Vertue."

P. 219. (214) "*Lie*"

"Perhaps '*Live;*' yet I think not." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 210. —Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "Live."

P. 219. (215) "*Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair*
T' extol what it hath done."

A very dark (or rather, a manifestly corrupted) passage; on which the comments in the *Varior. Shakespeare* and elsewhere are alike unsatisfactory.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (having previously made two alterations in this speech) substitutes "cheer" for "*chair;*" Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 225) would read "hair;" and Mr. Grant White (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 336) is well persuaded that the genuine text is "*Hath not a tomb so* eloquent *as a* cheer," &c.—1865. Mr. Grant White now proposes "*Hath not a* tongue *so* eloquent *as a chair*," &c.; and Leo conjectures "*Hath not a tomb so evident as a* claim," &c.

P. 219. (216)

"*One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;*
Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths do fail."

The folio has "*Rights by rights* fouler, *strengths*," &c., which editors and critics have thus variously altered; "Right's *by* right fouler," &c., "Right's *by* right fouled," &c., "Right's *by* right foiled," &c., "*Rights by rights* foul are," &c., "*Rights by rights* founder," &c., "*Rights by rights* suffer," &c., and "*Rights by rights* foil'd are," &c.—That a verb lies concealed under the corruption "fouler" is indubitable. As to the word which I have introduced, it was frequently spelt "*faulter*" (so in Shelton's *Don Quixote*, Part First, p. 372, ed. 4to, "who when they perceiue their Ladies to *faulter*," &c.), and therefore might easily have been mistaken for "fouler."

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P. 220. (217) "*that have wreck'd fair Rome*," &c.

The folio has "*that haue* wrack'd for *Rome*," &c.—Hanmer printed "*that have* sack'd *fair Rome*," &c.—I give the passage with the additional emendation of the late Mr. W. W. Williams, who (not aware that Hanmer had altered "for" to "*fair*") writes thus; "We meet elsewhere in Shakspeare with 'fair Athens,' 'fair Milan,' and 'fair Verona:' and why not *fair Rome*—that 'urbs pulcherrima'? Menenius exclaims ironically that the tribunes have earned for themselves a noble memorial by obtaining cheap charcoal for the populace at the cost of the conflagration of their beautiful city—a humorous explosion of indignation, in perfect keeping with his character." *The Parthenon* for May 3d, 1862, p. 19.

P. 220. (218) "*least expected:*

. . . . . .

Could he say less?"

The folio has "lesse *expected*."

P. 220. (219) "*a rare petition*"

i.e. a strange, an extraordinary petition.—The folio has "*a* bare *petition*."—Corrected by the late Mr. W. W. Williams in *The Parthenon* for May 3d, 1862, p. 19: he compares "And *a petition* granted them, a *strange* one," act i. sc. 1.

P. 220. (220) "*Pray you now, go to him.*"

The "*now*" is not in the folio. (Compare, *ante*, p. 192,

"*I prithee now*, my son,
Go to them," &c.)

P. 220. (221) "*Well, and say that Marcius*," &c.

There is evidently something wrong in this passage. Hanmer altered it in one way; Capell in another: and Dr. Badham (*Cambridge Essays*, vol. for 1856, pp. 280-1) would read

"*Well, and say that Marcius*
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then? or not unheard, *but as*
A discontented friend, grief-shot with his
Unkindness.
Sic. Say't be so, *yet your good will*," &c.

P. 221. (222) "*you*"

So Mason and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "I;" a misprint occasioned by the "*I'll*" in the preceding line.—With the old reading, and point the speech how we will, Menenius makes a silly remark; "there could be no doubt," as Mason observes, "but Menenius himself would soon have knowledge of his own success."

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P. 221. (223) "*what he would not,*
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:"

Hanmer printed

"*Bound with an oath,* not *yield to* new *conditions.*"

Malone says, "I believe two half lines have been lost; that '*Bound with an oath*' was the beginning of one line, and '*to yield to his conditions*' the conclusion of the next."—Mr. Staunton proposes

"*Bound with an oath to yield to* no *conditions.*"—

Not without reason Mr. Grant White observes, "This passage is incomprehensible."—"Professor Solly suggested to me, as a new reading, '*hold*' for '*yield.*'" Leo.

P. 221. (224) "*So that all hope is vain,*
Unless in's noble mother and his wife;"

In my former edition I retained the reading of the folio, "*vnlesse* his *Noble Mother,*" &c.; *i. e.*, says Malone, "So that we have now no other hope, nothing to rely upon, *but* his mother and his wife, who, as I am told, mean, &c. *Unless* is here used for *except.*" But I now think it impossible that Shakespeare could have used such phraseology; and I adopt the lection which some one suggested to Steevens, "*Unless in's noble mother,*" &c.: in the present play contractions of that kind are frequent.—Hanmer substituted "from's" for "his."

P. 222. (225) "*Stand, and go back.*"

"This defective measure might be completed by reading 'Stand, and go back *again.*'" Steevens.

P. 222. (226) "*magnified*"

So Hanmer and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "verified;" which perhaps crept into the text in consequence of the transcriber's or compositor's eye having rested on the word "verity" in the next line.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom asks "Why not repeat '*amplified*'?"—Leo proposes "glorified."

P. 223. (227) "*easy*"

Is explained "slight, inconsiderable."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "queasy;" and Mr. Staunton proposes "wheezy."

P. 223. (228) "*dotant*"

Has been altered to "dotard."

P. 223. (229) "*by*"

Not in the folio.

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P. 223. (230) "*swoon*"

So the fourth folio.—The first folio has "swoond."—See note 93 on *The Winter's Tale.*

P. 223. (231) "*our gates*"

The folio has "your *Gates.*"—Corrected in the fourth folio.

P. 224. (232) "*Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather*
Than pity note how much."

Theobald printed "*Ingrate forgetfulness shall* prison, *rather,*" &c.; "which," he says, "adds an antithesis, by which the sense seems clearer and more natural: viz. that *forgetfulness* shall rather *keep it a secret,*" &c. It is at least certain that elsewhere the folio has by mistake "poysons" for "*prisons*" and "poyson'd" for "*prison'd*:" see note 114 on *Love's Labour's lost.* But there is something forced in Theobald's reading here.

P. 224. (233) "*swoon?*"

So the fourth folio.—The first folio has "swoond?"—See note 93 on *The Winter's Tale.*

P. 225. (234) "*I will not.*"

Mr. Lettsom would read "*I will not,* I."—But qy. did not the poet write "*I will not.*—Ha!"?

P. 225. (235) "*I'll never*
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom queries,

"*I'll* ne'er *be*
A gosling to obey instinct; but stand."

P. 226. (236) "*prate,*"

Theobald's correction.—The folio has "pray." (The Ms. most probably had "praie.")

P. 226. (237) "*the hungry beach*"

Has been explained, "the beach hungry or eager for shipwrecks (*littus avarum*)," and "the sterile unprolific beach."—Mr. Grant White is inclined to think that Malone's conjecture, "*the* angry *beach,*" is the true reading.

P. 226. (238) "*holp*"

The folio has "hope,"—the correction of which is obvious.

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P. 226. (239) "*curded*"

The folio has "curdied."—(So, in *All's well that ends well*, the folio has the wrong spelling "muddied:" see note 196 on that play.)

P. 227. (240) "*things*"

The folio has "thing."

P. 227. (241) "*Which you deny already: yet we'll ask;*
That, if we fail in our request,"

The folio has "*That if* you *faile*," &c.—"Mr. Pope, who altered every phrase that was not conformable to modern phraseology, changed '*that if you fail*,' &c. to '*that if* we *fail*,' &c." MALONE.—It was Rowe who (in his sec. ed.) made the alteration; and it is evidently right: "you" must have been repeated by mistake from the preceding line. In this play the folio swarms with errors.

P. 228. (242) "*Ay, and on mine,*"

"'*On*' was supplied by some former editor [Capell] to complete the measure." STEEVENS.—"Unnecessarily, if 'world,' according to Mr. Tyrwhitt's canon, is used as a dissyllable." BOSWELL.—What reader, if he has common sense, can doubt that Shakespeare, having written just before "*on* thy mother's womb," wrote here "Ay, and *on* mine"?

P. 229. (243) "*fine*"

The folio has "fiue."

P. 229. (244) "*charge*"

The folio has "change."

P. 229. (245) "*Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*Down Ladies: let vs shame him* with him *with our knees.*"

P. 229. (246) "*this child*"

The folio has "his *Childe*."—Corrected by Theobald, who observes; "Volumnia would hint that Coriolanus by his stern behaviour had lost all family regards, and did not remember that he had any child. 'I am not his mother,' says she; 'his wife is in Corioli; and *this* child, whom we bring with us (young Marcius), is not his child, but only bears his resemblance by chance.'"

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P. 230. (247)

"*Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard*"

The folio has merely "*Were you in my steed, would you have heard.*"—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 157) suggests "An *were you in my stead, would,*" &c.: but the earlier modern addition "*say*" seems preferable.

P. 230. (248) "*a former fortune.*"

Means, says Johnson, "my former credit and power."—Hanmer printed "my *former fortune.*"—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*a* firmer *fortune.*"

P. 231. (249)

"*He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander.*"

This having been misunderstood,—at least by Leo,—I may notice that it means, "He sits in his chair of state, as an image fashioned to resemble Alexander."

P. 231. (250) "*plebeians*"

See note 54.

P. 232. (251)

"Sic. *Friend,*
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?
Sec. Mess. *As certain as I know the sun is fire:*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 165) reads, in the second line, "*Art certain this,*" &c. (which is the reading of Pope).—Mr. W. N. Lettsom (Note on Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 285) remarks that here "Shakespeare could scarcely have jumbled the phrases together ['*Art thou certain?*' and '*Is it certain?*'] so awkwardly as he appears from the editions to have done . . . . . '*Is't*' (as the old copies print it) is a misprint for '*I sir,*' i.e. '*Ay, sir,*' and here the Messenger begins his answer to Sicinius. The note of interrogation after '*certaine*' first appeared in the third folio. '*Thou,*' moreover, seems to have been inserted *ob metrum*, as in the old copies the verse begins with '*Friend.*'"—1865. In a letter with which he has lately favoured me, Mr. Lettsom adds; "It is not at all likely, or rather it is quite impossible, that a person would begin with '*Art* THOU certain this is true?' and then go on, '*is* IT most certain?' He would say '*art thou* most certain?'"

P. 232. (252) "*And help the joy.* [Exeunt.
SCENE V.," &c.

Here usually no new scene is marked: but it is quite plain that Menenius, Sicinius, &c. were intended by the author to quit the stage; and that, on their "*Exeunt*" (which the folio has), a change of scene—to a street near the gate of the city—was to be supposed by the spectators. Menenius and his companions go out to meet the ladies as they proceed through the city

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homewards: but their meeting is not brought before the eyes of the audience; nor was it necessary that it should be.—1865. Since the appearance of my first edition, Mr. Staunton, Mr. Grant White, &c. have followed my example in marking a new scene here.

P. 232. (253) "*Unshout*"

The folio has "Vnshoot."

P. 233. (254) "Corioli."

This scene used to be marked "*Antium*" till Mr. Singer substituted "*Corioli*." Plutarch, indeed, as Leo observes, calls Antium the native town of Aufidius, and, p. 234, the First Conspirator says to Aufidius, "Your native town you enter'd like a post," &c.: but the words of Aufidius, p. 236,

"dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus, in Corioli?"

cannot possibly mean what Leo supposes they may mean—"dost thou think I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy in Corioli stol'n name?"

P. 234. (255) "*He bow'd his nature, never known before*
But to be rough, unswayable, and free."

Walker says (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 76); "My ear tells me that Shakespeare never could have so concluded a period; neither could he have used '*bow'd*' thus absolutely. Part of a line has dropt out, somewhat to the following effect;

'*and free,*
To an enforc'd observance.
Third Con. *Sir, his stoutness,* &c.' "—

Here Hanmer altered "*free*" to "fierce" (and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector). —Capell omits "*free.*"

P. 234. (256) "*holp to reap the fame*
Which he did end all his;"

Here Rowe altered "*end*" to "make:" Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "ear:" and Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated,* &c. p. 227) approves of the reading proposed by a correspondent in *Notes and Queries,*

"*holp to* ear *the fame*
Which he did reap *all his.*"—

According to Mr. Grant White (*Shakespeare's Scholar,* &c. p. 367), "there is not the least necessity for this violence to the original text. *Aufidius* helped to reap the fame which *Coriolanus* made, in the end, all his."—Mr. Staunton, and the late Mr. W. W. Williams (under the initials *W. D.* in *The Literary Gazette* for March 15, 1862, p. 263) would read

"*holp to reap the fame*
Which he did bind *all his.*"—

But the Rev. W. R. Arrowsmith (in *The Editor of "Notes and Queries" and*

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his friend Mr. Singer, &c. p. 9), to show that "the shallowest Gloucestershire or Herefordshire auctioneer is competent to verify the old reading," cites the following advertisements from *The Hereford Times*, January 23d, 1858;

"Hockentree Farm, Dymock, Gloucestershire. Mr. Joseph Bird has the privilege to announce to his friends and the public generally, that he will submit to public auction [among other things] three well-ENDED hay-ricks, three excellent well-ENDED wheat-ricks," &c.

"Bridge House, Rudhall Mill, in the parish of Upton Bishop, 1½ miles from Ross, Herefordshire. Messrs. Dowle and Stephens are instructed to sell by auction, on Friday, the 29th January, 1858, [among other things] a rick of well-ENDED hay," &c.

Mr. Arrowsmith continues; "But supposing no proof could be adduced that '*end*' is a technical phrase in harvest-work, yet the ordinary signification of the word would fully justify its use by Shakspeare here. '*Reap*' has two meanings, a narrow, and a broad: in its stricter sense it denotes no more than cutting with the sickle: it is so used by Shakspeare in this place. Its more extended sense—and that, if I mistake not, only in way of metaphor—by a synecdoche, imports the consummation of a harvest. After the particular operation of reaping, much remains to be done, many casualties have to be encountered, before the completion of the harvest, and '*finis coronat opus*' is as true in husbandry as in other occupations: when the crop is housed or inned, stacked or ricked, then, and not till then, is it '*ended*.' I repeat, therefore, that Shakspeare's genuine word '*end*' recommends itself, even in its common acceptation; and if it has become a stumbling-block to commentators, it is simply because they mistook their calling, no less than they mistook the word."

P. 236. (257) "*other*"

The folio has "others."

P. 236. (258) "*No more.*"

i. e. No more than a boy of tears.—But perhaps Tyrwhitt was right in supposing that these words belonged to the *First Lord*, and in understanding them to mean *Have done.*

P. 236. (259) "*Flutter'd*"

The folio has "Flatter'd."—Corrected in the third folio.

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TITUS ANDRONICUS.

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TITUS ANDRONICUS.

As it is not only included in the folio of 1623, but mentioned as Shakespeare's by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, &c. 1598 (see the Memoir of Shakespeare), we are forbidden to assert—what internal evidence seems strongly to attest—that our author had no share in its composition.—"On what principle the editors of the first complete edition of our poet's plays admitted this [*Titus Andronicus*] into their volume, cannot now be ascertained. The most probable reason that can be assigned, is, that he wrote a few lines in it, or gave some assistance to the author in revising it, or in some other way aided him in bringing it forward on the stage. The tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft in the time of King James II. warrants us in making one or other of these suppositions. 'I have been told' (says he in his Preface to an alteration of this play published in 1687) 'by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters.'" MALONE, *Prelim. Remarks on Titus Andronicus*.—"Titus Andronicus is now by common consent denied to be, in any sense, a production of Shakespeare; very few passages, I should think not one, resemble his manner.—*Note*. Notwithstanding this internal evidence, Meres, so early as 1598, enumerates Titus Andronicus among the plays of Shakespeare, and mentions no other but what is genuine. But, in criticism of all kinds, we must acquire a dogged habit of resisting testimony when *res ipsa per se vociferatur* to the contrary." HALLAM, *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, &c. vol. ii. p. 177, ed. 1843.—"A. i., and the greater part, or rather the whole, of A. v., are the work of one writer, and that writer not Shakespeare. The Latinism both of the manner and the matter would be sufficient to prove this, did not the utter want of imagination in the author render all other arguments needless. The other three Acts—with occasional exceptions, perhaps—bear the unmistakable stamp of another and more poetical mind; yet I feel all but certain that Shakespeare did not write a word of the play, except (possibly) one or two passages. To say nothing of the absence of his peculiar excellences, and the precipitous descent from *Venus and Adonis* and *Tarquin and Lucrece* to *Titus Andronicus*, I do not believe that he *would* have written on such a subject (and this, by the way, applies as well to the First Scene of *Pericles*, and the brothel scenes of A. iv.); still less that *he* could have revelled with such evident zest in details of outrage and unnatural cruelty. Perhaps the Last Scene of A. iv. was written by the author of Acts i. and v." WALKER, *Crit. Exam. of the Text of Shakespeare*, &c. vol. iii. p. 214.—Henslowe (*Diary*, p. 33, ed. Shakespeare Soc.) records that a play which had never been acted before, called "*Titus and Ondronicus*," was performed by the Earl of Sussex's men, Jan. 23d, 1593-4; and he also mentions (*Diary*, p. 35) that in June 1594, an "*Andronicous*" was acted by the Lord Admiral's and the Lord Chamberlain's company.—It seems certain that an entry made by Danter in the Stationers' Registers, Feb. 6th, 1593-4, of "A booke entitled a noble Roman Historye of Tytus

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Andronicus" refers to the play attributed to Shakespeare; which, according to Langbaine (*Account of Eng. Dram. Poets*, p. 464), "was first printed 4° Lond. 1594," though at present no quarto earlier than that of 1600 is known to be extant.

In a quarto volume just published (1865) by Mr. Albert Cohn, entitled *Shakespeare in Germany in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, &c., is (both in German and English) the "*Tragedy of Titus Andronicus, acted in Germany, about the year* 1600, *by English Players, supposed to be an imitation of the old Titus Andronicus;*" and I now subjoin, without any remarks of my own, the greater portion of the account of it given by Mr. Cohn (from whom, by the by, I beg leave utterly to dissent when he declares that the *Titus Andronicus* attributed to Shakespeare "betrays numerous traces of his genius"). "In our German 'Lamentable Tragedy' we have the play, in all probability, in a form copied from the first design. But the coarse feeling, which was interested in the mere external action alone and not in the dramatic development, has prevailed in the treatment of this, as well as almost all the other pieces in the collection, for the principal object has evidently been to reduce the piece to the smallest possible compass. . . . . No notice has hitherto been taken of a circumstance in the German piece which enables us to fix with tolerable certainty the date of the English one. In the year 1591, a piece entitled 'Titus and Vespasian' was performed on the London stage. It must have been very popular, for from the 11th of April 1591 to the 15th of January 1593[-4] it is very frequently mentioned by Henslowe. In Shakespeare's 'Titus Andronicus' there is no Vespasian; no one therefore could ever imagine that the piece alluded to by Henslowe was the original form of the Shakesperian piece. . . . . But in our German 'Titus Andronicus' a Vespasian is one of the principal characters. It is a fictitious, and no historical personage. In the beginning of the piece he appears as the partizan of Titus Andronicus, for whom he claims the throne of Rome, but towards the end he is suddenly transformed into his son and avenger, who at the conclusion obtains the crown,—one of those instances of a confusion of characters to which we have already alluded, and which are strong evidence of the carelessness with which this German version of the piece was made. We may safely assume that this Vespasian, like all the other characters of the German piece, was taken from the original 'Titus Andronicus,' and thus we should have to acknowledge that 'Titus and Vespasian' as the original on which Shakespeare's play was founded. In his first mention of it, under the date of April 11, 1591, Henslowe designates it on the margin with *ne*, which, with him, always signifies a piece given for the first time. . . . . On the 23rd of January 1593[-4], the piece is first mentioned under the name of 'Titus Andronicus,' and again with the addition *ne;* it is probably therefore the recast of the piece, as we have it in the folio of 1623." p. cxii.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SATURNINUS, son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared emperor.
BASSIANUS, brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.
TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, general against the Goths.
MARCUS ANDRONICUS, tribune of the people, and brother to Titus.
LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, MUTIUS, } sons to Titus Andronicus.
YOUNG LUCIUS, a boy, son to Lucius.
PUBLIUS, son to Marcus the tribune.
SEMPRONIUS, CAIUS, VALENTINE, } kinsmen to Titus.
ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.
ALARBUS, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, } sons to Tamora.
AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.
A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown.
Romans and Goths.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.
LAVINIA, daughter to Titus Andronicus.
A Nurse, and a black Child.

Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—*Rome and the country near it.*

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TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.

Scene I. *Rome. Before the Capitol.*

The Tomb of the Andronici *appearing; the* Tribunes *and* Senators *aloft. Enter, below, from one side,* Saturninus *and his* Followers; *and, from the other side,* Bassianus *and his* Followers; *with drums and colours.*

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore th' imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,—
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep, then, this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence,[1] and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus, *aloft, with the crown.*

Marc. Princes,—that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,—
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by common voice,

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In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamèd Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited home
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastisèd with arms
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renownèd Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus.*

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus.*

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Rome, be as just and gracious unto me
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.[2]

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish. Saturninus and Bassianus go up into the Capitol.*

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd
From where he circumscribèd with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Drums and trumpets sounded. Enter MARTIUS *and* MUTIUS; *after them, two* Men *bearing a coffin covered with black; then* LUCIUS *and* QUINTUS. *After them,* TITUS ANDRONICUS; *and then* TAMORA, *with* ALARBUS, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, AARON, *and other* Goths, *prisoners;* Soldiers *and* People *following. The* Bearers *set down the coffin, and* TITUS *speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in my[3] mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her[4] fraught
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel-boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,—
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—

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Make way to lay them by their brethren.—
[*The tomb is opened.*
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthy prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,[5]
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you,—the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressèd queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren!—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me!
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead; and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
T' appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;

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And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius, with Alarbus.*

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!
Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?
Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening looks.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in her tent,[6]
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,—
When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,—
To quit her[7] bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, *and* MUTIUS, *with their swords bloody.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth naught, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.
Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in the tomb.*[8]

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,[9]
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damnèd grudges, here no storms,[10]
No noise; but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!
Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears

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I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy,
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud!

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Enter, below, MARCUS ANDRONICUS *and* Tribunes; *re-enter* SATURNINUS *and* BASSANIUS, *attended.*

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my belovèd brother,
Gracious triúmpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceasèd emperor's sons:
Be *candidatus*, then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:
What should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations[11] to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroach[12] new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,

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In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.[13]

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturnine.[14]

Sat. Romans, do me right;—
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.—
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,[15]
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say, "Long live our emperor!"

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say, "Long live our Emperor Saturnine!"

[*A long flourish.*

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done

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To us in our election this day
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,[16]
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pántheon[17] her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine—
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord:
Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. [*to Tamora*] Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;[18]
To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly and your followers.

Sat. [*aside*] A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go:

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Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.
[*Flourish. Saturninus courts Tamora in dumb-show.*
Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[*Seizing Lavinia.*
Tit. How, sir! are you in earnest, then, my lord?
Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal
To do myself this reason and this right.
Marc. Suum cuique[19] is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.
Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.
Tit. Traitors, avaunt!—Where is the emperor's guard?—
Treason, my lord,—Lavinia is surpris'd!
Sat. Surpris'd! by whom?
Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exeunt Bassianus and Marcus with Lavinia.*
Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.
[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*
Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.
Mut. My lord, you pass not here.
Tit. What, villain boy!
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [*Stabbing Mutius.*
Mut. Help, Lucius, help! [*Dies.*

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me:
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.
Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful-promis'd love. [*Exit.*
Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,[20]
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale,[21]

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But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress[22] of Rome.
Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.[23]—Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquerèd:
There shall we cónsummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt Saturninus attended, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, Aaron, and Goths.*

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride:—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challengèd of wrongs?

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Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Marc. O Titus, see, O see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb:—
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. } And shall, or him we will accompany.
Mart. }

Tit. "And shall"! what villain was it spake that word?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Marc. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself;[24] let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be burièd.

[*Marcus and the sons of Titus kneel.*

Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak,—

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Marc. Renownèd Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—[25]

Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,

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That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman,—be not barbarous:
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax,
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals:[26]
Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:—

[*Marcus and the others rise.*

The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*Mutius is put into the tomb.*

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

All. [*kneeling*] No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.[27]

Marc. [*rising with the rest*] My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,—[28]
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but I know it is,—
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell:
Is she not, then, beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?

Marc. Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.[29]

Flourish. Re-enter, from one side, SATURNINUS *attended,* TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and* AARON; *from the other,* BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, *and others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize:
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!

Bas. And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so, I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothèd love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

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Sat. 'Tis good, sir: you are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.
Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know,—
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.
Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'Tis thou and those that have dishonour'd me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!
Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.
Sat. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?
Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forfend
I should be author[30] to dishonour you!
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all;
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—
[*Aside to Sat.*] My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last;
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest, then, the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,—
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,—

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Yield at entreats; and then let me alone:
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.—
Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,—
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

[*Marcus, Lavinia, and the sons of Titus kneel.*

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That what we did was mildly as we might,
Tendering our sister's honour and our own.

Marc. That, on mine honour, here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.

[*Marcus and the others rise.*

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,[31]
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore

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I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.—
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we'll give your grace *bonjour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the palace.*

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning-flash;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora:
Upon her wit[32] doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch,[33] whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,

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This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.—
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *braving.*

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.
Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Make me less gracious, thee[34] more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.[35]
Aar. [*aside*] Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glu'd within your sheath
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*
Aar. [*coming forward*] Why, how now, lords!
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.
Dem. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

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Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.
Aar. Away, I say!—
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia, then, become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware! an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.
Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.
Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.
Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.
Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose t' achieve her whom I love.
Aar. T' achieve her!—how?
Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.[86]
Aar. [*aside*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.
Dem. Then why should he despair that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

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Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.
Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.
Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.
Aar. Would you had hit it too!
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—and are you such fools
To square for this? would it offend you, then,
That both should speed?
Chi. Faith,[37] not me.
Dem. Nor me, so I were one.
Aar. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar:
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me,—Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must ye pursue,[38] and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest-walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are
Fitted by kind for rape and villany:
Single you thither, then, this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit
To villany and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns;
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

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Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.
Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A forest near Rome. Horns and cry of hounds heard.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* Hunters, &c., MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,[39]
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
T' attend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Horns wind a peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and* Attendants.

Many good morrows to your majesty;—
Madam, to you as many and as good:—
I promisèd your grace a hunter's peal.
Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lord;[40]
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.
Bas. Lavinia, how say you?
Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.
Sat. Come on, then; horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport.—[*To Tamora*] Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.
Mare. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

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Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.
Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A lonely part of the forest.*

Enter AARON, *with a bag of gold.*

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest [*Hides the gold.*
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rollèd[41] in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise;
And—after conflict such as was suppos'd
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave—
We may, each wreathèd in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us as is a nurse's song

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Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs:
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,—
This is the day of doom for Bassianus:
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day;
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.—
Now question me no more,—we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great empress,—Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter BASSIANUS *and* LAVINIA.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandonèd her holy groves
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformèd limbs,[42]
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,

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'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you séquester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an óbscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king my brother shall have note[43] of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:
Good king, to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I[44] patience to endure all this?

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign and our gracious mother!
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have tic'd me hither to this place:—
A barren[45] detested vale you see it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe:
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven:—
And when they show'd me this abhorrèd pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confusèd cries,
As any mortal body hearing it

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Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death:
And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect:
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be not[46] henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.
[*Stabs Bassianus.*

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.
[*Also stabs Bassianus, who dies.*

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora,
For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy[47] poniard;—you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her;
First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope she braves your mightiness:[48]
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive ye, both to sting.[49]

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.—
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her!

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

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Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath,—she taught it thee;
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:
[*To Chiron*] Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

Chi. What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true,—the raven doth not hatch a lark:[50]
Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now!—
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws[51] par'd all away:
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means.—Away with her!

Lav. O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.—[52]
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore, away with her, use[53] her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place!
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou, then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

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Dem. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou her husband:
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus into the pit; then exeunt Demetrius and Chiron, dragging off Lavinia.*

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see that you make her sure:—
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed
Till all th' Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [*Exit.*

Re-enter AARON, *with* QUINTUS *and* MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; were't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*Falls into the pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fall'n?—What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.—
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O brother, with the dismall'st object hurt
That ever eye with sight made heart lament!

Aar. [*aside*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
That he thereby may give[54] a likely guess
How these were they that made away his brother. [*Exit.*

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stainèd hole?

Quin. I am surprisèd with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

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Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewèd here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the raggèd entrails of the pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath—
Out of this fell-devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me,—I come to thee. [*Falls in.*

Enter SATURNINUS *with* AARON.

Sat. Along with me: I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. Th' unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,

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To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive;
But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Re-enter TAMORA, *with* Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS, *and* LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.[55]

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:
Poor Bassianus here lies murderèd.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[*Giving a letter to Sat.*
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [*reads*] "An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him:
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."—
O Tamora! was ever heard the like?—
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.—
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
[*Showing it.*

Sat. [*to Titus*] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life.—
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:
There let them bide until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

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Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discoverèd!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursèd sons,—
Accursèd, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;
For, by my father's reverent tomb, I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will
To answer their[56] suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me.—
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word,—the[57] guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt Saturninus, Tamora, Aaron, and Attendants, with Quintus, Martius, and the body of Bassianus; then Andronicus and Lucius.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *with* LAVINIA, *ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.[58]

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrowl.[59]

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case,[60] I should go hang myself.

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Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.
[*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.*

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece,—that flies away so fast?—
Cousin, a word; where is your husband?—[61]
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
Speak, gentle niece,—what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare
Of her two branches,—those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness
As have thy love?[62] Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosèd lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflourèd thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him,[63] cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three[64] issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?
O that I knew thy heart![65] and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him, to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealèd, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,

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He would not, then, have touch'd them for his life!
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,[66]
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
O could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

Enter Senators, Tribunes, *and* Officers of Justice, *with* MARTIUS *and* QUINTUS, *bound, passing on to the place of execution;* TITUS *going before, pleading.*

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the agèd wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemnèd sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.
For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write
[*Throwing himself on the ground.*
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears:
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;[67]
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c. with the Prisoners.*

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O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,[68]
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, *with his sword drawn.*

O reverend tribunes! gentle,[69] agèd men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain:
The tribunes hear you not; no man is by;
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.—
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or if they did mark,
They would not pity me. Yet plead I must:
And bootless unto them since I complain,
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;[70]
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attirèd in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax,—tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,—
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.—[*Rises.*
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive

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That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banishèd!—
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS *and* LAVINIA.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy agèd eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.
Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it, then.
Marc. This was thy daughter.
Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.
Luc. Ay me, this object kills me!
Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.—
Speak, my[71] Lavinia, what accursèd hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea,
Or brought a fagot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st;
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
Now all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.
Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?
Marc. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodius bird, it sung
Sweet-varied notes,[72] enchanting every ear!
Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?
Marc. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

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Tit. It was my deer; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me: what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.—
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Marc. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her husband;
Perchance because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd, as[73] meadows, yet not dry,
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?

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Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb-shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Marc. Patience, dear niece.—Good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his[74] true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this,—
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor
My hand:[75]
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you:
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

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Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?[76]
O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go!

Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. And, for our father's sake and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Marc. But I will use the axe.[77]

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. [*aside*] If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Cuts off Titus's hand.*

Re-enter LUCIUS *and* MARCUS.

Tit. Now stay your strife: what shall be is dispatch'd.—
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited,—that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—

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[*Aside*] Their heads, I mean. O, how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,[78]
To that I call!—[*To Lav.*] What, wilt thou kneel with me?
Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers;
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. O brother, speak with possibility,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Are not my sorrows deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.[79]

Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow![80]
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, *with two heads and a hand.*

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back,—
Thy griefs their sport, thy resolution mock'd;[81]
That woe is me to think upon thy woes

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More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal;
But sorrow flouted-at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[*Lavinia kisses Titus.*

Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless
As frozen water to a starvèd snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Marc. Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control thy[82] griefs:
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Marc. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears:
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.—

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The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear.—
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.[83]—
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.
[*Exeunt Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.*

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,—
The wofull'st man that ever liv'd in Rome:
Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again,
He leaves[84] his pledges dearer than his life:
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturnine and his empress[85]
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A room in* TITUS'S *house. A banquet set out.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, *and* YOUNG LUCIUS.

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And[86] when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—

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[*To Lavinia*] Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,[87]
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Marc. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none.—
Fie, fie, how franticly I square my talk,—
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—
Here is no drink!—Hark, Marcus, what she says;—
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrow, mash'd[88] upon her cheeks:—
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Young Luc. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,

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And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—
[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy[89] knife?
Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord,—a fly.
Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are[90] cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus' brother: get thee gone;
I see thou art not for my company.
Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.
Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,[91]
And buzz lamenting doings[92] in the air!
Poor harmless fly,
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.
Marc. Pardon me, sir; it was[93] a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.
Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—
Ah, sirrah!
As yet,[94] I think, we are not brought so low
But that between us we can kill a fly
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.
Marc. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.
Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories chancèd in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begins[95] to dazzle.
[*Exeunt.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Rome. The garden of* TITUS'S *house.*

Enter TITUS *and* MARCUS. *Then enter* YOUNG LUCIUS, *running, with books under his arm, which he lets fall, and* LAVINIA *running after him.*

Young Luc. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.—
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Young Luc. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—somewhat doth she mean:—
See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

Marc. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?[96]

Young Luc. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow: that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,—
Causeless, perhaps.—But pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will. [*Lavinia turns over with her stumps the books which Lucius has let fall.*

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Tit. How now, Lavinia!—Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see.—
Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?[97]

Marc. I think she means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact;—ay, more there was;
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Young Luc. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoses;
My mother gave it me.

Marc. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves![98]
[*Helping her.*
What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?[99]
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Marc. See, brother, see; note how she quotes the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!—
Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt—
O, had we never, never hunted there!—
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Marc. Sit down, sweet niece:—brother, sit down by me.—
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,

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Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here:—look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name[100]
Without the help of any hand at all. [*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.*
Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
What God[101] will have discover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!
[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*

Tit. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?—
"*Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.*"

Marc. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

*Tit. Magne dominator poli,**
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Marc. O, calm thee, gentle lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds[102] of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as, with the woful fere
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.[103]
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,

* *Magne dominator poli*, &c.] The old eds. have "Magni *dominator*," &c. —From the *Hippolytus* of Seneca;

"Magne regnator deûm,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?" v. 671.

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And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let 't alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson, then?—Boy, what say you?

Young Luc. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Marc. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Young Luc. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armory;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy,
Shalt[104] carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Young Luc. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.—
Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house:
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and Young Lucius.*

Marc. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?—
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;
But yet so just that he will not revenge:—
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus![105] [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. A room in the palace.*

Enter, from one side, AARON, DEMETRIUS, *and* CHIRON; *from the other side,* YOUNG LUCIUS, *and an* Attendant, *with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;

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He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Young Luc. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus,—
[*Aside*] And pray the Roman gods confound you both!

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what's the news?

Young Luc. [*aside*] That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape.—May it please you,[106]
My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armory
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that,[107] whenever you have need,
You may be armèd and appointed well:
And so I leave you both,—[*aside*] like bloody villains.
[*Exeunt Young Lucius and Attendant.*

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round about?
Let's see:—

[*Reads*] "*Integer vitæ,* scelerisque purus,*
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu."

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just,—a verse in Horace;—right, you have it.—
[*Aside*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest! th' old man hath found their guilt;
And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—
And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advancèd to this height?
It did me good, before the palace-gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

* *Integer vitæ*, &c.] Horace, *Carm.* i. xxii. 1.

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Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?
Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.
Aar. A charitable wish and full of love:[108]
Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.
Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.
Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our belovèd mother in her pains.
Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.
[*Flourish within.*
Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?
Chi. Belike for joy the emperor hath a son.
Dem. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, *with a blackamoor* Child *in her arms.*

Nur. Good morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?
Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?
Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame and stately Rome's disgrace!—
She is deliver'd, lords,—she is deliver'd.
Aar. To whom?
Nur. I mean, she's brought a-bed.
Aar. Well, God
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?
Nur. A devil.
Aar. Why, then she's the devil's dam; a joyful issue.[109]
Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime:
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.
Aar. Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue?—
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

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Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?
Aar. That which thou canst not undo.
Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.
Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.
Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone her.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathèd choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!
Chi. It shall not live.
Aar. It shall not die.
Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.
Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.
Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:—
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.
Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd[110] walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress[111] from me, I am of age
To keep mine own,—excuse it how she can.
Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?
Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself,—[112]
The vigour and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I prefer;
This maugre all the world will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

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Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.
Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.
Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.
Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.
Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer:
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."
He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And from that womb where you imprison'd were
He is enfranchisèd and come to light:
Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stampèd in his face.
Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?
Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.
Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety. [*They sit.*
Dem. How many women saw this child of his?
Aar. Why, so, brave lords! when we join in league,[113]
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafèd boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But say, again, how many saw the child?
Nur. Cornelia the midwife and myself;
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.
Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:—
Two may keep counsel when the third's away:—
Go to the empress, tell her this I said:—
[*He stabs her: she screams and dies.*
Weke, weke!—so cries a pig prepar'd to the spit.
Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst thou this?
Aar. O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,—

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A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no:
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far one Muli lives, my countryman;[114]
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be receivèd for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; ye see I have given her physic,[115]
[*Pointing to the Nurse.*
And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.
[*Exeunt Dem. and Chi. bearing off the dead Nurse.*

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey,[116] and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior and command a camp. [*Exit.*

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SCENE III. *The same. A public place.*

Enter TITUS, *bearing arrows with letters at the ends of them; with him* MARCUS, YOUNG LUCIUS, PUBLIUS, SEMPRONIUS, CAIUS, *and other* Gentlemen, *with bows.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, come:—kinsmen, this is the way.—
Sir boy, now[117] let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.—
*Terras Astræa reliquit:**
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.—
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily you may catch her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land:—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd:
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence;
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns
By day and night t' attend him carefully,
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some easeful remedy.[118]

Marc. Kinsmen,[119] his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,

* *Terras Astræa reliquit*] Ovid, *Met.* i. 150.

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And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now! how now, my masters! What,
Have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by th' heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men fram'd of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear:
And, sith there's justice nor[120] in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.—
Come, to this gear.—You're a good archer, Marcus;
[*He gives them the arrows.*
Ad Jovem, that's for you:—here, *Ad Apollinem:*—
Ad Martem, that's for myself:—
Here, boy, *To Pallas:*—here, *To Mercury:*—
To Saturn, Caius,[121] not to Saturnine;
You were as good to shoot against the wind.—
To it, boy.—Marcus, loose when[122] I bid.—
Of my word, I have written to effect;
There's not a god left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*]—O, well said,
Lucius!—
Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.[123]

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha!
Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou'st shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock

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That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give his lordship joy!

Enter a Clown, *with a basket, and two pigeons in it.*

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.—
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. O, the gibbet-maker? he says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven! alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold; meanwhile here's money for thy charges.—
Give me pen and ink.—
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel; then kiss

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his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.—
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go.—Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Before the palace.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, Lords, *and others;* SATURNINUS *with the arrows in his hand that* TITUS *shot.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! was ever seen
An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for th' extent
Of egal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,[124]
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there naught hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,—
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,[125]
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here's *To Jove,* and this *To Mercury;*
This *To Apollo;* this *To the god of war;*—
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feignèd ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know that justice lives

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In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she[126] in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressèd plight
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts.—[*Aside*] Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out:[127] if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?

Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your mistress-ship[128] be emperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he.—God and Saint Stephen give you godden: I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here. [*Saturninus reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

Clo. Hanged! by'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same device proceeds:
May this be borne,—as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?—
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege:—
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

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Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lord,[129]—Rome never had more cause!
The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
Of high-resolvèd men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under condúct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of his[130] revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms:
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he the common people love so much;
Myself hath often overheard[131] them say—
When I have walkèd like a private man—
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings[132]
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his agèd ear
With golden promises; that, were his heart

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Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
[*To Æmilius*] Go thou before, be our [133] ambassador:
Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably;
And if he stand on hostage[134] for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successantly,[135] and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Plains near Rome.*

Enter LUCIUS, *and an army of* Goths, *with drums and colours.*

Luc. Approvèd warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have receivèd letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

First Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,

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Led by their master to the flowerèd fields,—
And be aveng'd on cursèd Tamora.

Goths.[136] And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.—
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, *leading* AARON *with his Child in his arms.*

Sec. Goth. Renownèd Lucius, from our troops I stray'd
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
"Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!"—even thus he rates the babe,—
"For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is th' incarnate devil
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? what, deaf? not a word?—[137]
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy,—he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl,—
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.—

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Get me a ladder.

[*A ladder brought, which Aaron is made to ascend.*

Aar. Lucius, save the child,[138]
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more but—vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on: an if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee! why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villanies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously[139] perform'd:
And this shall all be buried in my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god:
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I'll urge him:—therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover naught to thee.

Luc. Even by my god I swear to thee I will.

Aar. First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate and luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

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'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O détestable villain! call'st thou[140] that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and 'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:
That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.—
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen and her two sons:
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter:
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swoonèd[141] almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

First Goth. What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse—
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As, kill a man, or else devise his death;

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Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle stray and break their necks;[142]
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd-up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrow almost was forgot;[142]
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carvèd in Roman letters
"Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

[*Aaron is brought down from the ladder.*

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Third Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius: what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

First Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges

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Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March, away! [*Flourish. Exeunt.*[144]

SCENE II. *Rome. Before* TITUS'S *house.*

Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, *and* CHIRON, *disguised.*

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*

Enter TITUS, *above.*[145]

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I now[146] am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness[147] these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from th' infernal kingdom,

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To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,—
Revenge,—which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stand;
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,—
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;
And then I'll come and be thy wagoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globe.[148]
Provide two[149] proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful wagon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:[150]
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the wagon-wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long,
Even from Hyperion's[151] rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea:
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are these thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder;[152] therefore callèd so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are!
And you, the empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad-mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit above.*

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:

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Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.—
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS, *below.*

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house:—
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:—
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
For well I wot the empress never wags
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revengèd on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome;
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he's a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee:
I pray thee, do on them some violent death;

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They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house;
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his agèd father's life.

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.[153]

Tam. [*aside to Dem. and Chi.*] What say you, boys? will you abide[154] with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again.

Tit. [*aside*] I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,—[155]
A pair of cursèd hell-hounds and their dam.

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Dem. [*aside to Tam.*] Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.
[*Exit Tamora.*

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, CAIUS, *and* VALENTINE.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons,
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.(156)

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd,—
The one is Murder, Rape is th' other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:—
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them:—
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry. [*Exit.*

[*Publius, &c. lay hold on Chiron and Demetrius.*

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS, *with* LAVINIA; *he bearing a knife, and she a basin.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.—
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest;
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.

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What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches! how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad:—
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,
[*He cuts their throats.*(157)
Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So:—
Now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.
[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*

SCENE III. *Court of* TITUS'S *house: tables set out.*

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, *and* Goths, *with* AARON *prisoner, and his Child in the arms of an Attendant; other Attendants.*

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind(158)
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

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First Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursèd devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.

[*Exeunt some Goths, with Aaron. Flourish within.*

The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS *and* TAMORA, *with* ÆMILIUS, Tribunes, Senators, *and others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath órdain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefóre, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at table.*

Enter TITUS *dressed like a Cook*, LAVINIA *veiled*, YOUNG LUCIUS, *and others.* TITUS *places the dishes on the table.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness and your empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.—

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My lord the emperor, resolve me this:
Was it well done of rash Virginius
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and[159] effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee; [*Kills Lavinia.*
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage;—and it now is done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.

Tit. Will 't please you eat? will 't please your highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, bakèd in that pie;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.
[*Kills Tamora.*

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursèd deed!
[*Kills Titus.*

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed!
[*Kills Saturninus. A great tumult. Lucius, Marcus, and their Partisans go up into a gallery.*

Marc. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar[160] sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,

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O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body;
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,[161]
And she whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
[*To Lucius*] Speak, Rome's dear friend: as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad-attending ear
The story of that baleful-burning night
When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's Troy,—
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is our[162] captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you
That cursèd Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murderèd our emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravishèd our sister:
For their fell fault our brothers were beheaded;[163]
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banishèd,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms t' embrace me as a friend:
I am the turn'd forth,[164] be it known to you,

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That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But, soft! methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child,—

[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*

Of this was Tamora deliverèd;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes:
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd as he is,[165] to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause[166] had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiss,—show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the raggèd stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak; and if you say we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,[167]
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for well I know
The common voice do cry it shall be so.

Romans. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!

Marc. [*to Attendants*] Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful-slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*

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LUCIUS, MARCUS, &c. *descend.*

Romans. Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans:[168] may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim[169] awhile,—
For nature puts me to a heavy task:—
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips, [*Kissing Titus.*
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,[170]
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Marc. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers: thy grandsire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Young Luc. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Re-enter Attendants *with* AARON.

Æmil. You sad Andronici,[171] have done with woes:
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food:

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If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done:
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closèd in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,
No mournful bell[172] shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*

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P. 283. (1) "*continence*,"

i.e., according to Mr. Staunton, "temperance."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "conscience."

P. 285. (2) "*Open the gates, and let me in.*
Bas. *Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*Open the* brazen *gates*," &c.; Mr. Collier observing that "the epithet was, doubtless, accidentally omitted." But, if any thing has dropped out, it was much more likely (on account of the next speech) to have been what Capell inserts,—"*Open the gates*, tribunes, *and let me in*."

P. 285. (3) "*my*"

The old eds. have "thy."—"Mr. Warburton and I concurred to suspect that the poet wrote 'in *my* mourning weeds,' *i.e.* Titus would say, 'Thou, Rome, art victorious, though I am a mourner for those sons which I have lost in obtaining that victory.'" THEOBALD.—"Read '*my*' with Warburton. This seems warranted by the whole tenor of the speech." W. N. LETTSOM, —with whom I quite agree, though Johnson says, "we may suppose the Romans, in a grateful ceremony, meeting the dead sons of Andronicus with mournful habits;" and Steevens, "or that they were in mourning for their emperor, who was just dead" (which note Steevens has partly borrowed from Capell's strange defence of "thy," viz. that "'*Rome*' was in '*mourning weeds*' at this time, FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING, for an emperor whom she had just bury'd").

P. 285. (4) "*her*"

So the fourth folio.—The earlier eds. have "his."

P. 286. (5) "*That so the shadows be not unappeas'd*,"

"Not the shadows of the slain Andronici, but *the shadows* in a general sense, *umbræ*, *Manes*, τὰ κάτω, the powers beneath." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 215.—Here Walker writes rather hastily: "the shadows" of the dead Andronici are certainly meant; and most probably Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector is right in reading "their *shadows*:"—compare, in the third speech after this,

"T' *appease their* groaning *shadows* that are gone."

P. 287. (6) "*in her tent*,"

"*i.e.* in the tent where she and the other Trojan captive women were kept; for thither Hecuba by a wile had decoyed Polymnestor, in order to perpe-

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trate her revenge. This we may learn from Euripides's *Hecuba*," &c. THEOBALD.—The old eds. have "*in* his *tent*."—The writer of this speech (certainly not Shakespeare) seems to have been rather familiar with the classics.

P. 287. (7) "*her*"

The old eds. have "the."—"Read '*her*' [with Rowe], or perhaps '*these*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 216.

P. 287. (8) "the coffin laid in the tomb."

So the quartos ("*lay the Coffin in the Tombe*").—The folio has "*the* Coffins;" but compare the earlier stage-direction, p. 285, "*two Men bearing* a coffin . . . . *set down the* coffin."—From the language used by Titus while speaking of his dead sons, Mr. W. N. Lettsom thinks that "the author could scarcely have intended only one coffin to be produced: the company, no doubt, exhibited only one coffin because they possessed no more."

P. 287. (9) "*repose you here*,"

"Old copies, redundantly in respect both to sense and metre, 'repose you here *in rest*.'" STEEVENS. Nay, most ridiculously in respect to sense.

P. 287. (10) "*Here grow no damnèd grudges, here no storms*,"

The quartos and the folio have "—— *here* are *no stormes*."—The editor of the second folio omits "*are*;" which Walker seems not to have known, when he remarked as follows on the present line; "Qu. 'grudge';' for the supernumerary syllable is, I think, altogether alien to the metre of this play. Or did the author write '—— *here no storms*'? '*here*' for '*here are*,' a Latinism." *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 254.

P. 288. (11) "*proclamations*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector changes "*proclamations*" to "acclamations:" but compare, in p. 291, the words of Saturninus, on his being chosen emperor, "*Proclaim* our honours, lords, with trump and drum."

P. 288. (12) "*abroach*"

So the third folio.—The earlier eds. have "abroad."

P. 289. (13) "*Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery*."

"Perhaps,

'Titus,
Thou shalt,' &c.

Is not Marcus's a broken speech? He is going to add 'for Saturninus,' when he is interrupted by Saturninus himself. See context. 'Obtain and ask' is meant for a Latino-poetical ὕστερον πρότερον. The author of this first act, and of the other parts, evidently aims at the classical." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 216.

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P. 289. (14) "*Saturnine.*"

Here the old eds. have "Saturninus;" but three times afterwards in the present page they have "*Saturnine.*"

P. 289. (15) "*friends,*"

So the third folio.—The earlier eds. have "friend."

P. 290. (16) "*empress,*"

Here, as in some other passages of this drama, "*empress*" is to be pronounced as a trisyllable. (Several of the modern editors print "*emperess,*" —and inconsistently, for in the present play where "*brethren*" must be read as a trisyllable they do *not* print "*bretheren.*")

P. 290. (17) "*Pántheon*"

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. have "Pathan."

P. 290. (18) "*Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;*"

"We should read, I think (*Shakespeare's Versification*, Art. xxvi.),

'Now, madam, *y'are* prisoner to an emperor.'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 216.

P. 291. (19) "*cuique*"

"(Fol. '*cuiquam*' [the first quarto 'cuiqum']). Pronounce '*cuique.*' *Cui* and *huic* — which in ancient Latin poetry (with the exception of Seneca, *e.g.* Tro. 851,

'Quolibet tristis miseras procella
Mittat, et donet cuicunque terræ')

are found only, I believe, in the early and very late writers — were in the schools of Shakespeare's time pronounced as dissyllables, as they are still perhaps in some of the Scotch ones; and were supposed to be admissible in Latin verse composed after the Augustan models. See, for instance, Casimir Sarbievius." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 216.

P. 291. (20)

"Sat. *No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,*" &c.

In the old eds. this is preceded by a stage-direction, "*Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two sonnes, and Aaron the Moore.*"—Mr. Collier is justified in remarking that "the stage-arrangements in this scene are not easily understood."

P. 291. (21) "*Was there none else in Rome to make a stale,*"

So the second folio, except that it has "—— *to make a stale* of."—The earlier eds. have "*Was none in Rome to make a stale.*"—Mr. Knight thinks

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that he has set all right by a new arrangement (which the author evidently did not intend);

> "*Was none in Rome to make a stale but Saturnine?*
> *Full well, Andronicus,*
> *Agree these deeds,*" &c.

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 260) proposes "What, *was there none in Rome*," &c.

P. 292. (22) "*empress*"

See note 16.

P. 292. (23) "*Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.*"

As earlier in the present scene we find "the Pántheon," Walker observes that here "possibly the author wrote '*Ascend, fair queen*, the *Pántheon.*'" *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 216.

P. 293. (24) "*He is not with himself;*"

"*Non est penes seipsum, apud seipsum.*" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 217.

P. 293. (25) "*Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—*"

On this line Mr. Collier, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, remarks, "There is a somewhat similar passage in Marlowe's Second Part of 'Tamburlaine the Great,' where Amyras exclaims to his father,

> 'Thy soul gives essence to our wretched substance.'
> Marlowe's Works, by Dyce, i. 222.

By a singular, but unquestionable misprint, 'substance' is *subjects* in the old copies, and so the error is allowed to stand, twice over, in the reprint of 1850."

The passage of *Tamburlaine* is;

> "*Amy.* . . . . . .
> Your soul gives essence to our wretched *subjects*,
> Whose matter is incorporate in your flesh.
> *Cel.* Your pains do pierce our souls; no hope survives,
> For by your life we entertain our lives.
> *Tamb.* But, sons, this *subject*, not of force enough
> To hold the fiery spirit it contains,
> Must part, imparting his impressions
> By equal portions into both your breasts," &c.;

and "I allowed the speeches to stand" as above, not only in "the reprint of 1850," but *in that of* 1858, *when Mr. Collier's emendation*, "substance,"* *was not unknown to me;* for the words "*subjects*" and "*subject*" are *certo certius* the language of Marlowe, though Mr. Collier so dogmatically pro-

* See his Preface to *Coleridge's Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*, 1856, p. cxviii.

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nounces them to be wrong. Compare, in the same play, the speech of Tamburlaine before killing his son Calyphas;

"Here, Jove, receive his fainting soul again;
A form not meet to give that *subject* essence
Whose matter is the flesh of Tamburlaine,
Wherein an incorporeal spirit moves,
Made of the mould whereof thyself consists," &c. Act iv. sc. 1.

and the following lines in Chapman's Continuation of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander;*

"Then, ho, most strangely-intellectual fire,
That, proper to my soul, hast power t' inspire
Her burning faculties, and with the wings
Of thy unspherèd flame visit'st the springs
Of spirits immortal! Now (as swift as Time
Doth follow Motion) find th' eternal clime
Of his free soul, whose living *subject* stood
Up to the chin in the Pierian flood,
And drunk to me half this Musæan story,
Inscribing it to deathless memory," &c. *Third Sestiad.*

It only remains for Mr. Collier boldly to assert that in the two passages last cited "*subject*" is a misprint for "substance."

P. 294. (26) "*and wise Laertes' son*
Did graciously plead for his funerals:"

See note on the passage in *Julius Cæsar*, act v. sc. 3,

"His *funerals* shall not be in our camp," &c.

P. 294. (27)

"Luc. *There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,*
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause."

Capell prints

"*Luc.* There lye thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—
No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame, that dy'd in virtue's cause.
all. No man, &c. [*Tomb clos'd.*"

and he observes in his *Notes*, &c. vol. ii. P. iv. p. 102; "That the assistants, after laying-in Mutius, should *all* pronounce unpreparedly the same solemn farewell to him (as has been directed till now) is not to be conceiv'd; but a repeating it by them (after a first pronouncing) is affecting and natural," &c.—The stage-arrangements in this scene are (as already noticed) sufficiently puzzling. After the line, "*He lives in fame that,*" &c., the quartos have "*Exit all but Marcus and Titus;*" while the folio has merely "*Exit.*" The sons of Titus are on the stage towards the close of this scene: and we can hardly suppose that they go out here, to return, only eight lines after, with Bassanius and Lavinia.

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P. 294. (28) "*these dreary dumps*,—"

So the quartos ("*these drirle dumps*").—The folio has "*these* sudden *dumps*," &c.; which Mr. Collier *ad l.* says "is evidently wrong;" and which I formerly (in my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, &c. p. 116) pronounced to be a misprint for "*these* sullen *dumps*." I have since found, however, the same expression in Spenser's 52d Sonnet;

> "There let no thought of ioy, or pleasure vaine,
> Dare to approch, that may my solace breed;
> But *sudden dumps*, and drery sad disdayne
> Of all worlds gladnesse, more my torment feed."—

At all events, the reading of the quartos is preferable here on account of the word "*sudden*" in the next line but one.

P. 294. (29) "Marc. *Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.*"

This line, which is wanting in the quartos, forms a portion of the preceding speech in the folio: but it clearly belongs to Marcus. ("I suspect," observes Malone, "when it was added by the editor of the folio, he inadvertently omitted to prefix the name of the speaker.")

P. 295. (30) "*author*"

"The Latin use of *auctor*." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 217.

P. 296. (31)

> "*I do remit these young men's heinous faults.*
> [Marcus and the others rise.
> *Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,*"

The old eds. have

> "*I doe remit these young mens haynous faults,*
> Stand vp: *Lauinia, though you left me like a churle;*"

where "Stand vp" is evidently a stage-direction that has crept into the text.

P. 297. (32) "*wit*"

In my former edition I remarked; "Though Tamora (as Johnson observes) is eminent throughout this play for her '*wit*,' yet in the present passage Warburton's alteration of '*wit*' to 'will' (which is also made by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector) seems to suit the context better." But I now think the alteration a rash one. Tamora owed her advancement to her "*wit*," *i.e.* wisdom, sense, cleverness. (Compare "our empress, with her sacred *wit*," &c. p. 300; "our *witty* empress," p. 327; "*High-witted* Tamora," p. 336; "Whose *wisdom* hath her fortune conquerèd," p. 292; "*the subtle Queen of Goths*," p. 294.)

P. 297. (33) "*To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,*
And mount her pitch."

"Perhaps 'To *soar* aloft.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 290.

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P. 298. (34) "*gracious, thee*"

The old eds. have "*gracious*, or *thee*."

P. 298. (35) "*And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.*"

Here Rowe altered "*passions*" to "passion."—But compare *The First Part of King Henry VI.* act v. sc. 5;

"Do breed *love's* settled *passions* in my heart."

P. 299. (36) "*Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.*"

"'*Worn*' is here used as a dissyllable. The modern editors, however, after the second folio, read 'have *yet* worn.'" MALONE.

P. 300. (37) "*I'aith,*"

Perhaps "I' faith."

P. 300. (38) "*A speedier course than lingering languishment*
Must ye pursue,"

The old eds. have

"*A speedier course* this *lingering languishment*
Must we *pursue.*"—

Rowe substituted "*than*" for "this" (which was most probably repeated by mistake from the preceding line); and Hanmer altered "we" to "*ye*,"—no doubt rightly; for in this sentence "we" is not to be defended by a later part of the present speech, "our empress. . . . Will *we* acquaint with all that *we* intend" (and see note 49 for another example of "*ye*" misprinted "we").

P. 30 . (39) "*the morn is bright and gray,*"

Hanmer and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector read "—— *bright and* gay," &c.; most improperly,—"*gray*" meaning "blue," "azure," as numerous passages might be adduced to show. *E.g.* Peele, in his *Old Wives' Tale*, has

"The day is clear, the welkin *bright and grey*," &c.
Works, p. 449, ed. Dyce, 1861.

P. 301. (40) "*I promiséd your grace a hunter's peal.*
Sat. *And you have rung it lustily, my lord;*"

The old eds. have "—— *lustily, my* Lords:" but Saturninus is evidently addressing Titus alone.

P. 302. (41) "*rollèd*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "coiled:" but compare, in the next speech, "Even as an adder when she doth *unroll.*"

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P. 303. (42) "*Should drive upon*," &c.

"'*Drive upon the* [*thy*] *limbs*' is an expression which suggests no image to the fancy. I should suppose the author wrote '*Should* thrive *upon the* [*thy*] *new-transformèd limbs*,' that is, after having torn and devoured them." HEATH.—In my former edition, doubting if to "*drive* (*i. e.* rush violently) *on* LIMBS" be a combination of words which would ever have presented itself to the mind of a writer, I adopted the reading of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, "*Should* dine *upon*," &c.

P. 304. (43) "*note*"

The old eds. have "notice."

P. 304. (44) "*have I*"

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. read "I haue."

P. 304. (45) "*barren*"

Capell substituted "bare."

P. 305. (46) "*Or be not*"

The old eds. have "*Or be* ye *not*."—"Dele '*ye*' [the word '*children*' in this line being a trisyllable]." Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 53. But Capell had already made the correction.

P. 305. (47) "*thy*"

The earliest quarto has "the."

P. 305. (48)

"*And with that painted hope she braves your mightiness:*"

The "*she*" was inserted by the editor of the second folio; and without some such addition the line is not verse of any kind.—"*Painted hope* is only *specious hope*, or *ground of confidence more plausible than solid*." JOHNSON.—"The ruggedness of this line persuades me that the word '*hope*' is an interpolation, the sense being complete without it;

'And with that painted, braves your mightiness.'

So in *King Richard III.*:

'Poor *painted* queen,' &c.

'*Painted with*' is *speciously coloured with*." STEEVENS (whose emendation appears to me highly improbable).—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads, with his usual boldness,

"*And with that painted* shape she *braves your* might."

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P. 305. (49)

"*But when ye have the honey ye desire,*
Let not this wasp outlive ye, both to sting."

The two quartos and the folio read

"*But when ye haue the honny* we *desire,*
Let not this waspe out-liue vs *both to sting.*"—

In the first line the editor of the second folio rightly altered "we" to "*ye*:" but the second line (as far as I know) has hitherto remained uncorrected (and sheer nonsense), though "us" is manifestly an error consequent on the preceding error "we."

P. 306. (50) "*hatch a lark:*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 73) suspects that after these words a line has dropt out.

P. 306. (51) "*paws*"

Altered by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "claws;" but unnecessarily. "In the description of the Harpies [*Æneid.* iii. 233] Phaer translates Virgil's *pedibus uncis* by 'crooked paws.'" W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 306. (52) "*I pitiless.*"

The second folio has "*I* now *pitiless.*"

P. 306. (53) "*her, use*"

The old eds. have "*her*, and *vse.*"

P. 307. (54) "*give*"

As Mr. Collier expressly states that such is the reading of the earliest quarto, and as several other editors silently adopt it, I must conclude that "*give*" is to be found in some copy (or copies) of that quarto, though the copy of it now before me agrees with the later old eds. in reading "have." (It is well known that early-printed copies of plays of the same edition occasionally differ in their readings,—alterations having been made while they were at press.)

P. 309. (55) "*griev'd with killing grief.*"

"I believe we should read '*gnaw'd*' [instead of '*griev'd*']." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 286.

P. 310. (56) "*their*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "this:" but "*their*" is quite right.

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P. 310. (57) "*the*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "their."

P. 310. (58)

"*So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,*
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee."

"Read 'Who 'twas that cut *it out* and ravish'd thee.' '*Cut*' for '*cut out*' is unobjectionable; but it is evident that '*thy tongue*' intruded from the line above, ejecting '*it*:' afterwards '*out*' seems to have been omitted *ob metrum*." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 310. (59) "*scrowl.*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "scowle;" which is given by Capell, who observes that "'*scowl*' means—shew her anger: *scrowle*, a word adopted by moderns, is no English one; nor, should we pronounce it an error and *scrawl* meant by it, will it then be eligible, for scrawling with signs and tokens is not English neither." *Notes*, &c. vol. ii. P. iv. p. 103.

P. 310. (60) "*case,*"

Though the copy of quarto 1600, which is now before me, agrees here with the subsequent old eds. in having "cause," I am not sure that some other copy of that quarto does not read "*case*:" see note 54.

P. 311. (61) "*your husband?*—"

Hanmer printed "*your husband?* say."

P. 311. (62) "*And might not gain so great a happiness*
As have thy love?"

The old eds. have "*As* halfe *thy loue.*"—When I, long ago, corrected the obvious error in this passage, I was not aware that Theobald had anticipated me; for the *Varior. Shakespeare* gives the old reading without any comment: nor could I know that Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector had changed (or was to change) "halfe" to "*have.*" (On looking into Capell's *Notes*, &c., I find that he thus defends the old reading; "Where had been the unfitness, had Marcus said in this place—*As any part of thy love?* yet this *is* said by him; only a certain term is made use of in room of an uncertain, after the usage of poets." Vol. ii. P. iv. p. 103. "ANY PART *of thy love*"!—could the "unfitness" of "half *thy love*" be more clearly shown?)

P. 311. (63) "*him,*"

The old eds. have "them."

P. 311. (64) "*three*"

Hanmer's correction.—The old eds. have "theyr" and "their."

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P. 311. (65) "*heart!*"

"See the context. Fol. '*hart*' [and so the quartos], a common mode of spelling *heart*. Read '*hurt*.' '*Hart*' occurs three lines below; whence the error." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 290.

P. 312. (66) "*Which that sweet tongue hath made,*"

It is very unlikely that the author intended an imperfect line here. Sir T. Hanmer printed "*Which that sweet tongue* of thine *hath* often *made;*" Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*Which that sweet tongue hath made* in minstrelsy;" and the reader, if "the gods have made him poetical," can complete the line in some other way.

P. 312. (67)

"*For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,*
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write
[Throwing himself on the ground.
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears:
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;"

In the third line the second "*these*" was added by the editor of the second folio: but Malone prints "*For these,* good *tribunes,*" &c. In the fourth line Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 289) justly regards the word "*tears*" as very suspicious; and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reflcts that line thus,

"*My heart's deep* anguish in *my soul's sad tears.*"—

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read

"*For* one-*and-twenty sons I never wept,*
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
For these two, *tribunes, in the dust I write,*" &c.:

and he observes; "'*Two*' is the conjecture of Zachary Jackson. Titus had 25 sons, of whom one was murdered by his father, two are here going to execution, and Lucius outlives the play. This leaves 21 to have 'died in honour's lofty bed.'"

P. 313. (68) "*urns,*"

Hanmer's correction.—The old eds. have "ruines."

P. 313. (69) "*tribunes! gentle,*"

The old eds. have "*Tribunes,* oh *gentle.*"

P. 313. (70)

"Tit. *Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,*
They would not mark me; or if they did mark,
They would not pity me. Yet plead I must:

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And bootless unto them since I complain,
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;"

In this passage I give the reading of the earliest quarto, adding the words "*since I complain;*" something to that effect having evidently dropt out.—The quarto of 1611 has

"Titus. *Why tis no matter man, if they did heare*
They would not marke me, or if they did marke,
All *bootlesse vnto them.*
Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles *to the stones,*" &c.

The folio has

"Ti. *Why tis no matter man, if they did heare*
They would not marke me: oh *if they did* heare
They would not pitty me.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles *to the stones,*" &c.

P. 314. (71) "*my*"

Added in the second folio.

P. 314. (72) "*Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung*
Sweet-varied notes,"

The "*sweet*" in the first line is justly marked as suspicious by Walker, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 289.

P. 315. (73) "*as*"

The old eds. have "in."

P. 316. (74) "*his*"

So the fourth folio.—The earlier eds. have "her."

P. 316. (75) "*With all my heart, I'll send the emperor*
My hand:"

Since "*king*" and "*emperor*" are applied to the same personage in this play (see, for instance, the preceding speech), it seems probable that here the author wrote

"*With all my heart, I'll send the* king *my hand,*"

as Capell printed; and as Walker conjectures, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 281.

P. 317. (76) "*the enemy's castle?*"

Here "*castle*" is a very doubtful reading indeed, though the more recent editors are satisfied with it, because Grose has said; "The *castle* was perhaps a figurative name for a close head-piece, deduced from its enclosing and

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defending the head, as a castle did the whole body; or a corruption from the old French word *casquetel*, a small or light helmet." *Treatise on Ancient Armour*, &c. p. 243, ed. 1801.—Theobald printed "*the* enemies' casque."—Walker says, "Read '*crest*,' or rather, I think, '*the enemies' crests*.' (I thought also of *caske*, i. e. *casque;* but this seems very unlikely)." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 219.—"Read '*the* enemies' casques.' I do not see what made '*casque*' seem 'very unlikely' to Walker; but, in any case, I think the plural necessary. Heath seems to me to have completely demolished Warburton. As to the passages quoted from *Troilus and Cressida*

['Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a *castle* on thy head.' Act v. sc. 2],

from Holinshed, and the History of Prince Arthur, they are not to the purpose, as in all three '*castle*' evidently means *château*." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 317. (77) "*But I will use the axe.*"

"Metre requires us to read [with Hanmer and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector] '**But I will use *it*.**'" STEEVENS.

P. 318. (78) "*wretched tears*,"

Walker reads "wretches' *tears*." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 219. (Qy. was the author of this play here — as sometimes in other passages — affecting the classical? Ὡς Ὀδυσεὺς ἐλεεινὸν ὑπ' ὀφρύσι δάκρυον εἶβεν. Homer, *Od.* viii. 531.)

P. 318. (79) "*Are not my sorrows deep, having no bottom?*
Then be my passions bottomless with them."

The old eds. have "Is *not my* sorrow *deep*," &c. But, on account of the following "*them*," the plural is absolutely required here; and in all probability the author wrote (according to the not unusual phraseology of the time) "Is *not my sorrows deep*," &c.

P. 318. (80) "*blow!*"

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. have "flow."

P. 318. (81) "*Thy griefs their sport, thy resolution mock'd:*"

The earliest quarto has "*Thy* griefe *theyr* sports; *Thy*," &c.: the later eds. read "*Thy griefes their* sports: *Thy*," &c. (In the next page we have "thy *griefs*.")

P. 319. (82) "*thy*"

The old eds. have "my."

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P. 320. (83)

"*Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things;*
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth."

The quartos have

"And *Lauinia thou shalt be imployd in these* armes," &c.

The folio has

"And *Lauinia thou shalt be employd in these things*," &c.—

With the editor of the second folio, I omit the "And," which, in all probability, was repeated here from the commencement of the preceding line by the transcriber's or compositor's mistake.—The reading of the quartos, "armes," would seem to be an error for "aims:" and yet "*employ'd in* aims" is a very questionable expression. (Capell prints

"*Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things,*
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy arms;"

and in his *Notes* (vol. ii. P. iv. p. 105) he calls "*between thy teeth*" "a reading of the greatest absurdity." But compare what Titus, in the next page, says to Lavinia;

"Or get some little knife *between thy teeth*,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole," &c.;

an operation, by the by, which she would have found more difficult than the "employment" now assigned to her.)

1865. "Read

'Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in *this;*
Bear,' &c.

'*These*' for '*this*' was probably the original blunder; '*arms*' and '*things*' sophistications to produce something like sense." W. N. LETTSOM.—The Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) give

"*Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd: these* arms!
Bear," &c.;

which I certainly do not understand.

P. 320. (84) "*leaves*"

The old eds. have "loues."

P. 320. (85) "*And make proud Saturnine and his empress*"

Here in the second folio "*Saturnine*" is altered to "Saturninus," because the editor did not perceive that the words "*and his empress*" were to be read "and's emperess." (See Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 56.)

P. 320. (86) "*And*"

So Rowe.—The folio has "Who;" which in my former edition I retained, with a qy. if the *ἀνακολουθία* in this passage was not to be referred to the author's ungrammatical use of the relative?—This scene is not found in the quartos.

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P. 321. (87)
"*When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,*"
Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 289) suspects an error in the word "*beats.*"

P. 321. (88) "*mash'd*"
The folio has "mesh'd."—This scene is not in the quartos.

P. 322. (89) "*thy*"
Added in the second folio.

P. 322. (90) "*are*"
Added in the second folio.

P. 322. (91) "*But how, if that fly had a father and mother?*
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,"
The punctuation of the folio (this scene is not in the quartos) is "But? How: if that Flie had," &c.; and it has been understood as if Titus were echoing the "*But*" of Marcus; which I do not believe that the author intended. As to "How would he hang his slender gilded wings," if what precedes be right, the sense (but there is little *sense* throughout this scene) would seem to require "—— they *hang* their," &c.; unless the words "*and mother*" be omitted, as was suggested by Steevens, who observes that "Titus most probably confines his thoughts to the sufferings of a father."

P. 322. (92) "*doings*"
"Wrong. Qu., as some have it, '*dolings*' [Theobald's emendation]." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 220.—According to Steevens, "There is no need of change. *Sad doings* for any unfortunate event is a common, though not an elegant, expression."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "dronings."

P. 322. (93) "*Pardon me, sir; it was*"
Qy. "*Pardon me; 'twas*"?

P. 322. (94) "*As yet*"
The folio (this scene is not in the quartos) has merely "*Yet.*"

P. 322. (95) "*begins*"
The folio (this scene is not in the quartos) has "begin;" and so perhaps the author wrote, considering the preceding "*sight*" as equivalent to "eyes."

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P. 323. (96)

"Marc. *Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?*"

The old eds. make this a portion of the preceding speech: but the third line of Lucius's reply proves, as Capell saw, that it belongs to Marcus.—1865. Walker is perhaps right in suspecting that not only this line but the five preceding lines belong to Marcus. *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 220.

P. 324. (97)

"*Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—*
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?"

So the quartos.—The folio has

"*Reueale the damn'd contriuer of this deed.*
What booke?
Why lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus?"

Perhaps the transcriber of the copy used for the folio had inadvertently passed on to "Lucius, *what book* is that she tosseth so?" and when he afterwards perceived his mistake, and drew his pen through the misplaced line, he may have left two words of it not fully blotted out.

P. 324. (98) "*Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves!*"

So Rowe.—The old eds. have "*Soft*, so *busilie*," &c.

P. 324. (99) "[Helping her.
What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?"

The old eds. have

"Helpe her, *what would she finde? Lauinia shall I read?*"

another instance of a stage-direction having crept into the text: see note 31.

P. 325. (100) "*guide, if thou canst,*
This after me, when I have writ my name"

The "*when*" (which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters to "where") was added by the editor of the second folio, a word having evidently dropped out.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 261) conjectures

"_____
This after me: I here *have writ my name;*"

which appears to me to break up the sentence too much.

P. 325. (101) "*God*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 226) regards this as a mistake for "gods" (a mistake which certainly occurs in the old eds. of *Pericles*, act v. sc. 1); and perhaps it is so,—the original reading not to be defended, because we find elsewhere in the present play, "*God* give you joy, sir," p. 294; "*God* forbid," p. 334, &c.

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P. 325. (102) "*minds*"

"Read 'mouths'." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 325. (103) "*'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.*"

A mutilated line.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "—— *an you knew how* to do it."

P. 326. (104) "*Shalt*"

The old eds. have "Shall."

P. 326. (105) "*Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus!*"

The old eds. have "*Reuenge* the *heauens*," &c.—Johnson saw that "*ye* was by the transcriber taken for *y*^{e}, *the*."—"I believe," says Steevens, "the old reading is right, and signifies 'may the heavens revenge,' &c." But it is proved to be wrong by what precedes; "*O heavens*, can *you* hear," &c.

P. 327. (106) "*May it please you,*"

Capell prints "*May it please you*, lords;" as most probably the author wrote.

P. 327. (107) "*that,*"

Omitted in the old eds.

P. 328. (108) "*A charitable wish and full of love:*"

This line, which the old eds. assign to Chiron, is rightly restored to Aaron by Walker, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 187.

P. 328. (109) "*Well, God*
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?
Nur. *A devil:*
Aar. *Why, then she's the devil's dam; a joyful issue.*"

"Arrange rather;

'Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?
Nurse. A devil.
Aaron. Why, then she is the devil's dam;
A joyful issue!'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 220.

P. 329. (110) "*white-lim'd*"

The old eds. have "*white*-limbde."

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P. 329. (111) "*the empress*"

To be pronounced "th' emperess:" see note 16.

P. 329. (112) "*this, myself,—*"

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 94) suggests "this' *myself*,"—"this'" being the contraction of "this is;" which the folio has in *Measure for Measure*, act v. sc. 1.

P. 330. (113) "*Why, so, brave lords! when we join in league*,"

The editor of the second folio printed "—— *when we* all *joyne in league*." But "*lords*" is here a dissyllable: see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 32.

P. 331. (114) "*Not far one Muli lives, my countryman;*"

The old eds. have "*Not farre, one* Muliteus *my Country-man*."—Rowe printed "*Not far, one Muliteus* lives, *my countryman*."—I adopt the conjecture of Steevens.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*Not far* hence Muli lives, *my countryman*."

P. 331. (115) "*Hark ye, lords; ye see I have given her physic*,"

This line has been variously altered; and Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 66) bids us read

"*Hark, lords; ye see* that *I have given her physic*."

P. 331. (116) "*I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,*
And feed on curds and whey,"

Hanmer printed "*And* feast *on*," &c.—In the preceding line Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "thrive" for "*feed*."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 290) marks the second "*feed*" as wrong.—I have no doubt that both the second "*feed*" and the second "*on*" were repeated by mistake: but who can say what word (or words) ought to take their place?

P. 332. (117) "*now*"

Added in the second folio.

P. 332. (118) "*my lord* . . . .
. . . . . *t' attend him carefully*,
. . . . . .
Till time beget some easeful remedy."

The quartos and the folio have "*my* Lords;" corrected in the second folio.—All the old eds. have "—— *some* carefull *remedie;*" corrected by Walker, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 286.

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P. 332. (119) "*Kinsmen*,"

"'Kinsman,' surely; see context." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 221. —Not so, surely, if the last speaker be *Publius*, who is the present speaker's son.

P. 333. (120) "*justice nor*"

The old eds. have "no iustice."

P. 333. (121) "To Saturn, *Caius*,"

The old eds. have "*To* Saturnine, to *Caius*."—Caius (as Capell first noticed) is one of Titus's kinsmen who enter with him.

P. 333. (122) "*loose when*"

Between these words Hanmer inserted "thou;" Malone "you."

P. 333. (123) "*give it Pallas*."

Hanmer prints "*give it* to *Pallas*;" Capell "she'll *give it Pallas*."

P. 335. (124) "*My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods*,"

The words "*as do*" were supplied by Rowe to complete the sense.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector makes *his* addition at the end of the line, "——*the mightful gods* no less."

P. 335. (125) "*Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks*,"

Here Hanmer and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alter "*wreaks*" (*i. e.* fits of rage or violence) to "freaks."

P. 336. (126) "*whom, if she sleep,*
He'll so awake, as she"

In both these lines the old eds. have "he" instead of "*she*."

P. 336. (127) "*I have touch'd thee to the quick,*
Thy life-blood out:"

The second folio has "*Thy life blood* ont."—I find in Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare* "The *life-blood* on't."—According to Mr. Staunton, "*Touch'd* means *pricked;* I have *lanced* thy life-blood out;" a forced explanation.—Mr. Grant White prints "My *life-blood* on't;" a very improbable reading.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 73) supposes that a line, which preceded "*Thy life-blood out*," is lost.

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P. 336. (128) "*mistress-ship*"

The old eds. have "Mistership."

P. 337. (129) "*Arm, arm, my lord,*"

The old eds. have "*Arme my* Lords."—(Æmilius is certainly addressing the Emperor.)

P. 337. (130) "*his*"

The old eds. have "this."—"I cannot doubt that the author wrote '*his*,'" says Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 222), not knowing that Rowe had made the correction.

P. 337. (131) "*often overheard*"

So Theobald.—The old eds. have "*often heard.*"

P. 337. (132) "*wings*"

Altered by Mr. Knight to "wing,"—in order that this line, with the two preceding lines and the line which follows it, may form a quatrain.—"Knight's '*wing*' is not Elizabethan English. Rhyme, even in the couplet, is very rare in *Titus Andronicus.*" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 353.

P. 338. (133) "*before, be our*"

The old eds. have "*before* to *be our*" and "*before* to *our.*"

P. 338. (134) "*stand on hostage*"

The old eds. have "—— *stand* in *hostage*," &c.; but though *in* was formerly often used for *on*, it could hardly have been so employed in a passage like this.

P. 338. (135) "*successantly,*"

Altered by Rowe to "successfully;" by Capell and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "incessantly."—"Whether the author of this play had any authority for this word, I know not; but I suspect he had not. In the next act [p. 344] he with equal license uses '*rapine*' for '*rape.*' By '*successantly*,' I suppose, he meant *successfully.*" MALONE.

P. 339. (136) "Goths."

So the second folio ("*Omn.*").—The earlier eds. omit the prefix.

P. 339. (137) "*not a word?*—"

The second folio has "no! *Not a word?*"—But qy. "what, *not a word?*"—In the third line above the first quarto has "her *burning lust.*"

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P. 339. (138)

"*A sight to vex the father's soul withal.—*
Get me a ladder.
[A ladder brought, which Aaron is made to ascend.
Aar. *Lucius, save the child,*" &c.

Theobald's arrangement.—The old eds. have

"*A sight to vexe the Fathers soule withall.*
Aron. *Get me a ladder, Lucius saue the child.*"

P. 340. (139) "*yet piteously*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "despiteously."—Here, says Steevens, "'*piteously*' means 'in a manner *exciting pity*.'"

P. 341. (140) "*thou*"

An interpolation?

P. 341. (141) "*swoonèd*"

So the third folio.—The earlier eds. have "sounded."—See note 93 on *The Winter's Tale.*

P. 342. (142) "*Make poor men's cattle stray and break their necks;*"

I have here inserted the words "*stray and,*" two syllables being evidently wanting.—Malone proposed "*Make poor men's cattle break their necks* and die" (but, as Steevens remarked, "if they *broke their necks*, it was rather unnecessary for us to be informed that *they died*").—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*Make poor men's cattle* ofttimes *break their necks.*"

P. 342. (143) "*doors,*
. . . . *sorrow almost was forgot;*"

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. have "doore" and "sorrowes *almost was forgot.*"

P. 343. (144) "*March, away!* [Flourish. Exeunt."

Capell (considering "*March*" as a stage-direction) printed "Away. [*March. Exeunt;*" and rightly perhaps.

P. 343. (145) "[They knock.
Enter TITUS, above."

The old eds. have "They knocke and Titus opens his studie doore."—Mr. Collier observes *ad l.;* "From what ensues, it appears that Titus came out into the elevated balcony at the back of the stage."

P. 343. (146) "NOW"

Not in the old eds.

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P. 343. (147) "*witness*"

Qy. an interpolation?

P. 344. (148) "*globe.*"

The old eds. have "Globes." But Titus is certainly speaking of the globe of our earth.

P. 344. (149) "*Provide two*"

The old eds. have "*Prouide* thee *two.*"—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 222) would put a semicolon at the end of the preceding line; "for," he says, "I think that Andronicus means '*I will* provide thee,' &c."

P. 344. (150) "*And find out murderers in their guilty caves:*"

Instead of "*murderers*" all the old eds. have "murder;" and instead of "*caves,*" all before the second folio "cares."

P. 344. (151) "*Hyperion's*"

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. have "Epeons" and "Eptons."

P. 344. (152) "Tit. *Are these thy ministers? what are they call'd?*
Tam. *Rapine and Murder;*" &c.

The quartos and the folio have "*Are* them *thy,*" &c.; the second folio has "*Are* they *thy,*" &c.—In the next line the second folio rightly substitutes "*Rapine*" for "Rape" of the earlier eds.: before we find "So thou destroy *Rapine* and Murder there;" and afterwards, "*Rapine* and Murder, you are welcome too,"—"Good *Rapine,* stab him," &c.

P. 346. (153) "*Lucius.*"

"Surely, 'Lucius'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 222.

P. 346. (154) "*abide*"

So Rowe.—The old eds. have "bide."

P. 346. (155) "*devices.*—"

"Read *device,* to avoid the double ending, the absence of which, by the way, is characteristic (as has been observed by critics) of a certain time and school, to which this play evidently belongs." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 243.

P. 347. (156) "*I take them, Chiron and Demetrius:*"

The old eds. omit "*and;*" erroneously, no doubt. Three times afterwards we have "Chiron *and* Demetrius," pp. 347, 350, 351.

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P. 348. (157) "[He cuts their throats."

The old eds. place this stage-direction after the last line but two of the speech ("More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast"); and they are followed by Mr. Knight,—who ought to have seen that when Titus says, "And with THIS hateful liquor temper it," he had already "cut their throats."

P. 348. (158) "*Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind*"

"Perhaps,

'Since, uncle Marcus, 'tis *my father's mind*,' &c."

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 222.

P. 350. (159) "*and*"

Qy. dele?

P. 350. (160) "*uproar*"

So the third folio.—The earlier eds. have "vprores" and "vproree."

P. 351. (161) "*Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself*," &c.

The old eds. have "Let *Rome*," &c.—To this line the quartos prefix "*Roman Lord;*" the folio has "*Goth.*:" and to the fourth line after this ("But if my frosty signs," &c.) the fourth folio prefixes "*Mar.*" — "I believe the whole belongs to Marcus; who, when Lucius has gone through such a part of the narrative as concerns his own exile, claims his turn to speak again, and recommends Lucius to the empire." STEEVENS.—"As this speech proceeds in an uniform tenor with the foregoing, the whole (as Mr. Steevens has observed) probably belongs to Marcus." MALONE.—Capell and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector assign the whole to Marcus; and no doubt rightly.

P. 351. (162) "*our*"

The old eds. have "a."—"Surely '*our;*' for it is Lucius who immediately proceeds to relate the story. The same corruption, or a similar one—however it is to be accounted for — has taken place in other instances," &c. Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 320.

P. 351. (163) "*For their fell fault our brothers were beheaded;*"

The old eds. have "—— fell *faults*," &c.,—wrongly. Compare *ante*, p. 347, "for that vile *fault* [*i. e.* the murder of Bassianus], Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death," &c.

P. 351. (164) "*I am the turn'd forth*,"

So the first quarto (except that it has here the spelling "turned," though in the fourth line above it has "*turnd*").—The second quarto has "And *I am the* turned *forth*" (the "And" most probably having been repeated by mistake from the beginning of the preceding line).—The folio has "And *I am* turned *forth*."—Walker (who was not acquainted with the reading of the first quarto) proposes "And I'm thus turnèd *forth*." *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 39.

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P. 352. (165) "*Damn'd as he is,*"

"The old copies read '*And* as he is.' The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. The same expression (as he observed) is used in *Othello* [act i. sc. 2];

'O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her.'

In the play before us the same epithet is applied to Aaron [p. 354];

'See justice done on Aaron, that *damn'd* Moor.'" MALONE.

Theobald's emendation has been adopted by all subsequent editors, except Mr. Collier, who thinks it unnecessary: but I do not well see how we can reject it. (The old reading receives no support from what occurs in p. 345, "But welcome, *as you are;*" which means—But welcome, *even though you are unaccompanied by the Moor.*) — 1865. The Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) give the original lection, marking it "†."

P. 352. (166) "*cause*"

So the fourth folio.—The earlier eds. have "course."

P. 352. (167) "*Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,*"

Capell printed "*Come* down, *come* down, *thou,*" &c.—"I believe the author wrote 'Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome, *come down.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 263.

P. 352. (168)

"*The common voice do cry it shall be so.*
Romans. *Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!*
Marc. [to Attendants] *Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,*
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful-slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
[Exeunt some Attendants.

LUCIUS, MARCUS, &c. descend.

Romans. *Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!*
Luc. *Thanks, gentle Romans,*" &c.

The old eds. have

"*The common voyce doe cry it shall be so.*
Marcus. *Lucius, all haile Romes royall Emperour,*
Goe goe into old Titus sorrowfull house,
And hither hale that misbelieuing Moore,
To be adjudgd [*the first quarto* adiudge] *some direfull slaughtring death,*
As punishment for his most wicked life.
Lucius all haile to *Romes gracious Gouernour.*
Lucius. *Thanks gentle Romaines,*" &c.;

and Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier see no necessity for any alteration.—(In fol-

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lowing the old copies here Mr. Knight at least is consistent; for at the commencement of this act (see p. 339) he adheres to the three earliest eds. in making the speech of the First Goth conclude with

> "we'll follow where thou lead'st,
> Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
> Led by their master to the flower'd fields,
> And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora:
> *And, as he saith, so say we all with him;*"

the prefix to the last line having been accidentally omitted in those eds.)

P. 353. (169) "*give me aim*"

"Grant White conjectures '*air*' for '*aim*.' The text can scarcely be explained from Gifford's note on *cry aim* and *give aim* [Massinger's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 27, ed. 1813]." W. N. LETTSOM.—If the earliest quarto (and the folio) had not had the spelling "*ayme*," I should have proposed "*give me* ear."

P. 353. (170) "*blood-stain'd face*,"

So the third folio.—The earlier eds. have "*blood* slaine (and "*bloud*-slaine") *face*."

P. 353. (171) "*You sad Andronici*," &c.

To this speech the old eds. prefix "Romaine" and "Romans."—In my former edition I suggested that perhaps it should be given to *Æmilius*; and to him I now assign it.

P. 354. (172) "*nor man in mourning weeds,*
No mournfull bell,"

This reading, hitherto (I believe) unnoticed, is that of quarto 1600,—at least of the copy of that quarto now before me: see note 54.—The later eds. have

> "*nor man in* mournefull *weeds*,
> *No mournefull bell*."—

Mr. Staunton conjectures "*No* solemn *bell*;" Mr. W. N. Lettsom "*No* holy *bell*."

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

On the passage in act i. sc. 3,—

> "but, as I said,
> On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
> That shall she, marry; I remember 't well.
> 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
> And she was wean'd," &c.—

Tyrwhitt remarks; "But how comes the Nurse to talk of an *earthquake* on this occasion? There is no such circumstance, I believe, mentioned in any of the novels from which Shakespeare may be supposed to have drawn his story; and therefore it seems probable that he had in view the earthquake which had really been felt in many parts of England in his own time, viz. on the 6th of April 1580. If so, one may be permitted to conjecture, that *Romeo and Juliet*, or this part of it at least, was written in 1591; after the 6th of April, when the *eleven years since the earthquake* were completed; and not later than the middle of July, *a fortnight and odd days* before *Lammastide*." Mr. Hunter, on the other hand, supposes that the allusion is to an earthquake which occurred during 1570, "in the neighbourhood of Verona, so severe that it destroyed Ferrara," &c. (*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 120.) But if it be unlikely, as I think it is, that our poet had a view to the earthquake in his own country during 1580, it is still more unlikely that he should have alluded to that in Italy during 1570. Mr. Collier "coincides with Malone that the tragedy was probably written towards the close of 1596" (*Introd. to Romeo and Juliet*): I am inclined, however, so far to agree with Tyrwhitt (*ubi supra*), that as early as 1591 Shakespeare may perhaps have been at work on *Romeo and Juliet*. It was first printed in 1597, 4to; and when we compare the very imperfect text of that quarto (nor are its imperfections merely those of a piratical edition) with the "corrected, augmented, and amended" text of the second quarto, 1599, we cannot doubt that the author greatly improved and amplified the play subsequently to its original appearance on the stage.—There are two celebrated Italian tales on the subject of Romeo and Juliet: *Istoria novellamente ritrovata di dui nobili amanti; con la loro pietosa morte intervenuta nella città di Verona, nel tempo del Signor Bartolomeo dalla Scala*, by Luigi da Porto, the earliest edition with a date being that of 1535; and *La sfortunata morte di due infelicissimi amanti, che l'uno di veleno, e l'altro di dolore morirono: con varii accidenti*, by Bandello,—*Novella* 9 of *Parte Seconda*, which (along with *Parte Prima* and *Parte Terza*) first appeared in 1554. But, even allowing that Shakespeare was able to read them, we are not to suppose that he ever looked into either of those Italian novels. The story of Romeo and Juliet had long been very popular in England; and materials for his tragedy lay before him in a poem entitled *The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet, written first in Italian by Bandell, and nowe in Englishe by Ar*[*thur*] *Br*[*ooke*], 1562; and in *The goodly hystory of the true and constant loue between Rhomeo and Julietta, the one of*

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whom died of poyson, and the other of sorrow and heuinesse: wherein be comprysed many aduentures of loue and other deuises touchinge the same, forming the Twenty-fifth Novel of the Second Volume of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*,—the Dedicatory Epistle to which volume is dated Nov. 4th, 1567. (From Brooke's title-page we might infer that he had copied Bandello; but such is not the case: he has mainly followed *Histoire de deux amans, dont l'un mourut de venin, l'autre de tristesse;* a version of Bandello's tale, with numerous variations, by Boisteau in Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques:* Brooke has, however, considerably altered the story, and added much of his own.)—"It will be observed that Brooke, Paynter, and Shakespeare, all conclude the story in the same manner: Juliet does not wake from her trance in the tomb until Romeo is dead; but in Luigi da Porto's narrative, and in Bandello's novel founded upon it, she recovers her senses in time to hear him speak, and to see him expire: instead of stabbing herself with his dagger, she dies, as it were, of a broken heart, on the body of her lover." COLLIER, *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. ii. p. viii.—"Shakespeare had probably read Painter's novel, having taken one circumstance from it or some other prose translation of Boisteau; but his play was undoubtedly formed on the poem of Arthur Brooke. This is proved decisively by the following circumstances. 1. In the poem the Prince of Verona is called *Escalus;* so also in the play. In Painter's translation from Boisteau he is named *Signor Escala;* and sometimes Lord Bartholomew of *Escala*. 2. In Painter's novel the family of Romeo are called the *Montesches;* in the poem and in the play, the *Montagues*. 3. The messenger employed by Friar Laurence to carry a letter to Romeo to inform him when Juliet would awake from her trance, is in Painter's translation called *Anselme;* in the poem and in the play Friar *John* is employed in this business. 4. The circumstance of Capulet's writing down the names of the guests whom he invites to supper is found in the poem and in the play, but is not mentioned by Painter, nor is it found in the original Italian novel. 5. The residence of the Capulets, in the original and in Painter, is called *Villa Franca;* in the poem and in the play *Freetown*. [but in the play, act i. sc. 1, "*Freetown*" is mentioned by the Prince as "our common judgment-place."] 6. Several passages of *Romeo and Juliet* appear to have been formed on hints furnished by the poem, of which no traces are found either in Painter's novel, or in Boisteau, or in the original; and several expressions are borrowed from thence, which will be found in their proper places." MALONE, *Prelim. Remarks on Romeo and Juliet*. (Among Shakespeare's obligations in minute particulars to Brooke, the following instance is adduced both by Malone and Mr. Collier;

> "Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
> Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
> Th' unreasonable fury of a beast."
>
> *R. and J.* act iii. sc. 3.

> "*Art thou*, quoth he, *a man? thy shape saith, so thou art;*
> *Thy crying and thy weping eyes denote a womans hart:*
> For manly reason is quite from of thy mynd outchased,
> And in her stead affections lewd and fancies highly placed;
> So that I stoode in doute this howre at the least,
> *If thou a man or woman wert, or els a brutish beast.*"
>
> *The Tragicall Historye*, &c.)

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Nor is it unlikely that Shakespeare may have made some slight use of an earlier tragedy on the same subject; for that such a play had been produced before 1562, and with success, we have the testimony of Brooke in an address "To the Reader" prefixed to his *Tragicall Historye*, &c.; "Though I saw the same argument lately set foorth on stage with more commendation then I can looke for (being there much better set forth then I haue or can dooe), yet the same matter penned as it is may serue to lyke good effect," &c. Nothing can be more improbable than what some have conjectured,—that Brooke is speaking of a drama which he had seen abroad: he evidently alludes to an English play. (Brooke's poem is reprinted in Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. vi.; also, along with Painter's novel, in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. ii.)

The "*Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet acted in Germany, in the year* 1626, *by English players*," will be found (both in German and English) in Mr. Albert Cohn's recently published quarto volume (1865), entitled *Shakespeare in Germany in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, &c. p. 305. In this piece the business of Shakespeare's tragedy is pretty closely followed, and we occasionally recognise the very expressions of our poet: but, on the whole, it is intolerably dull, and sometimes disgusting on account of the gross language which is put into the mouth of a "Clown."

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Escalus, prince of Verona.
Paris, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.
Montague, } heads of two houses at variance with each other.
Capulet, }
An old Man, of the Capulet family.
Romeo, son to Montague.
Mercutio, kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.
Benvolio, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.
Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet.
Friar Laurence, a Franciscan.
Friar John, of the same order.
Balthasar, servant to Romeo.
Sampson, } servants to Capulet.
Gregory, }
Peter, servant to Juliet's nurse.
Abraham, servant to Montague.
An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
Page to Paris; another Page; an Officer.

Lady Montague, wife to Montague.
Lady Capulet, wife to Capulet.
Juliet, daughter to Capulet.
Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

Chorus.

Scene—*Verona; except once in the fifth act, where it is Mantua.*

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PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, naught could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.
[*Exit.*

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Verona. A public place.*

Enter SAMPSON *and* GREGORY, *armed with swords and bucklers.*

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runnest away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel[a] with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

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Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been Poor-John.—Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel; I will back thee.

Gre. How! turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Enter ABRAHAM *and* BALTHASAR.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. [*aside to Gre.*] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

Gre. [*aside to Sam.*] No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Gre. [*aside to Sam.*] Say "better:" here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*

Enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. Part, fools! [*Beats down their swords.*
Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

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Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward! [*They fight.*

Enter several of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens *with clubs.*

Citizens. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET *in his gown, and* Lady CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE *and* Lady MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.[2]

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, *with* Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stainèd steel,—
Will they not hear?—what, ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,—
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your movèd prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast-by their grave beseeming[3] ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,

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Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:—
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;—
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Freetown, our common judgment-place.—
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt all except Montague, Lady Montague, and Benvolio.*

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?—
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach:
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo?—saw you him to-day?—
Right glad am I he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where—underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side—
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I—measuring his affections by my own,
That most are busied when they're most alone—
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:

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But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you impórtun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself,—I will not say how true,—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.(4)
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Ben. See, where he comes: so please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt Montague and Lady.*

Enter ROMEO.(5)

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was.—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which having makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

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Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!—
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first created!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms![6]
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?
Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.
Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—[7]
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd,[8] a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.—
Farewell, my coz.
Ben. Soft! I will go along:
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.
Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.
Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?
Ben. Groan! why, no;
But sadly tell me who.
Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will,—
Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!—
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

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Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good mark-man![9]—And she's fair I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
Rom. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow,—she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.[10]
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with her dies beauty's store.[11]
Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?
Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.
Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks[12] that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is strucken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II. *The same. A street.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and* Servant.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.[13]
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:[14]
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair-according voice.
This night I hold an old-accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping Winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be:
Whilst on more view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.[15]
Come, go with me.—[*To the Servant, giving him a paper*] Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out

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Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*

Serv. Find them out whose names are written here! It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—in good time.

Enter BENVOLIO *and* ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented, and—God-den, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' god-den.—I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without book: but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Takes the paper and reads.*

"Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;
County Anselmo[16] and his beauteous sisters;
The lady widow of Vitruvio;
Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces;
Mercutio and his brother Valentine;
Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters;
My fair niece Rosaline and[17] Livia;
Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt;
Lucio and the lively Helena."

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[*Giving back the paper*] A fair assembly: whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper to our house.[18]

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! [*Exit.*

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lov'st;
With all th' admirèd beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! th' all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, tut,[19] you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye;
But in that crystal scales[20] let there be weigh'd
Your lady-love[21] against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in* CAPULET'S *house.*

Enter Lady CAPULET *and* Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

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Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead,—at twelve year old,—
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—where's this girl?—What, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now! who calls?
Nurse. Your mother.
Jul. Madam, I'm here.
What is your will?
La. Cap. This is the matter,—Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret:—nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.
Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
La. Cap. She's not fourteen.
Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen be 't spoken, I have but four,—
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?
La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.
Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me:—but, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember 't well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug!
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge:
And since that time it is eleven years;

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For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about;
For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband—God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man—took up the child:
"Yea," quoth he, "dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule?" and, by my halidom,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said "Ay:"
To see, now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: "Wilt thou not, Jule?" quoth he;
And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said "Ay."

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam:—yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say "Ay:"
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;
A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly:
"Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule?" it stinted, and said "Ay."

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that "marry" is the very theme
I came to talk of:—tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

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Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea;[22] and 'tis much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less! nay, bigger; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee. [*Exit Servant.*]—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.
[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with five or six* Maskers, Torch-bearers, *and others.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?
Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.
Rom. Give me a torch,—I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.
Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.
Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing-shoes
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.
Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.
Rom. I am too sore enpiercèd[22] with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.
Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in: [*Putting on a mask.*
A visor for a visor!—what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.
Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.
Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,

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Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn daylight, ho!

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.[24]

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this masque;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife;[25] and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her wagoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,[26]
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;

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O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips,[27] who straight on kisses dream,—
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,[28]
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a[29] lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes:
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term

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Of a despisèd life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen!
Ben. Strike, drum.[30] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. A hall in* CAPULET'S *house.*

Musicians *waiting. Enter* Servants.

First Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

Sec. Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

First Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell.—Antony Potpan![31]

Sec. Serv. Ay, boy, ready.

First Serv. You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

Sec. Serv. We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

[*They retire behind.*

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, JULIET, TYBALT, *and others of the house, with the* Guests *and* Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen![32] ladies that have their toes
Unplagu'd with corns will have a bout with you:—
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
She,[33] I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?—
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You're welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.—
A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.—
[*Music plays, and they dance.*
More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,

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And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

Sec. Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five-and-twenty years; and then we mask'd.

Sec. Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. [*to a Servant*] What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night[34]
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessèd my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—what, dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

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Cap. Young Romeo is't?
Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.
Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,—
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.
Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest:
I'll not endure him.
Cap. He shall be endur'd:
What, goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—go to;
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul,
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!
Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame—
Cap. Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy:—is't so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to scathe you,—I know what:
You must contráry me! marry, 'tis time.—
Well said, my hearts!—You are a princox; go:
Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—For shame!
I'll make you quiet: what!—Cheerly, my hearts!
Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.[35] [*Exit.*
Rom. [*to Juliet*] If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine[36] is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

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Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.
[*Kissing her.*
Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again. [*Kissing her again.*
Jul. You kiss by the book.
Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?
Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.[87]
Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.
Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.—
More torches here!—Come on, then, let's to bed.
[*To Sec. Cap.*] Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late:
I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all except Juliet and Nurse.*
Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.
Jul. What's he that follows there, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not.
Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.
Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;

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The only son of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathèd enemy.
Nurse. What's this? what's this?
Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within,* "Juliet."
Nurse. Anon, anon!—
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair, for which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitchèd by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-belovèd any where:
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Verona. An open place adjoining the wall of* CAPULET'S *orchard.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*

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Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!
Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard-wall:
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—[38]
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but "Ay me!" pronounce but "love" and "dove;"
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid,[39] he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid!—
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!
Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.
Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
O, Romeo, that she were, O that she were
An open *et-cætera*, thou a poperin pear!

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Romeo, good night:—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?
Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.* CAPULET'S *orchard.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.—
[*Juliet appears above at a window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but pale[40] and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
It is my lady; O, it is my love!
O that she knew she were!—
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.—
I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.—
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
Jul. Ay me!
Rom. She speaks:—
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art

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As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a wingèd messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturnèd wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing[41] clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [*aside*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.[42]
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man.[43] O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefóre?
The orchard-walls are high and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,

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If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate
Than death proroguèd, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay;"
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayst think my haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;

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And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discoverèd.
Rom. Lady, by yonder blessèd moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—
Jul. O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
Rom. What shall I swear by?
Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
Rom. If my heart's dear love—
Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contráct to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say "It lightens." Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!
Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!—
[*Nurse calls within.*
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit above.*
Rom. O blessèd, blessèd night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

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Re-enter JULIET *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. [*within*] Madam!

Jul. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—

Nurse. [*within*] Madam!

Jul. By and by, I come:—
To cease thy suit,[44] and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit above.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[*Retiring.*

Re-enter JULIET *above.*

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,[45]
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My dear?[46]

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

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Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.
Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone,—
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. [*Exit above.*
Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same.* Friar LAURENCE'S *cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE, *with a basket.*

Fri. L. The gray-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And fleckèd darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier-cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juicèd flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies

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In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime 's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposèd kings encamp[47] them still
In man as well as herbs,—grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father.
Fri. L. *Benedicite!*
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges sleep will never lie;
But where unbruisèd[48] youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
Rom. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri. L. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?
Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.
Fri. L. That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?
Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me agen.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies

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Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessèd man; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.
Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.
Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.
Fri. L. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love, then, lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence, then,—
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.
Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
Fri. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'st me bury love.
Fri. L. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.
Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she whom I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
The other did not so.
Fri. L. O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,

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In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. L. Wisely, and slow; they stumble that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Mer. Why, where the devil should this Romeo be?—[49] Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline, Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of complements.[50] He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!—

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!—"By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!"—Why, is

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not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-mois*, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons!*[51]

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring: — O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! — Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench, — marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose: —

Enter ROMEO.

Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, Such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well-flowered.

Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio, for my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy

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wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word "broad;" which, added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse *and* PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.(52)

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

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Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, for himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—"for himself to mar," quoth 'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite[53] him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So-ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. [*Sings.*

An old hare hoar,*
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,—[*singing*] lady, lady, lady.† [*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him

* *An old hare hoar*, &c.] "These lines appear to have been part of an old song." MALONE.

† *lady, lady, lady.*] The burden of an old ballad: see *Twelfth-Night*, vol. iii. p. 348 and note.

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down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates.—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and, as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's-paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak[54] dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee—

Nurse. Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
This afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd and married.[55] Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quite thy pains:
Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

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Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say, Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I[56] warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing,—O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name; R is for the dog: no; I know[57] it begins with some other letter:—and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [*Exit Romeo.*]—Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same.* CAPULET'S *orchard.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back[58] shadows over louring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,

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She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;[59]
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.—
O God, she comes!

Enter Nurse *and* PETER.

O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nur. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit Peter.*

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nur. I am a-weary, give me leave awhile:—
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.

Nur. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
Th' excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nur. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. —Go thy ways, wench; serve God.—What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nur. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!

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It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!—
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I' faith, I'm sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nur. Your love says,[60] like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother!—why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
"Your love says, like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?"

Nur. O God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil!—come, what says Romeo?

Nur. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nur. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.[61]
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's-nest soon when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—Honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same.* Friar LAURENCE'S *cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

Fri. L. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,

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It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,—
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. L. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.—
Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamer[62]
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold th' imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.[63]

Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I. *Verona. A public place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, *and* Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, "God send me no need of thee!" and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?[64]

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes;—what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun: didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

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Enter TYBALT *and others.*

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
And reason[65] coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir:—here comes my man.

Enter ROMEO.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting:—villain am I none:
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as my own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

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Alla stoccata carries it away.—(66) [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.—
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
Tybalt,—Mercutio,—the prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:—
Hold, Tybalt!—good Mercutio,—
[*Exeunt Tybalt and his Friends.*

Mer. I am hurt;—
A plague o' both your houses!(67)—I am sped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—Where is my page?—Go, villain, fetch a surgeon. [*Exit Page.*

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:—a plague o' both your houses!—Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms'-meat of me: I have it,
And soundly too:—your houses!
[*Exit, led by Benvolio and Servants.*

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt

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In my behalf; my reputation stain'd[68]
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman :—O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!

Re-enter TYBALT.

Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.
[*They fight; Tybalt falls.*

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain :—
Stand not amaz'd: the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken :—hence, be gone, away!

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?
[*Exit Romeo.*

Enter Citizens *and* Officers.

First Off. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

First Off. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

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Enter Prince, *attended;* MONTAGUE, CAPULET, Lady MONTAGUE, Lady CAPULET, *and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
Th' unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:.
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!—
O prince!—O husband!—O, the blood is spilt
Of my dear kinsman![69]—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure:—all this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd—
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
"Hold, friends! friends, part!" and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:—
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:

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Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses,—
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.* CAPULET'S *orchard.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging:[70] such a wagoner
As Phaëthon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That rude day's eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms untalk'd-of and unseen.—[71]
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:

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Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown[72] bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night;—come, Romeo,—come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than snow upon[73] a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night,—come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them.—O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, *with cords.*

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

[*Throws them down.*

Jul. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo, Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but "I,"
And that bare vowel "I" shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:[74]
I am not I, if there be such an "I;"

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Or those eyes shut,[75] that make thee answer "I."
If he be slain, say "I;" or if not, "no:"
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.
Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore-blood;—I swoonèd[76] at the sight.
Jul. O, break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!
Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!
Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?
Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banishèd;
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banishèd.
Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did!
Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven![77] wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despisèd substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damnèd saint, an honourable villain!—
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—

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Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua-vitæ*:—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I, then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O, it presses to my memory,
Like damnèd guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banishèd;"
That "banishèd," that one word "banishèd,"
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said "Tybalt's dead,"
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
But with a rear-ward[78] following Tybalt's death,
"Romeo is banishèd,"—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead:—"Romeo is banishèd,"—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

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In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords:—poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowèd.
Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.* Friar LAURENCE'S *cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Fri. L. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. L. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. L. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips;—
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say "death;"
For exile hath more terror in his look,

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Much more than death: do not say "banishment."
Fri. L. Hence from Verona art thou banishèd:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banishèd is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then banishment
Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,[79]
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. L. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd[80] aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her;
But Romeo may not:—more validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion-flies than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not,—he is banishèd:
This may flies do, when I from this must fly:—
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd,[81] no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But "banishèd" to kill me,—"banishèd"?
O friar, the damnèd use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word "banishèd"?
Fri. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.[82]
Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.
Fri. L. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;

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Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banishèd.
Rom. Yet "banishèd"?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.
Fri. L. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.
Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?
Fri. L. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murderèd,
Doting like me, and like me banishèd,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.
[*Throws himself on the floor.—Knocking within.*
Fri. L. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.
Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.
[*Knocking within.*
Fri. L. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile!—Stand up;
[*Knocking within.*
Run to my study.—By and by!—God's will,
What simpleness is this!—I come, I come! [*Knocking within.*
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?
Nurse. [*within*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;
I come from Lady Juliet.
Fri. L. Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?
Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.
Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!

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Fri. L. O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament![83]
Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?
Rom. [*rising*] Nurse!—
Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, death's the end of all.
Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?
Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.
Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursèd hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his dagger.*
Fri. L. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
Th' unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damnèd hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.

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Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask,
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:—[84]
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

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Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.
Nurse. Here is a ring, sir, that she bade me give you:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit.*
Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!
Fri. Go hence; good night; and here stands all your state:—
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.
Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A room in* CAPULET'S *house.*

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, *and* PARIS.

Cap. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I:—well, we were born to die.
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.
Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.—
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.
La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she's mew'd-up to her heaviness.
Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.—
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft! what day is this?
Par. Monday, my lord.
Cap. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,

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O' Thursday let it be:—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.—
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado,—a friend or two;
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have some half-a-dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone:—o' Thursday be it, then.—
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!—
Afore me, 'tis so very late, that we
May call it early by and by:—good night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. An open gallery to* JULIET'S *chamber, overlooking the orchard.*

Enter ROMEO *and* JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet,—thou need'st not to be gone.

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Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;[85]
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay than will to go:—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul? let's talk,—it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is,—hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say the lark and loathèd toad chang'd[86] eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light,—more dark and dark our woes!

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit.*

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*Descends.*

Jul. Art thou gone so? my lord, my love, my friend![87]
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O, by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Rom. Farewell!
I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

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Jul. O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.
Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! [*Exit below.*
Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.
La. Cap. [*within*] Ho, daughter! are you up?
Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet!
Jul. Madam, I'm not well.
La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore have done: some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.[88]
Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, madam?
La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.
Jul. [*aside*] Villain and he be many miles asunder.—
God pardon him![89] I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.
La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.
Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:—
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

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La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd:
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt[90]
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time:[91]
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and when I do, I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:—these are news indeed![92]

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

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Enter CAPULET *and* Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;[93]
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.—
How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossèd body.—How now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?
"Proud,"—and "I thank you,"—and "I thank you not;"—
And yet "not proud:"—mistress minion, you,[94]
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle[95] your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:

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Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd
That God had sent us[96] but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye god-den.

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace,[97] you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd:[98] and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—"I'll not wed,—I cannot love,
I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;"—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,

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That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

Jul. O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here 'tis. Romeo
Is banishèd; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you're happy in this second match,
For it excels your first; or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here,[99] and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?[100]

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*

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Jul. Ancient damnation! O most cursèd fiend![101]
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Verona.* Friar LAURENCE'S *cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* PARIS.

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.[102]
Fri. L. You say you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is the course; I like it not.
Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.
Fri. L. [*aside*] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.—
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife!
Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

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Par. That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.
Jul. What must be shall be.
Fri. L. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this father?
Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.
Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.
Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite.
Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.
Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.
Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
Par. God shield I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit.*
Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!
Fri. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.
Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

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Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. L. Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. L. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distillèd liquor drink thou off:
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;

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The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes, uncover'd, on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault[103]
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear![104]

Fri. L. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Hall in* CAPULET'S *house.*

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, *and* Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—
[*Exit First Servant.*
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.[105]

Sec. Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

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Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Sec. Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.— [*Exit Sec. Servant.*

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Enter JULIET.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon:—pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this:
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomèd love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up,—
This is as 't should be.—Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow.
[*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision:
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,

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And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;[106]
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—
They are all forth: well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart 's wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.* JULIET'S *chamber.*

Enter JULIET *and* Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?
Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.
La. Cap. Good night:
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.
[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*
Jul. Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me;—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, vial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Must I of force be married to the county?[107]

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No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—[108]

[*Laying down her dagger.*

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering, in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
O, if I wake,[109] shall I not be distraught,
Environèd with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?—
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point:—stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.[110]

[*Drinks, and throws herself on the bed.*

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SCENE IV. *The same. Hall in* CAPULET'S *house.*

Enter Lady CAPULET *and* Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,[111]
Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!

Enter Servants, *with spits, logs, and baskets.*

Now, fellow,
What's there?

First Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit First Serv.*]—Sirrah, fetch drier logs:
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

Sec. Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

Cap. Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would:—I hear him near.—[*Music within.*
Nurse!—wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

Re-enter Nurse.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up:

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I'll go and chat with Paris:—hie, make haste,
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same.* JULIET'S *chamber;* JULIET *on the bed.*

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I warrant her, she:—
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I say!—madam! sweetheart!—why, bride!—
What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
I must needs wake her.—Madam, madam, madam!—
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be?
What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you:—Lady! lady! lady!—
Alas, alas!—Help, help! my lady's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some *aqua-vitæ*, ho!—My lord! my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What is the matter?
Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!
La. Cap. O me, O me!—My child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!
La. Cap. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

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Cap. Ha! let me see her:—out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. O woful time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* PARIS, *with* Musicians.

Fri. L. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?[112]
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:—
O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife:—see[113] there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowerèd by him.
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's.
Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?
La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,[114]
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel Death hath catch'd it from my sight!
Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day, most woful day,
That ever ever I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day! O woful day!
Par. Beguil'd, divorcèd, wrongèd, spited, slain!
Most détestable Death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!
Cap. Despis'd, distressèd, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?—

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O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou, dead![115]—alack, my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buriéd!

Fri. L. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives[116] not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married that lives married long;
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond[117] nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordainèd festival
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse;
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. L. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, Sir Paris;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.*

First Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit.*

First Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

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Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, "Heart's ease, Heart's ease:" O, an you will have me live, play "Heart's ease."*

First Mus. Why "Heart's ease"?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays "My heart is full of woe:"† O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

First Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not, then?

First Mus. No.

Pet. I will, then, give it you soundly.

First Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek,—I will give you the minstrel.

First Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; do you note me?

First Mus. An you *re* us and *fa* us, you note us.

Sec. Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit![118] I will dry-beat you with my iron wit,[119] and put up my iron dagger.—Answer me like men:

"When griping grief the heart doth wound,‡
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound"—

* "*Heart's ease*"] The name of a popular tune: see Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, &c. vol. i. p. 209, sec. ed.

† "*My heart is full of woe:*"] "This is the burden of the first stanza of 'A Pleasant new Ballad of Two Lovers;'

'Hey hoe! *my heart is full of woe*'." STEEVENS.

The ballad just cited is of considerable merit; and the whole of it may be found in *The Shakespeare Soc. Papers*, vol. i. p. 12.

‡ "*When griping grief the heart doth wound*," &c.] The beginning of a song "In commendation of Musicke," by Richard Edwards, in *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* (first printed in 1576), where the lines run thus:

"Where *gripyng grief the hart* would *wound, and dolfull domps the mind oppresse*,
There *Musick with her siluer sound* is wont with spede to geue *redresse*."

For a different copy of the song see Percy's *Rel. of A. E. Poetry*, vol. i. p. 197, ed. 1794.

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why "silver sound"? why "music with her silver sound"?—What say you, Simon Catling?

First Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty!—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

Sec. Mus. I say, "silver sound," because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

Third Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is "music with her silver sound," because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding:—(120)

"Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress." [*Exit.*(121)

First Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same!

Sec. Mus. Hang him, Jack!—Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Mantua. A street.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,(122)
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,—
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!—
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar!

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Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.
[*Exit Balthasar.*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said,

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"An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him."
O, this same thought did but forerun my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes,[123]
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.[124]

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell:
I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II. *Verona.* Friar LAURENCE'S *cell.*

Enter Friar JOHN.

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Fri. L. This same should be the voice of Friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

Fri. J. Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Fri. L. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

Fri. J. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Fri. L. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear impórt; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

Fri. J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Fri. L. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;—
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [*Exit.*

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SCENE III. *The same. A churchyard; in it a monument belonging to the Capulets.*

Enter PARIS, *and his* Page *bearing flowers and a torch.*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees[125] lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread—
Being loose, unfirm, with digging-up of graves—
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.
Page. [*aside*] I am almost afraid to stand[126] alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure. [*Retires.*
Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew:[127]
O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones!
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew;
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:
The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.
[*The Page whistles.*
The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursèd foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rites?
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, awhile. [*Retires.*

Enter ROMEO, *and* BALTHASAR *with a torch, mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching-iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face;
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger

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A precious ring,—a ring that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:—
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild;
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take thou that:
Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. [*aside*] For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout:
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*

Rom. Thou détestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking open the door of the monument.*
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague
That murder'd my love's cousin,—with which grief,
It is supposèd, the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.— [*Advances.*
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemnèd villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence, and leave me:—think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bade[128] thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,[129]
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

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Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy!
[*They fight.*

Page. O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.
[*Exit.—Paris falls.*

Par. O, I am slain!—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*

Rom. In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face:—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!—
What said my man, when my betossèd soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;—
A grave? O, no, a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Dead, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.[130]
[*Laying Paris in the monument.*
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advancèd there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous;[131]
And that the lean abhorrèd monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;

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And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms[132] that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks my[133] sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love! [*Drinks.*]—O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, Friar LAURENCE, *with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's there?
Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.
Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.
Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.
Fri. L. Who is it?
Bal. Romeo.
Fri. L. How long hath he been there?
Bal. Full half an hour.
Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.
Bal. I dare not, sir:
My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.
Fri. L. Stay, then; I'll go alone.—Fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.
Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree[134] here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

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Fri. L. Romeo!— [*Advances.*
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
[*Enters the monument.*
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady stirs. [*Juliet wakes.*

Jul. O comfortable friar! where's my lord?—
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am:—where is my Romeo? [*Noise within.*

Fri. L. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents:—come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too:—come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet [*Noise again*], — I dare no longer stay.[135]

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
[*Exit Friar L.*
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
O churl! drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after?[136]—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm!

First Watch [*within*]. Lead, boy:—which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger!
[*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*
This is thy sheath [*Stabs herself*]; there rest, and let me die.[137] [*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*

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Enter Watch, *with the* Page *of* PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

First Watch. The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard:
Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.
[*Exeunt some of the Watch.*
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days burièd.—
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search:—
[*Exeunt others of the Watch.*
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;[133]
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Re-enter some of the Watch, *with* BALTHASAR.

Sec. Watch. Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

First Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Re-enter others of the Watch, *with* Friar LAURENCE.

Third Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

First Watch. A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince *and* Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, *and others.*

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry "Romeo,"
Some "Juliet," and some "Paris;" and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

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Prince. What fear is this which startles in our[139] ears?
First Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm, and new kill'd.
Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.
First Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.
Cap. O heaven!—O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is mis-sheathèd in my daughter's bosom!
La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE *and others.*

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.
Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?[140]
Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.[141]
Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?
Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage[142] for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.
Fri. L. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemnèd and myself excus'd.
Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

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Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To County Paris:—then comes she to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone
At the prefixèd hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But when I came,—some minute ere the time
Of her awaking,—here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life

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Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter,—I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And by and by my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies?—Capulet,—Montague,—
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A gloomy[142] peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:

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Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punishèd:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*

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P. 388. (1) "*cruel*"

On this word Mr. Collier, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, has a note, in which, while he goes out of his way to make an attack on me, he only shows his own ignorance of our old language: he says, "The misprint of *civil* for 'cruel' is allowed to remain in Greene and Lodge's 'Looking-Glass for London and England' (Dyce's edit. i. 74), 'And play the civil wanton' for '*cruel* wanton.'"—The passage in question is,

> "Madam, unless you coy it trick and trim,
> And play the *civil* wanton ere you yield," &c.;

where "*civil*" means grave, sober. The same author in his *Never too late*, speaking of the courtesans of Troynovant (*i.e.* London), tells us that "their looks are like lures that will reclaime, and like Cyrces apparitions that can represent in them all motions; they containe modesty, mirth, chastity, wantonness, and what not; and she that holdeth in her eie most *ciuility* hath oft in hir heart most dishonestie, being like the pyrit stone that is fier without and frost within." See my *Account of Greene and his Writings*, p. 8, ed. 1861.

P. 390. (2) "*let me go.*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 222) queries "*let go.*"

P. 390. (3) "*grave beseeming*"

Walker would print "grave-beseeming," *i.e.* "beseeming gravity, σεμνοπρεπεῖς." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 24.

P. 392. (4) "*to the sun.*"

Theobald's emendation.—The old eds. have "*to the* same."—"Theobald," observes Mr. Knight, "gave us *sun:* and we could scarcely wish to restore the old reading, even if the probability of a typographical error, *same* for *sunne*, were not so obvious." See also my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 167.

P. 392. (5) "Enter Romeo."

The old eds. mark his entrance some lines earlier, just as previously in the present scene, p. 389, they make Abraham and Balthasar, and also Benvolio, enter too soon; and only because they followed the prompter's book, which had the entrances so set down, to show that the performers were to be in readiness to appear on the stage. Again, in act ii. sc. 3, p. 416, according to the old eds. Romeo enters while the Friar has yet several lines of his soliloquy to utter.

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P. 393. (6) "*well-seeming forms!*"

The first quarto has "best *seeming* thinges."—The quartos of 1599 and 1609 have "*wel*seeing *formes*."—Corrected to "*well-seeming forms*" in the undated quarto.

P. 393. (7) "Rom. *Good heart, at what?*
Ben. *At thy good heart's oppression.*
Rom. *Why, such is love's transgression.*—"

Here the usual modern arrangement is,

"Rom. *Good heart, at what?*
Ben. *At thy good heart's oppression.*
Rom. *Why, such is love's transgression.*—"

and since printing the text of this play, I almost regret that I did not retain that arrangement. The passage, however, may be right as it stands; for our early dramatists sometimes introduce short rhyming lines in the midst of blank-verse dialogues: so in *Love's Labour's lost*, act i. sc. 1 (vol. ii. p. 166),

"*Long.* Marry, that did I.
Biron. Sweet lord, and why?"—

Mr. Collier adopts the reading of his Ms. Corrector in the third of these speeches;

"*Rom. Why, such*, Benvolio, *is love's transgression.*"

P. 393. (8) "*purg'd,*"

"The author may mean *Being purg'd of smoke;* but it is perhaps a meaning never given to the word in any other place. I would rather read 'Being *urg'd*'." JOHNSON.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "puff'd."—Mr. Grant White discovers here an allusion to Matthew's *Gospel*, iii. 12, "whose *fan* is in his hand, and he will throughly *purge* his floor," &c.

P. 394. (9) "*mark-man!*"

Altered in the third folio to "marks-man."

P. 394. (10) "*From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.*"

Here I have not disturbed the usual modern lection.—The first quarto has

"Gainst Cupids *childish bow she liues vnharm'd.*"

The other old eds. have

"*From loues weak childish bow she liues* vncharmd."—

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*From love's weak childish bow she lives* encharm'd."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom thinks it most probable that Shakespeare wrote "'Gainst *love's weak childish bow she lives* encharm'd;" a reading suggested also by Mr. Grant White.

P. 394. (11) "*with her dies beauty's store.*"

So Theobald.—The old eds. have "*with* beautie dies her *store.*"—"The sense required, as is clear from Benvolio's rejoinder, and even from Malone's note

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[in which he defends the old reading], is, that her beauty dies with *her;* but this sense cannot be squeezed out of the old text; therefore Theobald's conjecture is necessary." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 394. (12) "*These happy masks*"

See note 72 on *Measure for Measure*.

P. 395. (13)

"Par. *Younger than she are happy mothers made.*
Cap. *And too soon marr'd are those so early made.*"

The first quarto alone has "—— *so early* maried;" which is also the reading of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, and which, Mr. Singer says, "is undoubtedly the true one; as we have it in Puttenham, 'The maid that soon *married* [is], soon *marred* is.'" *Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 231.—But, as Steevens *ad l.* observes, "the jingle between *marr'd* and *made* is likewise frequent among the old writers. So Sidney,

'Oh, he is *marr'd*, that is for others *made!*'

Spenser introduces it very often in his different poems." He might have added, that Shakespeare has it several times; so in the present play, p. 421, "that God hath *made*, for himself to *mar;*" and in *Macbeth*, act ii. sc. 3, "it *makes* him, and it *mars* him." And, as Paris has used the word "*made*," it appears to me most natural that Capulet in his rejoinder should use "*made*" also.

P. 395. (14) "*The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,*
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:"

So the undated quarto.—These two lines are not in the first quarto.—The quartos of 1599 and 1609 and the folio have "*Earth hath swallowed*," &c.—According to Steevens, "*lady of my earth*" is a Gallicism,—*fille de terre* being the French phrase for an *heiress:* but Mr. W. N. Lettsom suspects that the close of the second line is corrupt.

P. 395. (15)

"*And like her most whose merit most shall be:*
Whilst on more view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none."

In the second line the first quarto has "Such amongst *view of many*," &c.—The later old eds. have (not more intelligibly) "Which one [and *on*] *more view, of many*," &c.—Johnson conjectured "Within your *view of many*," &c.; Steevens, "Search amongst *view of many*," &c.; and Dr. Badham (*Cambridge Essays*, vol. for 1856, p. 286) would reform the passage thus,

"—— *whose merit most shall be,*
Such amongst few; *of many, mine being one*," &c.—

I have adopted the correction of Mason, who observes, "With this alteration the sense is clear, and the deviation from [the later quartos and] the folio very trifling [only the change of 'ch' to '*lst*']."

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P. 396. (16) "*Anselmo*"

The old eds. have "Anselme."

P. 396. (17) "*and*"

Not in the old eds.—"A late writer has anticipated me in remarking, that the list of invitations in *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 2, is in verse: in l. 7 he has properly supplied the deficient syllable,

'My fair niece Rosaline *and* Livia.'

In l. 2, I suspect that for '*Anselme*' we ought to read '*Anselmo*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 2.—But Capell had long ago written thus; "How if Capulet's list of invited be metre too? odd as it may seem, it is nearly so now; for reading '*Anselme*'—*Anselmo*, and giving '*Livia*' her epithet (*gentle*, for instance), which are both proper and something more, it resolves itself into nine as complete Iambicks as any in Shakespeare, nor can be made prose without a great deal more altering than goes to making it verse." *Notes*, &c. vol. ii. P. iv. p. 4.

P. 397. (18) "Serv. *To supper to our house.*"

"The words '*to supper*' are in the old copies annexed to the preceding speech. They undoubtedly belong to the Servant, to whom they were transferred by Mr. Theobald [by Warburton *apud* Theobald]." MALONE.—Capell omits "*to supper.*"

P. 397. (19) "*Tut, tut,*"

The second "*tut*" was added in the second folio.—And see Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 146.

P. 397. (20) "*scales*"

Used here as a noun singular.

P. 397. (21) "*lady-love*"

I did not know that this was Theobald's reading when I proposed it in my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 169.—The old eds. have "ladyes *loue*" and "Ladies *loue*."—(Mr. Grant White says, "I more than doubt that the compound 'lady-love' is as old as the time of Shakespeare." But it certainly is; compare Wilson's *Coblers Prophesie*, 1594;

"The dialogue done, then downe came I my *lady loue* to finde."
Sig. D 3.)

P. 400. (22) "*The fish lives in the sea;*"

"*i.e.* is not yet caught. Fish-skin covers to books anciently were not uncommon. Such is Dr. Farmer's explanation of this passage," &c. STEEVENS.—"The purport of the remainder of this speech is to show the advantage of

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having a handsome person to cover a virtuous mind. It is evident therefore that, instead of 'the fish lives in the *sea*,' we should read 'the fish lives in the *shell*.' For the *sea* cannot be said to be a beautiful cover to a fish, though a *shell* may. I believe that by 'the *golden story*' is meant no particular legend, but any valuable writing." MASON.

P. 401. (23) "*enpiercèd*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 223) treats this as "an erratum for '*empierced*'." Why?

P. 402. (24) "*sits*
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits."

For "*sits*" Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 124) queries "fits;" which Rowe gave.—The old eds. have "—*our* fine *wits*;" which was first corrected by Malone.

P. 402. (25) "*the fairies' midwife;*"

Warburton reads "*the* fancy's *midwife*."—"'*The fairies' midwife*' does not mean the midwife *to* the fairies, but that she was the person *among* the fairies whose department it was to deliver the fancies of sleeping men of their dreams, those *children of an idle brain*." STEEVENS.—"I apprehend, and with no violence of interpretation, that by 'the fairies' midwife' the poet means *the midwife among the fairies*, because it was her peculiar employment to steal the newborn babe in the night, and to leave another in its place. . . . It would clear the appellation to read 'the *fairy* midwife.'" T. WARTON.

P. 402. (26) "*Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,*"

"This and the two following lines should come immediately after 'Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;' for it is preposterous to speak of the parts of the chariot (such as the wagon-spokes and cover) before mentioning the chariot itself." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 403. (27)

"*O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight;*
O'er lawyers' fingers . . . . . .
O'er ladies' lips,"

Even if the first quarto had not had "*O're Courtiers knees:* who strait *on cursies* dreame," &c., the context ought to have shown Malone and those other editors who print "On *courtiers' knees*" that "On" is quite wrong.

P. 403. (28) "*a courtier's nose,*"

As we have had "*courtiers'* knees" only a little above, here is rather an awkward repetition, which was probably owing to the alterations made in this

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speech by the author from time to time.—The first quarto has "*a* Lawers lap;" and Pope printed "*a* lawyer's *nose*:" but we have already had "*lawyers'* fingers;" and, as Warburton observes, the "*suit*" mentioned in the next line is not *a suit at law*, but *a court-solicitation*.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*a* counsellor's *nose*."

P. 403. (29) "*as 'a*"

"Read '*that*' with quarto 1597." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 404. (30) "Ben. *Strike, drum.*"

The second quarto adds "*They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with Napkins;*" the audience having to suppose that the scene was now changed to the hall of Capulet's house.

P. 404. (31) "*Antony Potpan!*"

The old eds. have "*Anthonie* and *Potpan*:" an error occasioned by the immediately preceding "Grindstone *and* Nell."—Throughout this scene Potpan is the *Second Servant*; as was first observed by Capell,—who, in his text, had wrongly introduced a *Third Servant*, but in his *Notes*, &c. writes as follows; "The scene's idea is this:—the enquirer after Potpan in 7 [the first speech] sees him not though at hand; nor hears, when what he says is observ'd upon in words denoting resentment for the reflection that's cast on him: a second hurrying speech from the enquirer, address'd to different servants, closes with a call to this Potpan, adding his other name; and this call he replies to in '*Ay, boy; ready,*'" &c. Vol. ii. P. iv. pp. 6, 7.—I differ only slightly from Capell, who punctuates the words thus, "Antony! Potpan!"

P. 404. (32) "*Welcome, gentlemen!*"

'Read '*You're* welcome, gentlemen!' and so read five lines below. Further on we have '*You're welcome*, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.' For '*gentlemen*' as a dissyllable see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. Art. xxxiv." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 404. (33) "*She,*"

"Omit '*She*' with Pope." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 405. (34) "*Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night*"

In my former edition I gave, with the quartos and the first folio, "It seemes she *hangs vpon the cheeke of night:*" but I now adopt the reading of the second folio,—a reading which (whencesoever the editor of that folio may have procured it) is assuredly a great improvement. "The repetition of the word '*beauty*' in the next line but one, in my opinion, confirms the emendation of our second folio." STEEVENS.

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P. 406. (35) "*but this intrusion shall,*
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall."

Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes

"*but this intrusion shall*
Now-seeming *sweet convert to* bitt'rest [so 4to 1599] *gall.*"

"I conceive," he says, "'*sweet*' to be a substantive, and '*convert*' an active verb."

P. 406. (36) "*fine*"

Warburton's correction.—The old eds. have "sinne" (and "sin").

P. 407. (37) "*chinks.*"

"Thus the old copies; for which Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors have substituted "*chink.*'" MALONE.

P. 409. (38) "*Nay, I'll conjure too.—*"

Mr. Collier *ad l.* is mistaken in saying that all the old copies give this to Benvolio: the first quarto has "*Mer:* Call, *nay Ile coniure too.*"

P. 409. (39) "*Young Adam Cupid,*"

The old eds. have "*Young* Abraham: *Cupid*" (and "*Young* Abraham *Cupid*").—"Shakespeare wrote '*Young* Adam *Cupid*,' &c. The printer or transcriber gave us this '*Abram*,' mistaking the *d* for *br*: and thus made a passage direct nonsense which was understood in Shakespeare's time by all his audience; for this *Adam* was a most notable *archer*, and for his skill became a proverb. In *Much Ado about Nothing*, act i. [sc. 1], 'And he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called ADAM.' . . . His name was Adam Bell [see Glossary, sub "*Adam*," &c.]. So that here '*Young Adam Cupid*,' &c. is the same as '*Young Cupid, that notable archer*,' &c. 'The archer god,' as Spenser [in his Muiopotmos] calls him." UPTON.—In my former edition I printed "*Young* auburn *Cupid*,"—having made the following remarks on this passage in a volume published in 1853;

"Upton altered 'Abraham' to '*Adam*,' understanding the allusion to be to the celebrated archer *Adam* Bell; and, since Upton's time, the alteration has been adopted by all editors, except Capell and Mr. Knight; the former hazarding the strange conjecture, that, 'as Cophetua was a *Jew* king of Africa, Shakespeare might make the Cupid that struck him a *Jew* Cupid,' *Notes*, &c. vol. ii. P. iv. p. 7; the latter telling us that 'the 'Abraham' Cupid is the cheat—the 'Abraham man'—of our old statutes.'

That Shakespeare here had an eye to the ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid* is certain;

'The blinded boy *that shootes so trim,*
From heaven down did hie,
He drew a dart, and shot at him
In place where he did lye.'

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But this stanza contains nothing to countenance, in the slightest degree, the reading '*Adam* Cupid.'

In *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599, we find

'Where is the eldest sonne of Pryam,
That *abraham*-coloured Troion? dead.'
Sig. H 3.

in Middleton's *Blurt, Master Constable*, 1602,

'A goodlie, long, thicke, *Abram*-colour'd beard.'
Sig. D.

and in our author's *Coriolanus*, act ii. sc. 3, according to the first three folios, 'not that our heads are some browne, some blacke, som *Abram*;' there being no reason to doubt that in these passages '*abraham*' (or '*Abram*') is a corruption of '*abron*,' i. e. '*auburn*.' Is, then, the right reading in the present line,

'Young *abram* [=*auburn*] Cupid,' &c.;

Shakespeare having used '*abram*' for 'auburn-*hair'd*,' as the author of *Soliman and Perseda* has used '*abraham*-coloured Troion' for 'Trojan with auburn-coloured *hair*'? Every body familiar with the Italian poets knows that they term Cupid, as well as Apollo, 'Il biondo Dio:' and W. Thomas, in his *Principal Rules of the Italian Grammar*, &c., gives '*Biondo*, the *aberne* [i. e. *auburn*] colour, that is betwene white and yelow.' Sig. E 2, ed. 1567. In our author's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act iv. sc. 2, '*auburn*' means yellowish;

'Her hair is *auburn*, mine is perfect yellow.'"
A Few Notes on Shakespeare, &c. p. 109.—

Mr. Collier (in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*) pronounces my emendation "auburn *Cupid*" to be a "wretched conjecture:" Mr. Grant White estimates it very differently,—he adopts it.

P. 410. (40) "*pale*"

So the first quarto.—The later eds. have "sicke."—(Whichever epithet we prefer, there will still be a slight awkwardness, as both words occur three lines above: but "*pale*" is doubtless the more proper epithet here.)—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "white;" which Mr. Collier adopts in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, and remarks, "the allusion being, as the words, 'And none but fools do wear it,' establish, to the dress of fools and jesters, which was then usually motley, but had formerly been 'white and green.' Such, it is known, had been the dress of William Summer, the court-jester to Henry VIII.; and the Rev. Mr. Dyce has shown (Skelton's Works, i. xii. and 128) that John Skelton boasted of the dress of 'white and green' which had been given to him by the same king."

P. 411. (41) "*lazy-pacing*"

So the first quarto; which I mention only because two critics have recently spoken of this as a modern reading, and prefer "*lazy*-passing," substituted by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector for "*lazie* puffing" of the later quartos and of the folio.

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P. 411. (42) "*Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.*"

"For the present punctuation I am accountable. It appears to me to afford a clear sense, which the line as printed in the old copies, where we have a comma after '*thyself*,' and no point after '*though*,' does not, in my apprehension, afford.

Thou art, *however*, says Juliet, a being *sui generis*, amiable and perfect, not tainted by the enmity which your family bears to mine.

According to the common punctuation, the adversative particle is used without any propriety, or rather makes the passage nonsense.

'*Though*' is again used by Shakespeare in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act iii. sc. last, in the same sense;

'My legs are longer *though*, to run away.'

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew* [act iii. sc. 2];

'Would Katharine had never seen him *though*!'

Again, in *King Henry VIII.* [act ii. sc. 2];

'I would not be so sick *though*, for his place.'

Other writers frequently use '*though*' for '*however*.' . . . .

Juliet is simply endeavouring to account for Romeo's being amiable and excellent, though he *is* a Montague. And, to prove this, she asserts that he merely bears that name, but has none of the qualities of that house." MALONE.—More recently the old punctuation of this line has been brought back, first by Mr. Staunton, and next by Mr. Grant White, who have both defended it in notes which, I must confess, are to me hardly intelligible.

"In this line and the three following lines we may, I think, discern traces of an abortive attempt (perhaps by Shakespeare himself) to remove the impropriety of representing a Christian, and not a family, name as the name to be got rid of. These lines at any rate interrupt the natural connection of the passage, and so far from slurring over the impropriety in question, they only render it more obtrusive. Shakespeare could scarcely have written '*be* some other name:' but conjecture would be thrown away on these four lines." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 411. (43) "*Belonging to a man.*"

"For the sake of metre, I am willing to suppose our author wrote ''*Longing* to man.'" STEEVENS.—"Qu. '*Longing* t' a man'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 225.

P. 414. (44) "*suit,*"

So the undated quarto; and rightly.—Both Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier give the lection of the other old eds., "strife;" Mr. Knight without any note, and Mr. Collier with a note which may mislead the reader to suppose that "*suit*" is a modern conjectural emendation.—1865. Mr. Collier now prints "*suit,*" solely on the authority of his Ms. Corrector.

P. 414. (45)

"*And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,*"

Mr. Collier gives "——*airy* voice *more hoarse*," &c.; and remarks, "So the

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quarto 1597 [which, however, has '— *airie* voice as *hoarse*,' &c.], more fitly than the later copies, which substitute *tongue* for 'voice.'" But the word "voice" is objectionable here, because it occurs just above; and though the expression, "her *airy tongue* more *hoarse*," &c., is, strictly speaking, incorrect, it surely may be allowed in poetry. To "*airy tongue*," at least, Milton saw no objection; for he recollected the present passage when he wrote

"And *airy tongues* that syllable men's names," &c.

Comus, v. 208.

P. 414. (46) "*My dear?*"

So the undated quarto ("*My Deere*").—The first quarto has "Madame."—The quartos of 1599 and 1609 have "*My* Neece" ("neece" being evidently a blunder for "*deere*," and by progressive corruption,—"*Deere*," "Neere," "Neece").—The folio also has "*My* Neece."—The editor of the second folio substituted "*My* sweete."

P. 416. (47) "*opposèd kings encamp*"

So all the old eds. except the first quarto, which has "*opposed* foes *incampe*;" a reading perhaps to be preferred.—"Shakespeare," says Steevens, "might have remembered the following passage in the old play of *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, 1587 [written by Thomas Hughes, with some slight assistance from others],

'Peace hath three *foes encamped* in our breasts,
Ambition, wrath, and envie.' [p. 56, reprint.]"

P. 416. (48) "*unbruisèd*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "unbusied."

P. 418. (49) "*Why, where the devil should this Romeo be?*—"

Here "*Why*" has been properly added from the first quarto, where the corresponding words are "*Why* whats become of Romeo?"

P. 418. (50) "*complements.*"

See Glossary to the present edition.

P. 419. (51)

"*these* pardonnez-mois . . . . *O, their* bons, *their* bons!"

The old eds. have "*these* pardonnees (and "*these* pardons mees," "pardonamees," &c.) . . . . . *O their* bones, *their* bones."—The Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) print "*these* perdona-mi's" (but surely Mercutio is here speaking of affected FRENCHIFIED gallants), and retain "*O, their* bones, *their* bones!" in preference to Theobald's emendation. (Against that emendation, by the by, Capell protests, and says; "'*bones*,' as several have observ'd, is 'an allusion to that stage of the French disease when it gets into the bones;' the thought has it's introduction from the metaphorical expression just preceding, of—*sitting at ease*." *Notes*, &c. vol. ii. P. iv. p. 10.)

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P. 420. (52) "Rom. *Here's goodly gear!*

Enter *Nurse* and PETER.

Mer. *A sail, a sail, a sail!*
Ben. *Two, two; a shirt and a smock.*"

So the first quarto.—The later eds. have

"*Ro.* Heeres goodly geare. *Enter Nurse and her man.*
A sayle, a sayle.
Mer. Two two, a shert and a smocke."

which is adopted by Mr. Grant White; who objects to the words "Two, two; a shirt and a smock" being assigned "to the taciturn, correct, and commonplace Benvolio:" yet in his note on the speech which presently follows, "She will indite him to some supper," he observes that "Benvolio can be slyly ironical."

P. 421. (53) "*indite*"

Probably we are to suppose that Benvolio uses the word "*indite*" in ridicule of the Nurse's "*confidence.*" (The first quarto has "inuite:" but in the preceding speech, instead of "*confidence*" it has "conference.")—1865. I now find Walker asking, "Is this ['*indite*'] in imitation of the Nurse's '*confidence*'?" *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 226.

P. 422. (54) "*weak*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "wicked."

P. 422. (55) "*Bid her devise some means to come to shrift*
This afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd and married."

From the broken metre, but more particularly from the word "*there,*" which would seem to refer to some previously mentioned locality, I conclude that this speech is mutilated. (In the first quarto it is still shorter.)

P. 423. (56) "*I*"

Added by the editor of the second folio; wrongly, according to Mr. Grant White.

P. 423. (57) "*R is for the dog: no; I know,*" &c.

The old eds. have "*R. is for the no, I know,*" &c.—I give Tyrwhitt's emendation, which is far more probable than any other yet proposed.—Ritson would retain the old text, regulating it thus; "*R. is for the—no; I know,*" &c.

P. 423. (58) "*back*"

Altered to "black" by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

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P. 424. (59) "*But old folks, many feign as they were dead;*"

There is no doubt some error in the words "*many feign*" (the spelling of the latter word in the old eds. being "*fain*" and "*faine*").—Mr. Bruce (see note in Mr. Collier's first ed. of *Shakespeare*) proposed to alter "*many*" to "marry;" and Mr. Grant White prints "*But old folks*, marry, fare *as they were dead*:" but "fare" has no propriety here. (Qy. had the Ms. "moue yfaith" ("move, i' faith"), which was corrupted into "*many fain*"?)

P. 425. (60) "*Your love says,*" &c.

Is this speech slightly corrupted? or ought it to be printed as prose?

P. 425. (61) "*straight at any news.*"

Altered by Hanmer and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "straightway *at* my *news.*"—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 255) would read "*straight at* my next *news.*" But, according to Capell, the original text is right: "at such talk [of love and Romeo], *any* talk of that kind, says the speaker, 'tis their custom to put on '*scarlet*'." *Notes*, &c. vol. ii. P. iv. p. 12.—And Mr. Collier, who also adheres to the old reading, aptly enough observes that "the Nurse has already told the most important and interesting part of her information."

P. 426. (62) "*the gossamer*"

So the fourth folio ("gossamour").—The earlier eds. have "*the* gossamours."

P. 426. (63) "*I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.*"

The old eds. have "*I cannot sum vp* sum (and "some") of halfe my *wealth.*"—Corrected by Capell.

P. 427. (64) "*to?*"

The old eds. have "too;" which Mr. Staunton retains as right.

P. 428. (65) "*And reason*"

So Capell, and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The old eds. have "Or *reason*" (a mistake occasioned by the "*Or*" which commences the next line).

P. 429. (66) "*carries it away.*—"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "carry *it away!*"

P. 429. (67) "*A plague o' both your houses!*"

The old eds. have "*A*poxe of *your houses*," "*A plague a both houses*," and "*A plague a* (and "*of*") *both* the *houses;*" "the" being evidently an error, for presently after Mercutio twice exclaims "*A plague o' both your houses!*"

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P. 430. (68) "*my reputation stain'd*"

Mr. W. N. Lettsom queries "*my reputation's stain'd.*"

P. 431. (69)

"*Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!—*
O prince!—O husband!—O, the blood is spilt
Of my dear kinsman!" &c.

The first quarto has

"*Tibalt*, Tybalt, *O my brothers child,*
Vnhappy sight? Ah *the blood is spilt*
Of my deare kinsman," &c.

The later eds. have

"*Tybalt, my Cozin, O my brothers child,*
O Prince, O Cozen, *husband, O the bloud is spild*
Of my deare kisman (and *kinsman*)," &c.;

where the second line is, no doubt, corrupted: "cozin" would seem to have crept into it in consequence of the transcriber's or printer's eye having caught that word just above.

P. 432. (70) "*Phœbus' lodging:*"

The first quarto alone has "*Phœbus* mansion:" but the other reading seems preferable, to say nothing of the word "mansion" occurring towards the end of this speech. (Compare Petrarch, *Canzone* v.;

"Quando vede 'l pastor calare i raggi
Del gran pianeta al nido *ov' egli alberga*," &c.;

and Johnson's *Seven Champions of Christendom*, Second Part, sig. R 4 verso, ed. 4to, n. d., "Till golden *Phœbus* began to withdraw himselfe into his accustomed *lodging*," &c.

P. 432. (71)

"*Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,*
That rude day's eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms untalk'd-of and unseen.—"

The old eds. (in all of which, with the exception of the first quarto, this passage is found) have "*That* runnawayes *eyes*," &c. and "*That* run-awayes *eyes*," &c.—Theobald printed, at Warburton's suggestion, "*That* th' Run-away's *eyes*," &c.; "the Run-away" being, as Warburton thought, Phœbus.—According to Steevens, here "runaway" means night; according to Douce, Juliet; and the late Rev. N. J. Halpin wrote a whole essay (*Shakespeare Soc. Papers*, ii. 14) to prove that it means Cupid!—Heath (in his *Revisal*) and Mr. Grant White (in *Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 374) would read "*That* Rumour's *eyes*," &c.; the latter remarking that "'Rumor' was spelt *rumoure* in Shakespeare's day, and the possessive case *rumoures*, of course:" but the first folio is directly opposed to such a conclusion; in it *the substantive* "rumour," *which occurs twenty-one times,* IS ALWAYS SPELT *either* "rumour" or "rumor," *—in the plural, either* "rumours" or "rumors;" nor can I see any probability that "rumour's," in whatsoever manner spelt, should have been mis-

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taken for "runnawayes." Besides, though writers frequently make mention of Rumour's *tongues* or *tongue* (so our author in the Induction to *The Sec. Part of Henry IV.*,

"From *Rumour's tongues*
They bring smooth comforts," &c.

and in *King John*, act iv. sc. 2,

"but this from *rumovr's tongue*
I idly heard," &c.),

they never, I believe, allude to Rumour's *eyes*, except when *they are describing that personage in detail*.—Mason's emendation is "*That* Renomy's *eyes*," &c.; Jackson's, "*That* unawares *eyes*," &c.; the Rev. J. Mitford's (*Gent. Magazine* for June 1845, p. 580), "*That* Luna's *eyes*," &c.,—"when the *L* of *Luna* was changed into *R* and made '*Runa*,' then the sense was entirely lost, and, to give at least some meaning to the word, it was made into '*Runa*-way';" Walker's (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 227), "*That* Cynthia's *eyes*," &c.; and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector's, "*That* enemies' *eyes*," &c.

In my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, &c. 1844, p. 172, I offered two restorations,—"*That* rude day's *eyes*," &c., and "*That* soon day's *eyes*," &c.; and in my *Few Notes*, &c., 1853, p. 112, I started a third one,—"*That* roving *eyes*," &c. (Compare

"Saucie *roauing eye*,
What wisperst in my brain that she is faire?"
Heywood's *Sec. Part of King Edward IV.* sig. G 4, ed. 1605.)

The first of these I have now inserted in the text; and I have given it the preference to all the other readings yet proposed, not from any overweening fondness for my own conjecture, but because it indisputably comes the nearest to the *ductus literarum* of the old corruption. I must not omit to add, that it also occurred to a gentleman, who, not aware that it was already in print, communicated it to *Notes and Queries* for Sept. 1853, p. 216.—Mr. Mitford, indeed, objects to it (*ubi supra*) that "'Day's eyes would wink' whether the night was *cloudy* or clear; so the force of 'cloudy' would be lost by this reading,"—an objection which carries no weight, for the present address to Night is certainly to be considered as distinct from the lines which precede it.—Again, Mr. Grant White (*ubi supra*, p. 378) is of opinion that "all the suggestions, except *Rumor's*, fail to meet the demands of the context, '*untalk'd* of and unseen.'" But I do not allow that such is the case with "*rude day's eyes*;" for poetry represents Day as an officious intelligencer; and when once her eyes were closed, Romeo would come to Juliet "*untalk'd of*," as well as unseen, by the citizens of Verona.

The passages in our early poets about Night spreading her curtains, and Day closing her eyes, are numerous: so in Drayton,

"*The* sullen *Night* hath her black *Curtaines spred*,
Lowring *the Day* hath tarried vp so long,
Whose faire eyes closing softly steales to bed," &c.
Barons Warres, B. iii. st. 17. ed. 8vo.

(this stanza—which goes far to support the reading, "*rude day's eyes*"—is very different in the folio ed.): and I need hardly cite the well-known lines in our author's *Macbeth*;

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"Come, seeling *night*,
Scarf up the tender *eye of* pitiful *day*," &c. Act iii. sc. 2.

Nor ought any one to urge against the reading, "*That rude day's eyes may wink, and Romeo*," &c., that it makes "*Romeo*" a trisyllable, while afterwards in this speech that name occurs as a dissyllable; for elsewhere we find "*Romeo*" used *both as a dissyllable and a trisyllable in the same speech*. So, p. 431,

"*Ben.* Tybalt, here slain, whom *Romeo's* [dissyll.] hand did slay;
Romeo [dissyll.] that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
. . . . . .
Retorts it: *Romeo* [trisyll.] he cries aloud,
. . . . . .
But by and by comes back to *Romeo* [trisyll.],
. . . . . .
And, as he fell, did *Romeo* [dissyll.] turn and fly," &c.

Again, p. 436,

"*Nur.* Hie to your chamber: I'll find *Romeo* [trisyll.]
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your *Romeo* [dissyll.] will be here at night," &c.

And p. 455,

"*Jul.* . . . . . .
Because he married me before to *Romeo* [dissyll.]?
. . . . . .
I wake before the time that *Romeo* [trisyll.]
. . . . . .
And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* [dissyll.] comes?" &c.—

1865. Mr. Grant White (note in his edition of *Shakespeare*) is now inclined to think that "the true view of the passage was taken by Warburton," who (as mentioned above) supposed that "runaway" meant Phœbus.—The Rev. W. R. Arrowsmith, after alluding to "the prodigious guesses at a substitute for 'runaways' in *Romeo and Juliet*, and the extravagant speculations touching the persons to whom it refers," writes thus; "It is supposed that to *wink* means only to *connive;* whereas, besides this its stricter sense, it also often signifies to close the eyes in sleep, in sound sleep. But however that may be, whether ignorance of such usage be at the bottom of their trouble with the recorded text or not, I defy the queasiest objector of them all to produce one solid reason for questioning the propriety of Shakespeare's expressing the desired secrecy of Romeo's visit by the darkness, under cover of which runaways, *i. e.* fugitives, may sleep secure from surprise, that shall not tell with equal force against the propriety of his expressing the quickness of a lover's hearing, by what is inaudible to the 'suspicious head of theft' (*Love's Labour's lost*, act iv. sc. 3). The conditions of secrecy in that case, and of silence in this, could not be exemplified by instances more happy in themselves, or more nearly allied to each other." *The Editor of 'Notes and Queries' and his friend Mr. Singer*, &c. p. 11.—I have only to add to this already too long note that my conviction of "runnawayes" being a gross corruption remains unshaken.

P. 433. (72) "*grown*"

The old eds. have "grow."

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P. 433. (73) "*than snow upon*"

So the undated quarto (a reading which, with Mr. Staunton, I now prefer).—This is not in the first quarto.—The quartos of 1599 and 1609, and the folio, have "*then* new *snow vpon*."—The second folio has "*than* new *snow* on."

P. 433. (74) "*And that bare vowel 'I' shall poison more*
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:"

"At his [Shakespeare's] time of day the affirmative adverb *Ay* was generally written I: and by this means it both becomes a vowel and answers in sound to *Eye*, upon which the conceit turns in the second line." THEOBALD.

P. 434. (75) "*shut,*"

The old eds. have "shot."

P. 434. (76) "*swoonèd*"

So the fourth folio.—The earlier eds. have "swounded" and "sounded."—See note 93 on *The Winter's Tale*.

P. 434. (77) "*Dove-feather'd raven!*"

The old eds. have "Rauenous *douefeatherd rauen*."

P. 435. (78) "*rear-ward*"

"Perhaps Collier's conjecture, '*rear-word*' is right." W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 437. (79)

"*Hence-banishèd is banish'd from the world,*
And world's exile is death:—then banishment
Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,"

The first quarto has

"*Hence banished, is banisht from the world:*
And world exilde *is death. Calling death banishment.*"

The later eds. have

"*Hence banished, is banisht from the world,*
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, mistermd, calling death banished."

P. 437. (80) "*rush'd*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "brush'd."

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P. 437. (81)

"*And steal immortal blessings from her lips;*
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not,—he is banishèd:
This may flies do, when I from this must fly:—
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd," &c.

So the folio, except that in the first line it has "blessing" (which was rightly altered to "*blessings*" in the fourth folio); and that it gives "*But Romeo may not,—he is banishèd*" after the line "*And say'st thou yet,*" &c., an error retained from the quartos of 1599 and 1609, and the undated quarto, where the passage stands thus;

"*And steale immortall* blessing *from her lips,*
Who euen in pure and vestall modestie
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin.
This may flyes do, when I from this must flie,
And sayest thou yet, that exile is not death?
But Romeo may not, he is banished.
Flies may do this, but I from this must flie:
They are freemen, but I am banished.
Hadst thou no poyson mixt," &c.—

Here the first quarto is much less full.

P. 437. (82) "*hear me a little speak.*"

I now, with Capell, Mr. Staunton, and Mr. Grant White, adopt this reading from the quartos of 1599, 1609, and the undated quarto.—The first quarto has "*heare me* but *speake* a word;" objectionable on account of the occurrence of "word" in the line immediately preceding this and in the second line after it. (The folio has only "*heare me speake.*")

P. 439. (83) "Fri. L. *O woful sympathy!*
Piteous predicament!"

"The old copies give these words to the Nurse. One may wonder the editors did not see that such language must necessarily belong to the Friar." FARMER,—whose alteration is approved of by Steevens, Malone, Walker, &c.

P. 440. (84) "*Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:—*"

So the quarto of 1637.—The quartos of 1599 and 1609 have "*Thou* puts vp *thy*," &c.—The undated quarto has "*Thou* powts *vpon* thy," &c.—All the folios have "*Thou* puttest *vp thy*," &c.—(In the first quarto the line stands thus, "*Thou* frownst *vpon thy* Fate that smiles on thee.")

P. 443. (85) "*Cynthia's brow;*"

The two Ms. Correctors—Mr. Collier's and Mr. Singer's—read "*Cynthia's* bow;" which may be right: but, as Mr. Staunton observes, Shakespeare has elsewhere allowed himself great latitude in the use of the word "*brow.*"

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P. 443. (86) "*chang'd*"

The old eds. have "change."—Corrected by Mason.

P. 443. (87)

"*Art thou gone so? my lord, my love, my friend!*"

So the first quarto; which reading I have preferred to that of the later eds.,

"*Art thou gone so*, Loue, Lord, ay husband, *friend*,"

because I have great doubts (though Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier have none) if the "ay" is to be understood as equivalent to "*yes*" (the usual old spelling of it in that sense being "*I*"). The editor of the second folio altered it to "ah;" for which perhaps it was intended.

P. 444. (88) "*Which you weep for.*"

Theobald printed "*Which you* do *weep for.*"

P. 444. (89) "*him!*"

Added in the undated quarto.

P. 445. (90) "*To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt*"

This line being imperfect in all the earlier eds., the editor of the second folio added "*Tybalt.*"—Malone says that the omitted word was more probably an epithet to "*cousin.*"—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "*To wreak the love I* ever *bore my cousin.*"

P. 445. (91) "*needful time:*"

"[Approved of by Walker] is the reading of the quarto 1597, and of most modern editions. The other old copies have '*needy* [*time*],' and so recent editors; but does not *needy* rather mean *beggarly, poverty-stricken*?" W. N. Lettsom,—note on Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 80.

P. 445. (92) "*these are news indeed!*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector assigns these words to Lady Capulet. But can any thing be plainer than that Juliet exclaims, "*these are news indeed!*" in reference to what her mother has said a little before, "But now I'll tell thee *joyful tidings*, girl"?

P. 446. (93) "*When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;*"

Mr. Collier, who (like Mr. Knight) gives "—— *the* earth *doth drizzle dew*," &c., observes here; "Malone says that the undated quarto has *air* for 'earth.' Such does not appear to be the case, according to Steevens's collation of it with the quarto 1609; and certainly every other ancient copy has 'earth,'

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which Malone fully justifies (though he prints *air*) by the following line from Shakespeare's 'Lucrece,'

'But as the *earth doth weep, the sun being set.*'"—

The undated quarto (in the British Museum) is now before me; and it gives the line exactly thus,

"*When the Sun sets, the Ayre doth drisle deaw,*" &c.

As to the passage from our author's *Lucrece*, Steevens showed long ago that it did *not* "justify" (what, indeed, could?) such an utter absurdity as "the EARTH DRIZZLING dew."

P. 446. (94)

"'*Proud,*'—*and* '*I thank you,*'—*and* '*I thank you not;*'—
And yet '*not proud:*'—*mistress minion, you,*"

"Read," says Mr. W. N. Lettsom,

"'Proud, and yet not proud, and, I thank you not,
And *yet*, I thank you, mistress minion you,' &c.

A transposition has taken place, and one '*yet*' fallen out."

P. 446. (95) "*fettle*"

The first quarto, and the second, third, and fourth folios have "settle."—The other old eds. have "fettle."—See Glossary.

P. 447. (96) "*had sent us*"

"So the first quarto, 1597. The subsequent ancient copies read 'had *lent* us.'" MALONE.—Though I here follow the earliest authority, I see nothing objectionable in the reading of the later old eds.

P. 447. (97) "*Peace,*"

Perhaps "*Peace*, peace."

P. 447. (98)

"*God's bread! it makes me mad: day, night, late, early,*
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd:"

The first quarto has

"*Gods* blessed mother wife *it* mads me,
Day, night, early, late, *at home, abroad,*
Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
Still my care hath beene to see *her matcht.*"

The later eds. have

"*Gods bread, it makes me mad.*
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,

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Alone in companie, still my care hath bene
To haue her matcht."—

I give the modern composite reading; which (as is remarked by Mr. Grant White, who, however, does not adopt it) "perhaps very nearly approaches what Shakespeare wrote, on the revision of the play."

P. 448. (99) "*As living here,*"

"Sir Thomas Hanmer reads 'As living *hence*,' that is, at a distance, in banishment; but '*here*' may signify '*in this world*'." JOHNSON.—I suspect that "*here*" is wrong. The line, p. 437, "*Hence* from Verona art thou banishèd," is corrupted, in the second and third quartos and in the folio, to "*Here* in Verona," &c.

P. 448. (100) "*What?*"

Hanmer prints "To *what?*" but it is more probable that we ought to read "*What* say you?" for the first quarto has "*What* say you Madame?"

P. 449. (101) "*cursèd fiend!*"

So the first quarto alone.—On the common reading, "wicked *fiend*," Walker remarks, "Almost as flat as '*deadly* murder,' King Henry V. iii. 3. '*Wither'd*,' I imagine; (scarcely '*wrinkled*')." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 228.

P. 449. (102) "*And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.*"

"If this kind of phraseology be justifiable, it can be justified only by supposing the meaning to be, *there is nothing of slowness in me, to induce me to slacken or abate his haste.*" MALONE.—"The sense appears to be, 'and I am not slow *in my own preparations for the wedding, to give him any reason* to slacken his hasty proceedings." STAUNTON.

P. 452. (103)

"*In thy best robes, uncover'd, on the bier,*
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault"

The first quarto has nothing which corresponds with this except the line,

"And when thou art laid in thy Kindreds Vault."—

The later eds. have

"*In thy best robes vncouered on the Beere,*
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou shall (and *shalt*) *be borne to that same ancient vault.*"

P. 452. (104) "*Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!*"

Probably the modern alteration, "*Give me*, O, give me! *tell*," &c., is what the poet wrote.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "O, give't me, give't me! *tell*," &c.: but I believe that the "it" is unnecessary here; compare *Macbeth*, act i. sc. 3, "'*Give me*,' quoth I."

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P. 452. (105) "*twenty cunning cooks.*"

"*Twenty cooks* for *half-a-dozen guests!* Either Capulet has altered his mind strangely, or our author forgot what he had just made him tell us. See p. 442." RITSON.—"This arose from his sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original. The scene referred to was his own invention; but here he has recollected the poem," &c. MALONE.

P. 454. (106) "*up her;*"

"Three lines below we have 'prepare him up,' and in p. 456 'trim her up.' In the first and third examples the old copies agree; in the second they are divided. Should not the preposition come last in all these cases, the pronoun not being emphatic?" W. N. LETTSOM.

P. 454. (107) "*Must I of force be married to the county?*"

Thus the quarto of 1597. . . . The subsequent ancient copies read . . [and much more tamely]

'*Shall* I be married *then to-morrow morning?*'" MALONE.

P. 455. (108)

"*No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—*"

The first quarto alone has

"*This shall forbid it.* Knife, *lye thou there:*"

and Mr. W. N. Lettsom—who remarks that "the omission of 'knife' is peculiarly awkward, as Juliet has been addressing the vial just before"—proposes

"*No, no;—this shall forbid it:*—knife, *lie thou there.*"

P. 455. (109) "*wake,*"

So the undated quarto.—The quartos of 1599 and 1609, and the folio, have "walke."—This line is not in the first quarto.

P. 455. (110)

"*Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.*"

So the first quarto.—The later eds. have the prodigious reading,

"*Romeo,* Romeo, Romeo, heeres drinke, *I drinke to thee;*"

a stage-direction, "*Heere drinke,*" having evidently crept into the text and become "heeres drinke."

At the close of this soliloquy the first quarto has "*She fals vpon her bed within the Curtaines,*" *i.e.* within the traverses: see my *Memoir of Shakespeare*, p. 42.

P. 456. (111) "Nurse. *Go, you cot-quean, go,*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 184) would assign this speech to Lady Capulet (as Singer does): but that alteration is forbidden at least by the first quarto, where the next speech stands thus;

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"*Cap:* I warrant thee Nurse I haue ere now watcht all night, and haue taken no harme at all."

Here the modern reading, "*Go*, go, *you cot-quean, go*," is probably what the author wrote.

P. 458. (112) "Fri. L. *Come, is the bride ready to go to church?*"

Mr. Staunton follows the first quarto in giving this speech to Paris: but would the deeply-enamoured Paris speak of his Juliet merely as "*the bride*"?

P. 458. (113) "*see*"

An addition from the passage as given in the first quarto;

> "*Hath Death laine with thy* bride, *flower as she* is,
> *Deflowerd by him, see*, where *she lyes*,
> *Death is my Sonne in Law*, to him I giue all that I haue."

P. 458. (114) "*But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,*"

"Possibly, 'one *dear* and loving child.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 295.

P. 459. (115) "*Dead art thou, dead!*"

The second "*dead*" was inserted by Theobald.—Malone conjectured "*Dead*, dead, *art thou!*" &c.

P. 459. (116) "*cure lives*"

The old eds. have "care *liues*."—Corrected by Theobald.—Here too Mr. W. N. Lettsom would alter "*lives*" to "lies." (*Live* and *lie*, as we have already seen, were frequently confounded by transcribers and printers.)

P. 459. (117) "*fond*"

So the second folio; which, whether the author's word or not, makes at least sense.—The earlier eds. (except the first quarto, where this is not found) have "some,"—which, though it makes downright nonsense, Mr. Knight retains and defends.

P. 460. (118) "*Then have at you with my wit!*"

This in the old eds. forms part of the preceding speech.

P. 460. (119) "*with my iron wit,*"

The first quarto has "*with my* wodden *wit.*"—The later eds. "*with* an *yron wit.*"

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P. 461. (120)

"*because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding :—*"

"Thus the quarto 1597.—The others [other eds.] read '*because* musicians [*have* no *gold for sounding*].' I should suspect that a fiddler made the alteration." STEEVENS.

P. 461. (121) "[Exit."

Most editors print "*Exit*, singing:" but surely Peter quotes the song without singing it.

P. 461. (122) "*the flattering eye of sleep*,"

So the first quarto.—The later eds. have "*the flattering* truth *of sleepe*."—Otway (in his *Caius Marius*, which is partly taken from *Romeo and Juliet*) reads "*the* flattery *of sleep*;" Warburton, "*the flattering* ruth *of sleep*;" Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, "*the flattering* death *of sleep*;" Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 234), "*the flattering* soother *sleep*;" and Mr. Grant White, "*the flattering* sooth *of sleep*."

P. 463. (123) "*Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes*,"

The quarto of 1599 and the subsequent eds. have "*Need and oppression* starueth *in* thy *eyes*" (quarto 1637, "*thine eyes*").—The first quarto, in the corresponding passage, has "And starued famine dwelleth in thy cheekes."—According to Malone, "the word '*starved*' in the first copy shows that '*starveth*' in the later copies is right:" but Ritson well observes that "'*Need and oppression*' cannot properly be said to '*starve*' in his eyes, though '*starved famine*' may be allowed to dwell in his cheeks."—Otway, who introduced this line into his *Caius Marius*, was the first to substitute "*stareth*" for the corruption "starveth,"—Otway being endowed with common sense, as well as with genius.

P. 463. (124) "*I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.*"

A writer in *The Westminster Review*, vol. xliv. p. 61, says that here "Mr. Knight very properly restores the reading of the second quarto and the first folio, 'pray:' the relation here is between Romeo's *earnestly repeated prayer* and the apothecary's *consent*: the moment for *paying* him is not yet arrived." But what does the writer understand by the concluding words of Romeo's preceding speech, "take *this*"? can he doubt that "*this*" means the gold which Romeo holds in his hand, ready to pay the Apothecary?

P. 465. (125) "*Under yond yew-trees*"

The first quarto has "*Vnder* this Ew-tree;" the later eds. have "*Vnder yond* young (and "yong") *trees*."

P. 465. (126) "*stand*"

i.e. remain; which I notice because Mr. Collier now prints, with his Ms. Corrector, "stay."

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P. 465. (127)

"*Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,*" &c.

Instead of this quatrain and couplet the first quarto alone has

"*Sweet Flower, with flowers* I strew thy Bridale bed:
Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite dost containe
The perfect modell of eternitie:
Faire Iuliet that with Angells dost remaine,
Accept this latest fauour at my hands,
That liuing honourd thee, and being dead
With funerall praises doo adorne thy Tombe."

P. 466. (128) "*bade*"

So quarto 1637.—The earlier eds. have "bid."

P. 466. (129) "*I do defy thy conjurations,*"

i.e. (as Malone properly explains it) "I refuse to do as thou conjurest me to do, *i.e.* to depart." Of "*conjuration*" in the sense of "earnest entreaty" we have an example in *A Pleasant Commodie, called Looke about you*, 1600;

"What needs more *coniuration*, gratious mother?" Sig. D 3.—

Here the first quarto reads as above.—The quarto of 1599 has "*I do defie thy* commiration" (where "commiration" is plainly a misprint for "coniuration;" the editor of that quarto preferring the word in the singular).—The later eds. have "*I do defie thy* commisseration" (and "commiseration"); the person who first substituted "commisseration" for "commiration" being without an ear for verse, and thinking that he set all right by the change.

P. 467. (130) "*Dead, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.*"

The old eds. have "Death *lie thou*," &c.—But surely the sense demands the very slight alteration which is now made, and which I owe to Mr. W. N. Lettsom; who observes that "in all the old eds. 'death' occurs at the end of the next line and in the middle of the third line after this,—also in all the old eds., except the first quarto, at the beginning of the fifth line after this."

On the words "*by a dead man interr'd*" Malone remarks, "Romeo being now determined to put an end to his life, considers himself as already dead." (Capell had anticipated Malone in remarking that Romeo here means himself. *Notes*, &c. vol. ii. P. iv. p. 21.)

P. 467. (131) "*Ah, dear Juliet,*
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous;"

In the first quarto this passage is much less full.—The three subsequent quartos and the folio have

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"*Ah deare Iuliet*
Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleeue,
Shall I beleeue, that vnsubstantiall death is amorous;"

where "I will believe" and "*Shall I believe*" are evidently *variæ lectiones*, which, by some mistake, have *both* crept into the text.

P. 468. (132)

"*And never from this palace of dim night*
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms," &c.

Here again the first quarto is much less full.—The undated quarto reads as above.—The quartos of 1599 and 1609 and the folio have

"*And neuer from this* pallat (and "*pallace*") *of dym night*
Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme (*the folio* "armes"),
Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.
O true Appothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
Depart againe, here, here, will I remaine,
With wormes," &c.

P. 468. (133) "*my*"

The old eds. have "thy."—"'*My*' surely," says Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 228); not knowing that the correction had been made long ago.

P. 468. (134) "*this yew-tree*"

The old eds. have "*this* yong (and "young) *tree*."

P. 469. (135) "*I dare no longer stay.*"

Capell prints "*I dare* stay no longer."

P. 469. (136) "*O churl! drink all, and leave no friendly drop*
To help me after!"

The first quarto has only

"Ah *churle drinke all, and leaue no* drop for me."

The quarto of 1599 has

"*O churle*, drunke *all, and* left *no friendly drop*
To helpe me after."

The quarto of 1609, the undated quarto, and the folio have

"*O churle, drinke all, and* left *no friendly drop,*
To helpe me after."

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P. 469. (137) "*O happy dagger!*
This is thy sheath [Stabs herself]; *there rest, and let me die.*"

The first quarto has

"*O happy dagger* thou shalt end my feare,
Rest in my bosome, thus I come to thee."—

The other old eds. read as in the text, except that they have "*there* rust *and let me dye*" (the folio having besides "'Tis in *thy sheath*").—I believe "rust" to be a decided error: at such a moment the thoughts of Juliet were not likely to wander away to the *future rusting* of the dagger; she only wishes it, by *resting* in her bosom as in its sheath, to give her instant death. —Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "rust" to "*rest*;" "which word," says Mr. Collier, "we on all accounts prefer. As the Rev. Mr. Dyce remarks, &c. . . . . It may be added, that if short-hand were employed in the original publication of this play, the words 'rest' and '*rust*' would be spelt with the same letters."—But Mr. Grant White is decidedly opposed to the reading "rest," having preferred it, he tells us, only "when he was green in judgment."

P. 470. (138) "*We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;*"

"Surely a line is lost previous to this, rhyming to

'But the true ground of all these piteous woes.'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 74. — (Johnson proposed to restore the alternate rhymes in the last four lines of this speech by making the first of them end with "*Some others* go:" and the third with "*all* this *piteous* woe.")

P. 471. (139) "*our*"

The old eds. have "your."—Corrected by Johnson.

P. 471. (140)

"*Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;*
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?"

The corresponding speech in the first quarto is;

"Dread Souereigne, my Wife is dead to night,
And yong Benuolio is deceased too:
What further mischiefe can there yet be found?"

and I am inclined to think that the second of these lines, "And yong Benvolio is deceased too," ought to be inserted, in a modern text, after "*Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath;*" for, as Ritson observes, "the line, which gives an account of Benvolio's death, was probably thrown in to account for his absence from this interesting scene."

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P. 471. (141) "*Look, and thou shalt see.*"

"These words, as they stand, being of no kindred to metre, we may fairly suppose that some others have been casually omitted. Perhaps our author wrote

'Look *in this monument*, and thou shalt see.'"

STEEVENS.—

I suspect that we ought to read "*Look* here (*or* "there"), *and thou shalt see.*"

P. 471. (142) "*Seal up the mouth of outrage*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "*Seal up the mouth of* outcry;" which Mr. Collier adopts in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, pronouncing the old reading to be "almost nonsense." But compare, in *The First Part of King Henry VI.* act iv. sc. 1,

"Presumptuous vassals, are you not asham'd
With this immodest clamorous *outrage*
To trouble and disturb the king and us?"

and, in a play written long after Shakespeare's days, Settle's *Female Prelate*, &c. 1680, p. 30,

"*Silence his outrage* in a jayl, away with him!"

P. 478. (143) "*gloomy*"

"Is the reading of the old copy in 1597; for which '*glooming*' was substituted in that of 1599." MALONE.

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TIMON OF ATHENS.

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TIMON OF ATHENS.

First printed in the folio of 1623.—At what date it was written we cannot ascertain; probably about 1610, to which year Malone assigns it. — "The story of the Misanthrope is told in almost every collection of the time, and particularly in two books with which Shakespeare was intimately acquainted; *The Palace of Pleasure* [by Painter,—see the Twenty-Eighth Novel of vol. i., —"*Of the straunge and beastlie nature of Timon of Athens, enemie to mankinde, with his death, buriall, and epitaphe*"], and the English Plutarch [North's translation,—see the Life of Antony]. Indeed, from a passage in an old play called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, I conjecture that he had before made his appearance on the stage." Farmer. "The passage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment, or Pasquil and Katherine*, 1601, is this;

'Come [, come, now] I'll be as sociable as *Timon of Athens*' [sig. B 4]:

but the allusion is so slight, that it might as well have been borrowed from Plutarch or the novel." Steevens. "There is a Ms. comedy now extant, on the subject of Timon, which, from the hand-writing and the style, appears to be of the age of Shakespeare. In this piece a steward is introduced, under the name of Laches, who, like Flavius in that of our author, endeavours to restrain his master's profusion, and faithfully attends him when he is forsaken by all his other followers. Here too a mock-banquet is given by Timon to his false friends; but, instead of warm water, stones painted like artichokes are served up, which he throws at his guests. From a line in Shakespeare's play [the last line of act iii.] one might be tempted to think that something of this sort was introduced by him; though, through the omission of a marginal direction in the only ancient copy of this piece, it has not been customary to exhibit it;

'*2d Senator.* Lord Timon's mad.
3d Sen. I feel 't upon my bones.
4th Sen. One day he gives us diamonds, next day *stones*.'

[On which passage Steevens notes; "As Timon has thrown nothing at his worthless guests except warm water and empty dishes, I am induced, with Mr. Malone, to believe that the more ancient drama had been read by our author, and that he supposed he had introduced from it the 'painted *stones*' as part of his banquet; though in reality he had omitted them. The present mention therefore of such missiles appears to want propriety."*] This comedy (which is evidently the production of a scholar, many lines of Greek being introduced into it) appears to have been written after Ben Jonson's

* 1865. "It has been inferred from the mention of *stones* in this line ['One day he gives us diamonds, next day *stones*'] that Shakespeare was not unacquainted with the old Academic drama noticed in the Introduction, where 'painted stones' form part of the banquet; but the traces of a feebler hand than his are so evident and so frequent in the present play, that we think, with Mr. Knight, the dialogue which concludes this act was probably a portion of the old piece, which, recast and improved by Shakespeare, forms the tragedy before us. When, in remodelling the stage-business, he caused the feast to consist of warm water in lieu of stones, he perhaps neglected to cancel the line above." Staunton. Perhaps so.

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Every Man out of his Humour (1599), to which it contains a reference; but I have not discovered the precise time when it was composed. If it were ascertained, it might be some guide to us in fixing the date of our author's *Timon of Athens*, which, on the grounds that have been already stated, I suppose to have been posterior to this anonymous play." MALONE, *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 455. The same writer (*Prelim. Remarks to Timon of Athens*) observes, that in the play just described Shakespeare also found "the story of Timon's being possessed of great sums of gold which he had dug up in the woods; a circumstance which he could not have had from Lucian, there being then no translation of the dialogue that relates to this subject."—The Ms. of the anonymous *Timon* having fallen into my possession, it was printed for the Shakespeare Society in 1842. That our poet had any acquaintance with it, I much doubt; for it certainly was never performed in London,—being a drama intended solely for the amusement of an academic audience.

But that there was *some* old drama now lost, of which Shakespeare made use for this tragedy, and of which not a few traces may be found in it, is, I think, sufficiently manifest, though Coleridge, speaking of our author's play in his Lectures, declared that "he saw the same vigorous hand at work throughout."

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS,
SEMPRONIUS, } lords, and flatterers of Timon.

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian general.

APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher.

FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian.

FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS,
SERVILIUS, } servants to Timon.

CAPHIS,*
PHILOTUS,
TITUS,
HORTENSIUS,
And others, } servants to Timon's creditors.

A Page. A Fool. Three Strangers.

PHRYNIA,
TIMANDRA, } mistresses to Alcibiades.

Cupid and Amazons in the masque.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti, and Attendants.

SCENE—*Athens and the woods adjoining.*

* "*Caphis* may be *Capys*." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 31.

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TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens. A hall in* TIMON'S *house.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, *and others, at several doors.*

Poet. Good day, sir.
Pain. I am glad you're well.
Poet. I have not seen you long: how goes the world?
Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.
Poet. Ay, that's well known:
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.
Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.
Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord.
Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.
Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness:
He passes.
Jew. I have a jewel here—
Mer. O, pray, let's see't: for the Lord Timon, sir?
Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but, for that—
Poet. [*reading from his poem*] "When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good."
Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking at the jewel.*
Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

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Pain. You're rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.
Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes[1]
From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.[2]—What have you there?
Pain. A picture, sir.—When comes your book forth?
Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.—
Let's see your piece.
Pain. 'Tis a good piece.
Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.
Pain. Indifferent.
Poet. Admirable: how this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.
Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is't good?
Poet. I will say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, *and pass over.*

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!
Poet. The senators of Athens:—happy man![3]
Pain. Look, more!
Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath-world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax:[4] no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no track behind.
Pain. How shall I understand you?
Poet. I'll unbolt to you.

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You see how all conditions, how all minds—
As well of glib and slippery creatures as
Of grave and austere quality—tender down
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir,
I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: the base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her:
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.(5)

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,—
Some better than his value,—on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,

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Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,[6]
Not one accompanying his declining foot.
Pain. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's[7]
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, *attended; a* Servant *of* VENTIDIUS *talking with him;* LUCILIUS *and other* Attendants *following.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?
Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord; five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing him[8]
Periods his comfort.
Tim. Noble Ventidius!—Well;
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he most needs me.[9] I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,—
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.
Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.
Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.
Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.
Tim. Freely, good father.
Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.
Tim. I have so: what of him?
Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.
Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!
Luc. [*coming forward*] Here, at your lordship's service.
Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;

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And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd
Than one which holds a trencher.
Tim. Well; what further?
Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.
Tim. The man is honest.
Old Ath. Therefore he will be,[10] Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.
Tim. Does she love him?
Old Ath. She is young and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.
Tim. [*to Lucilius*] Love you the maid?
Luc. Ay, my good lord; and she accepts of it.
Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.
Tim. How shall she be endow'd,[11]
If she be mated with an equal husband?
Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future, all.
Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long:
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.
Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.
Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.
Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!

[*Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.*

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Poet. [*presenting his poem*] Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. [*presenting his painting*] A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prizèd by their masters: believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here:
Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We'll bear, with[12] your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus.

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

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Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus?

Apem. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You're a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehendest it: take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost[13] a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet!

Poet. How now, philosopher!

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feigned,—he is so.

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Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. E'en as Apemantus does now,—hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.[14]—Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet sounds within. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.—
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*
You must needs dine with me:—go not you hence
Till I have thank'd you;—you, when dinner's done,[15]
Show me this piece:—I'm joyful of your sights.

Enter ALCIBIADES *and his* Company, *with* Attendants.
Most welcome, sir! [*They salute.*

Apem. So, so, there!—
Achès[16] contract and starve your supple joints!—
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this court'sy! The strain of man 's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir!
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt all except Apemantus.*

Enter two Lords.

First Lord. What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

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Apem. Time to be honest.

First Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The more[17] accursèd thou, that still omitt'st it.

Sec. Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?

Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

Sec. Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

Sec. Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

First Lord. Hang thyself!

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

Sec. Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence!

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. [*Exit.*

First Lord. He's opposite to humanity.—Come, shall we in,
And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

Sec. Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

First Lord. The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man.

Sec. Lord. Long may he live
In fortunes!—Shall we in?

First Lord.[18] I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A room of state in* TIMON'S *house.*

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS *and others attending; then enter* TIMON,[19] ALCIBIADES, Lords, Senators, *and* VENTIDIUS. *Then comes, dropping after all,* APEMANTUS, *discontentedly.*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon,

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It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.[20]
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love:
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our betters[21] play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit!

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.*

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*

First Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus,—you are welcome.

Apem. No;
You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou'rt a churl; you've got a humour there
Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.—
They say, my lords, *Ira furor brevis est;*
But yond man is ever[22] angry.—
Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon:
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an Athenian, therefore welcome: I myself would have no power; prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

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Apem. I scorn thy meat;[24] 'twould choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods, what a number of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see
So many dip their meat in one man's blood;
And all the madness is, he cheers them up too.[24]
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow that sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges[25] the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: 't has been proved. If I
Were a huge man, I should[26] fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. [*to a Lord who drinks to him*] My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

Sec. Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way![27] A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well.—Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon.—
Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner,[28]
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This and my food are equals; there's no odds:
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus' grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to 't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root. [*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich[29] thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

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Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies, then, that thou[30] mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em!

First Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em; and would most resemble sweet instruments[31] hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy,[32] e'en made away ere 't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

Sec. Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

Third Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much! [*Tucket sounded within.*

Tim. What means that trump?

Enter a Servant.

How now!

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

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Tim. Ladies! what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy[33] Timon;—and to all
That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom:[34]
Th' ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;—
These only now come but to feast thine eyes.[35]

Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:—
Music, make their welcome![36] [*Exit Cupid.*

First Lord.[37] You see, my lord, how ample you're belov'd.

Music. Re-enter CUPID, *with a Masque of* Ladies *as Amazons with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.[38]
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up agen,
With poisonous spite and envy.
Who lives, that's not depravèd or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?[39]
I should fear those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords *rise from table, with much adoring of* TIMON; *and to show their loves, each singles out an* Amazon, *and all dance; men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,[40]

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Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You've added worth unto 't and lively[41] lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for 't.

First Lady.[42] My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you: Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.*

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—[*Aside*] More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in 's humour;
Else I should tell him,—well, i' faith, I should,—[43]
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. [*Exit.*

First Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

Sec. Lord. Our horses!

Re-enter FLAVIUS *with the casket.*

Tim. O my friends,
I've one word to say to you:—look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much
As to advance this jewel; accept and wear it,[44]
Kind my lord.

First Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They're fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

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Tim. Near! why, then, another time I'll hear thee:
I prithee,
Let's be provided to show them entertainment.
Flav. [*aside*] I scarce know how.

Enter a second Servant.

Sec. Serv. May it please your honour, Lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.
Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now! what news?
Third Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.
Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.
Flav. [*aside*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer:
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good:
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes
For every word: he 's so kind, that he now
Pays interest for 't; his land 's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*
Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:—
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.
Sec. Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

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Third Lord. O, he's the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember,[45] my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

First Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,
In that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man
Can justly praise but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true.—I'll call to you.[46]

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defil'd land,[47] my lord.

First Lord. We are so virtuously bound—

Tim. And so
Am I to you.

Sec. Lord. So infinitely endear'd—

Tim. All to you.—Lights, more lights!

First Lord. The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes,[48] keep with you, Lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt all except Apemantus and Timon.*

Apem. What a coil 's here!
Serving of becks, and jutting-out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I should be bribed too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear

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me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:[49] what need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music. [*Exit.*

Apem. So; thou wilt not hear me now,—
Thou shalt not then, I'll lock thy heaven from thee.—
O that men's ears should be[50]
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Athens. A room in a* Senator's *house.*

Enter a Senator, *with papers in his hand.*

Sen. And late, five thousand;—to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand;—besides my former sum,
Which makes it five-and-twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy ten more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
Ten able horses:[51] no porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety.[52]—Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon;
Impórtune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd when—
"Commend me to your master"—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, sirrah,[53]

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My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit: I love and honour him;
But must not break my back to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspéct,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.(54)

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A hall in* TIMON'S *house.*

Enter FLAVIUS, *with many bills in his hand.*

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.(55)
What shall be done? he will not hear, till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, *and the* Servants *of* ISIDORE *and* VARRO.(56)

Caph. Good even, Varro: what,
You come for money?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is:—and yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

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Caph. Would we were all discharg'd!
Var. Serv. I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, *and* Lords, *&c.*

Tim. So soon as dinner's done we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me? what is your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues! Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.
Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit
In giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honest friend,
I prithee, but repair to me next morning.
Caph. Nay, good my lord,—
Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.
Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—
Isid. Serv. From Isidore;
He humbly prays your speedy payment,—(57)
Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—
Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks
And past,—
Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.
Tim. Give me breath.—
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
I'll wait upon you instantly. [*Exeunt Alcibiades and Lords.*
[*To Flav.*] Come hither: pray you,
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,(58)
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?
Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease till after dinner;

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That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends.—
See them well entertain'd. [*Exit.*

Flav. Pray,[59] draw near. [*Exit.*

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus: let's ha' some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Enter APEMANTUS *and* Fool.[60]

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself.—[*To the Fool*] Come away.

Isid. Serv. [*to Var. Serv.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou'rt not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question.[61]—Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: how does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress'[62] page.

Enter Page.

Page. [*to the Fool*] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably!

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Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die, then, that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

Apem. E'en so thou outrunnest grace. [*Exit Page.*] Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merrily;[63] but they enter my mistress'[64] house merrily, and go away sadly: the reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it, then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime 't appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than 's artificial one: he is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

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Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime the philosopher.

[*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Tim. You make me marvel: wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expense
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I propos'd.[65]

Tim. Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,[66]
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I've shook my head and wept;
Yea, 'gainst th' authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd[67] lord,
Though you hear now—too late—yet now's a time,[68]
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

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Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word:
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!
Tim. You tell me true.
Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,
Call me before th' exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.[69]
Tim. Prithee, no more.
Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! Who is not Lord Timon's?[70]
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.
Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;[71]
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.
Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!
Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.—
Within there! Flaminius![72] Servilius!

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Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, *and other* Servants.

Servants. My lord? my lord?—

Tim. I will dispatch you severally:—[*to Servil.*] you to Lord Lucius;—[*to Flam.*] to Lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his honour to-day;—[*to another Serv.*] you to Sempronius: commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

[*Exit with Servilius and another Servant.*

Flav. [*aside*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum!

Tim. [*to another Serv.*] Go you, sir, to the senators,—
Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing; bid 'em send o' th' instant
A thousand talents to me. [*Exit Servant.*

Flav. I have been bold—
For that I knew it the most general way—
To them to use your signet and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can 't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not what—[73]
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity;—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
I[74] prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.—

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[*To another Serv.*] Go to Ventidius,—[*to Flav.*] Prithee, be not sad,
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee:—[*to the same Serv.*] Ventidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents. [*Exit Serv.*
[*To Flav.*] That had, give 't these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would I could not think it: that thought is bounty's foe:
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Athens. A room in* LUCULLUS' *house.*

FLAMINIUS *waiting. Enter a* Servant *to him.*

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*aside*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night.—Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine. [*Exit Serv.*] —And how does that honourable, complete, freehearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

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Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la, — "nothing doubting," says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I ha' told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from 't.

Re-enter Servant, *with wine.*

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee. [*Drinks, and then gives him wine.*

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—[*To Serv.*] Get you gone, sirrah. [*Exit Serv.*]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou sawest me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,
And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damnèd baseness,
To him that worships thee! [*Throwing the money back.*

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit.*

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!

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Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave
Unto his honour has my lord's meat in him:[75]
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?[76]
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. A public place.*

Enter LUCIUS, *with three* Strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

First Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours,—now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

Sec. Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents;[77] nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How!

Sec. Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some little kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.[78]

Enter SERVILIUS.

Servil. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have swet to see his honour.—[*To Lucius*] My honoured lord,—

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Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Servil. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Servil. 'Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.[79]

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Servil. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Servil. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour![80]—Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do,[81]—the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done 't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind: — and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Servil. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

[*Exit Servilius.*

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;
And he that's once denied will hardly speed. [*Exit.*

First Stran. Did you observe this, Hostilius?

Sec. Stran. Ay, too well.

First Stran. Why, this
Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece

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Is every flatterer's spirit.[82] Who can call him
His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man[83]
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!—
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

Third Stran. Religion groans at it.

First Stran. For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor e'er[84] came any of his bounties o'er me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: but I perceive
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in* SEMPRONIUS' *house.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *and a* Servant *of* TIMON'S.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't,—hum!—'bove all others?
He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these three[85]
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord, they
Have all been touch'd, and found base metal; for
They've all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him?

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Have Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? hum!—[86]
It shows but little love or judgment in him:
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrice give him over:[87] must I take the cure upon me?
'Has much disgrac'd me in 't; I'm angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for 't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No:
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I'[88] be thought a fool.
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
'Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I'd such[89] a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join:
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin. [*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic,—he crossed himself by 't: and I cannot think but, in the end, the villanies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set all realms on fire:
Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's last[90] hope; now all are fled,
Save the gods only:[91] now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house. [*Exit.*

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SCENE IV. *The same. A hall in* TIMON'S *house.*

Enter two Servants *of* VARRO, *and the* Servant *of* LUCIUS, *meeting* TITUS, HORTENSIUS, *and other* Servants *of* TIMON'S *creditors, waiting his coming out.*

First Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius![92]
What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and I think
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And Sir Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him:
You must consider that a prodigal course[93]
Is like the sun's;
But not, like his, recoverable. I fear
'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how t' observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

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Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes;
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

First Var. Serv. Yes, mine 's three thousand crowns: what's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

First Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! — Sir, a word: pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. [*Exit.*

Enter FLAVIUS *in a cloak, muffled.*

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

Both Var. Serv.[94] By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do ye ask of me, my friends?[95]

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay,[96]
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they could smile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th' interest into their gluttonous maws.
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:

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Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. [*Exit.*

First Var. Serv. How! what does his cashiered worship mutter?

Sec. Var. Serv. No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Servil. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from 't; for, take 't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent: his comfortable temper has forsook him; he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not sick:
And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Servil. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer,[97] sir.

Flam. [*within*] Servilius, help!—My lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, *in a rage;* FLAMINIUS *following.*

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.[98]

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.

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Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord,—
Tim. Cut my heart in sums.
Tit. Mine, fifty talents.
Tim. Tell out my blood.
Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.
Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—What yours?—and yours?
First Var. Serv. My lord,—
Sec. Var. Serv. My lord,—
Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [*Exit.*

Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves. Creditors!—devils.
Flav. My dear lord,—
Tim. What if it should be so?
Flav. My lord,—
Tim. I'll have it so.—My steward!
Flav. Here, my lord.
Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:[99]
I'll once more feast the rascals.
Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left to furnish out
A moderate table.
Tim. Be 't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. The senate-house.*

The Senate sitting.

First Sen. My lords,[100] you have my voice to it; the fault 's

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Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
Sec. Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.[101]

Enter ALCIBIADES, *attended.*

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!
First Sen. Now, captain?
Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into 't.
He is a man, setting his fault aside,[102]
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice,
An[103] honour in him which buys out his fault;
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,[104]
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave[105] his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.
First Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set
Quarrelling upon the head of valour; which
Indeed is valour misbegot, and came
Into the world when sects and factions
Were newly born:
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs
His outsides,—to wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!
Alcib. My lords,—[106]

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First Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear:
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.
Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain:—
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy?[107] If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why, then, women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And the ass more captain than the lion; the felon[108]
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.
Sec. Sen. You breathe in vain.
Alcib. In vain! his service done
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium
Were a sufficient briber for his life.
First Sen. What's that?
Alcib. Why, I say,[109] my lords, 'has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!
Sec. Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em,[110] he
Is a sworn rioter: he has a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no more foes, that were enough[111]
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages
And cherish factions: 'tis inferr'd to us
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.
First Sen. He dies.
Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.

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My lords, if not for any parts in him,—
Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none,—yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both:
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honours to you, upon his good return.[112]
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

First Sen. We are for law,—he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.[113]

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

Sec. Sen. How!

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Third Sen. What!

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be I should prove so base
To sue, and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.

First Sen. Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me!
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

First Sen. If after two days' shine Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit,[114]
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself
Rich only in large hurts;—all those for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate

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Pours into captains' wounds? Ha, banishment![115]
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;[116]
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The same. A magnificent room in* TIMON'S *house.*

Music. Tables set out: Servants *attending. Enter, at several doors, divers* Lords,[117]—LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS,—Senators, &c.; *and* VENTIDIUS.

First Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

Sec. Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

First Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

Sec. Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

First Lord. I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions[118] did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

Sec. Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

First Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

Sec. Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

First Lord. A thousand pieces.

Sec. Lord. A thousand pieces!

First Lord. What of you?

Sec. Lord. He sent to me, sir,[119]—Here he comes.

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Enter TIMON *and* Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—and how fare you?

First Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

Sec. Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing[120] than we your lordship.

Tim. [*aside*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile,[121] if they will fare so harshly. O, the trumpets sound; we shall to 't presently.

First Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

Sec. Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend,—what cheer?[122]

Sec. Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on 't, sir.

Sec. Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together. [*The banquet brought in.*

Sec. Lord. All covered dishes!

First Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

Third Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

First Lord. How do you? What's the news?

Third Lord. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

First and Sec. Lord. Alcibiades banished!

Third Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

First Lord. How! how!

Sec. Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

Third Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

Sec. Lord. This is the old man still.

Third Lord. Will 't hold? will 't hold?

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Sec. Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

Third Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.—

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. The rest of your foes,[122] O gods, —the senators of Athens, together with the common lag[124] of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.—

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes are uncovered, and seen to be full of warm water.*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who, stuck and spangled with your flattery,[125]
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[*Throwing the water in their faces.*

Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite maladies[126]
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?

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Soft! take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou;—
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*[127]
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Company.[128]

First Lord. How now, my lords!

Sec. Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

Third Lord. Push! did you see my cap?

Fourth Lord. I have lost my gown.

First Lord. He's but a mad lord, and naught but humour[129] sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—did you see my jewel?

Third Lord. Did you see my cap?

Sec. Lord.[130] Here 'tis.

Fourth Lord. Here lies my gown.

First Lord. Let's make no stay.

Sec. Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

Third Lord. I feel 't upon my bones.

Fourth Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.[131] [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the walls of Athens.*

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert o' th' instant, green virginity,—
Do 't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;

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Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound-servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law: maid, to thy master's bed,—
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! son[132] of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live![133]—Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all th' Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee
But nakedness, thou détestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
Th' unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all—
Th' Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
Amen. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Athens. A room in* TIMON'S *house.*

Enter FLAVIUS, *with two or three* Servants.

First Serv. Hear you, master steward,—where's our master?

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Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?
Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.
First Serv. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!
Sec. Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars from his buried fortunes
Slink all away;[184] leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.
Third Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,—
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.
Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let 's yet be fellows; let 's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
"We have seen better days." Let each take some;
[*Giving them money.*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[*Servants embrace, and part several ways.*
O the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who 'd be so mock'd with glory? or so live
But in a dream of friendship?

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To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,[135]
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,[136]
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who, then, dares to be half so kind agen?
For bounty, that makes gods, does[137] still mar men.
My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched,—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends; nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out:
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The woods. Before* TIMON'S *cave.*

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O blessèd-breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,[138]
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord;
The senator shall bear[139] contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the rother's[140] sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, "This man's a flatterer"? if one be,
So are they all; for every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learnèd pate
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;

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There's nothing level in our cursèd natures,
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!
[*Digging.*
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison!—What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist:[141] roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? what[142] this, you gods? Why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout[143] men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless th' accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: this is it[144]
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To th' April day again. Come, damnèd earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—[*March within.*] Ha! a drum?—
Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner;* PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there?
Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?

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Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.
Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.
Tim. I know thee too; and more than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:[145]
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.
Phry. Thy lips rot off!
Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.
Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.
Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.
Alcib. What is it, Timon?
Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!
Alcib. I've heard in some sort of thy miseries.
Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.
Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessèd time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
Timan. Is this th' Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?
Tim. Art thou Timandra?
Timan. Yes.
Tim. Be a whore still: they love thee not that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.[146]
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheek'd youth to
The tub-fast[147] and the diet.

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Timan. Hang thee, monster!
Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I've heard, and griev'd,
How cursèd Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—
Tim. I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.
Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.
Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here's some gold for thee.
Tim. Keep 't, I cannot eat it.
Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—
Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?
Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.
Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest; and
Thee after, when thou'st conquer'd!
Alcib. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That, by killing of villains, thou wast born to conquer
My country.[148]
Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,—
He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron,—
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars[149] bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set down[150] horrible traitors: spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy[151] throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;[152]

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Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

Phr. and Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd.[153] Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,
Th' immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats: yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contráry: and thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold:—what then?—
Believe 't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring.[154] Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
That scolds[155] against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,

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Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. and Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I've given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens!—Farewell, Timon:
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take
Thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—Strike!

[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Timandra.*

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou, [*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose[156] self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all th' abhorrèd births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,[157]
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all[158] above

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Never presented!—O, a root,—dear thanks!—
Dry up thy marrows, vines,[159] and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!—

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? plague, plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a dog,
Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;[160]
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune.[161] Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears like tapsters that bid welcome[162]
To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou'st cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd[163] trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip where[164] thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhousèd trunks,

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To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O, thou shalt find—
Tim. A fool of thee: depart.
Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.
Tim. I hate thee worse.
Apem. Why?
Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.
Apem. I flatter not; but say thou art a caitiff.
Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?
Apem. To vex thee.[165]
Tim. Always a villain's office or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. What! a knave too?
Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly: thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.
Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command,[166] thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves

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Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,[167]
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she-beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone!—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Gnawing a root.*

Apem. Here; I'll mend thy feast.
[*Offering him something.*

Tim. First mend my[168] company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest;
For here it sleeps, and does no hirèd harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

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Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: when thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume they mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An th' hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the

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lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter:[169] the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: when I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse!

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—
I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.[170]

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me that thou art alive;
I swoon[171] to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I'm sorry I shall lose
A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!
[*Apemantus retreats backward, as going.*
I'm sick of this false world; and will love naught
But even the mere necessities upon 't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

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Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural son and sire![172] thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. [*coming forward*] Would 'twere so!—
But not till I am dead.—I'll say thou'st gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to!

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I prithee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die! [*Exit Apemantus.*] I am quit.—[173]
More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.[174]

Enter Banditti.

First Ban. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: the mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends,[175] drove him into this melancholy.

Sec. Ban. It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

Third Ban. Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for 't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it?

Sec. Ban. True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

First Ban. Is not this he?

Banditti. Where?

Sec. Ban. 'Tis his description.

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Third Ban. He; I know him.
Banditti. Save thee, Timon.
Tim. Now, thieves?
Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.
Tim. Both too; and women's sons.
Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.
Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.[176] Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots; Within this mile break forth a hundred springs; The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips; The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?
First Ban. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water, As beasts and birds and fishes.
Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes; You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con, That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft In limited professions. Rascal thieves, Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape, Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth, And so scape hanging: trust not the physician; His antidotes are poison, and he slays More than you rob: take wealth and lives together; Do villany,[177] do, since you protest[178] to do't, Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery: The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief, And her pale fire she snatches from the sun: The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief, That feeds and breeds by a composture stol'n From general excrement: each thing's a thief: The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves: away, Rob one another. There's more gold. Cut throats; All that you meet are thieves. To Athens go: Break open shops; nothing can you steal, but thieves Do lose it: steal not[179] less for this I give you;

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And gold confound you howsoe'er! Amen.

[*Timon retires to his cave.*

Third Ban. 'Has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

First Ban. 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

Sec. Ban. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

First Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no[180] time so miserable but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Banditti.*

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yond despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing?
O monument and wonder of good deeds
Evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour
Has desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies!
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me than those that do!—
'Has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.

TIMON *comes forward from his cave.*

My dearest master!

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt man,[181] I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:[182]
I ne'er had honest man about me, I;
All I kept were knaves, to serve-in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,

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Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—come nearer;—then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
T' accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.[183]
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You[184] perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim[185]
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind!
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou mightst have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,—
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,—
Is not thy kindness subtle-covetous,
If not a usuring kindness,[186] and, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You should have fear'd false times when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where[187] an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatchèd mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,[188]

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For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I'd exchange[189]
For this one wish,—that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest man,
Here, take:—the gods, out of my misery,
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy,
But thus condition'd:—thou shalt build from men;
Hate all, curse all; show charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing; be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st
Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou'rt blessed and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exit Flavius. Timon retires to his cave.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The woods. Before* TIMON'S *cave.*

Enter Poet *and* Painter;[190] TIMON *watching them from his cave.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

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Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too,—tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it. [*Timon advances a little.*

Tim. [*aside*] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. [*aside*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,[191]
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. [*aside*] I'll meet you at the turn.—What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!

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'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam;
Settlest admirèd reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship![192] and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!—
Fit I meet them. [*Comes forward.*

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master!

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorrèd spirits!—
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—[193]
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being!—I'm rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see 't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you're honest men.

Pain. We're hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. Ye're honest men: ye've heard that I have gold;
I'm sure you have: speak truth; ye're honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.

Tim. Good honest men!—Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou'rt, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. E'en so, sir, as I say.—And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—

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But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.
Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.
Tim. You'll take it ill.
Both. Most thankfully, my lord.
Tim. Will you, indeed?
Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.
Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.
Both. Do we, my lord?
Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,[194]
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd
That he's a made-up villain.
Pain. I know none such, my lord.
Poet. Nor I.
Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.
Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.
Tim. You that way, and you this,—but two in company:[195]
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
[*To the Pain.*] If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
Come not near him.—[*To the Poet*] If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence, pack! there's gold,—you came for gold, ye slaves:
[*To the Pain.*] You have done work for me, there's payment: hence!—[196]
[*To the Poet*] You are an alchemist, make gold of that:—
Out, rascal dogs!

[*Beats and drives them out, and then retires to his cave.*

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Enter FLAVIUS *and two* Senators.

Flav. It is in vain[197] that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

First Sen. Bring us to his cave:
It is our pact[198] and promise to th' Athenians
To speak with Timon.

Sec. Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance[199] it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here![200] Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: th' Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

TIMON *comes from his cave.*

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing[201] to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

First Sen. Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

First Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

First Sen. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

Sec. Sen. They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general-gross:
And now the public body,—which doth seldom[202]

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Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fail, restraining aid to Timon;[203]
And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd render,[204]
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

First Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens—thine and ours—to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

Sec. Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

First Sen. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,
Then let him know,—and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And let him take 't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you

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To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

First Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

First Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

First Sen. These words become your lips as they pass thorough them.

Sec. Sen. And enter in our ears like great triúmphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their achès, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will[205]
Some kindness do them,—I'll teach them to prevent
Wild Alcibiades' wrath.

First Sen. I like this well: he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,[206]
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further; thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion

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Upon the beachèd verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day[207] with his embossèd froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour[208] words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.
[*Retires to his cave.*

First Sen. His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

Sec. Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

First Sen. It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before the walls of Athens.*

Enter two Senators *and a* Messenger.

First Sen. Thou'st painfully discover'd: are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I've spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

Sec. Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love had a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:[209]—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

First Sen. Here come our brothers.

Enter Senators *from* TIMON.

Third Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—

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The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: in, and prepare:
Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The woods.* TIMON'S *cave, and a rude tomb seen.*

Enter a Soldier, *seeking* TIMON.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast rear'd this; here does not live a man.(210)
Dead, sure; and this his grave.—
What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character
I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Before the walls of Athens.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES *and* Forces.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*

Enter Senators *on the walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,(211)
Cries, of itself, "No more:" now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

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First Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitudes with loves
Above their quantity.[212]

Sec. Sen. So did we woo
Transformèd Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promis'd means:[213]
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

First Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs;[214] nor are they such
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

Sec. Sen. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess,
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithèd death,—
If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loathes,—take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

First Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are revenges:[215] crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth,
But kill not all together.

Sec. Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

First Sen. Set but thy foot

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Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

Sec. Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove;
Descend,[216] and open your unchargèd ports:
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd to your public laws[217]
At heaviest answer.

Senators. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.[218]

Alcib. [*reads*] "Here lies a wretched corse,* of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!

* "*Here lies a wretched corse*," &c.] This epitaph consists of two distinct epitaphs, which Shakespeare found in North's *Plutarch*: "Nowe it chaunced so, that the sea getting in, it compassed his tombe rounde about, that no man coulde come to it: and vpon the same was wrytten this epitaphe;

Heere lyes a wretched corse, of wretched soule bereft.
Seeke not my name: a plague consume you wicked wretches left!

It is reported that Timon him selfe, when he liued, made this epitaphe; for

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Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait."
These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brains' flow,[219] and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead[220]
Is noble Timon: of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use[221] the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.—
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

---

that which is commonly rehearsed was not his, but made by the poet Callimachus;

Heere lye I, Timon, who aliue all liuing men did hate.
Passe by, and curse thy fill; but passe, and stay not here thy gate."
Life of Antonius, p. 1003, ed. 1579.

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P. 508. (1) "*as a gum, which oozes*"

The folio has "*as a* Gowne, *which* vses:"—"*gum*" is the reading of Pope; "*oozes*" of Johnson.

P. 508. (2) "*chafes.*"

The folio has "chases."

P. 508. (3) "Pain. *How this lord is follow'd!*
Poet. *The senators of Athens:—happy man!*"

So Theobald.—The folio has "—— *happy* men;" which (though Ritson asserts that it "is right. The Poet envies or admires the felicity of the senators in being Timon's friends," &c.) the whole context proclaims to be wrong. The preceding plural, "*senators,*" led the transcriber or printer into the mistake.

P. 508. (4) "*In a wide sea of wax:*"

If the text be right, there is, of course, an allusion to the practice of writing with a style on table-books covered with wax: but the word "*wax*" is certainly suspicious.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "verse."

P. 509. (5) "*Whose present grace to present slaves and servants*
Translates his rivals."

"What is the force of [the second] '*present*'? Read '*peasant* slaves,' &c." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 301.—I cannot reconcile myself to this emendation;—I cannot help thinking that Shakespeare would rather have repeated the word "*present*" than have written "*present*" and "peasant" in the same line; though we find, in act ii. sc. 2, p. 529,

"How many prodigal bits have *slaves and peasants*
This night englutted!"

and in *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2,

"O, what a rogue and *peasant slave* am I!"

P. 510. (6) "*and hands, let him slip down,*"

The folio has "*and* hand, *let him* sit *downe.*"—The editor of the sec. folio substituted "*hands,*" and Rowe "*slip.*"

P. 510. (7) "*blows of Fortune's*"

Here the second folio has "*blows of* Fortune," &c.—Malone defends the former reading as the phraseology of Shakespeare's time; while Steevens

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observes that our poet is not constant in using that mode of speech.—Compare, at p. 575, "Those enemies of *Timon's*," &c.—It is, however, certain that in the first folio the final *s* is frequently very suspicious, and sometimes manifestly wrong.

P. 510. (8) "*failing him*"

The folio has merely "*failing.*"—The second folio has "*failing* to *him.*"

P. 510. (9) "*when he most needs me.*"

The folio has "*when he* must neede *me*" ("*i. e.*," says Steevens, "when he is compelled to have need of my assistance; or, as Mr. Malone has more happily [!] explained the phrase, 'cannot but want my assistance'").—Corrected in the third folio.

P. 511. (10) "*Therefore he will be,*"

Means "Therefore he will continue to be honest,"—if nothing has dropt out here; which is doubtful.

P. 511. (11) "*How shall she be endow'd,*" &c.

"The players, those avowed enemies to even a common ellipsis, have here again disordered the metre by interpolation. Will a single idea of our author's have been lost, if, omitting the useless and repeated words '*she be*,' we should regulate the passage thus;

'How shall she be
Endow'd, if mated with an equal husband?'"

STEEVENS.

P. 512. (12) "*bear, with.*"

Probably "*bear* it, *with.*"

P. 513. (13) "*cost*"

So the third folio.—The earlier folios have "cast."

P. 514. (14) "*That I had no angry wit to be a lord.*"

Warburton's reading is, "*That I had* so hungry a *wit to be a lord;*" Mason's, "*That I had* an *angry* wish *to be a lord;*" Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector's, "*That I had* so hungry a wish *to be a lord;*" and (worst of all) Mr. Singer's Ms. Corrector's, "*That I had* an empty *wit to be a lord.*"—Johnson explains the old text to mean, "I should hate myself for *patiently enduring to be a lord.*"

P. 514. (15) "*thank'd you;—you, when dinner's done,*"

The folio has "*thankt you: when dinners done;*" the second folio, "*thankt you:* and *when dinners done.*"

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P. 514. (16) "*So, so, there !—*
Aches," &c.

The folio (which gives this speech as prose) has "*So, so;* their *Aches,*" &c. (Here "*Aches*" is a dissyllable, of course.)

P. 515. (17) "*more*"

The folio has "most."—Corrected by Hanmer; and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

P. 515. (18) "First Lord."

Omitted in the folio.

P. 515. (19) "enter Timon," &c.

Capell observes; "By all modern ones [copies] are the two '*Lords*' that enter to Apemantus at *l.* 27 [see the preceding page] christen'd by names specific—*Lucius* and *Lucullus*, and under those names are brought on again in the scene that comes next [the present scene]: letters denoting one of their names are found before a speech of that scene in old copies [which, in p. 519, have '*Luc.* You see, my lord, how ample,' &c.], and are the sole authorities from them for their appearance in either: and from reason we have as little; they are address'd no where, and the only mention there is of them [see p. 521] proves them absent; but for this, the parties that bring them in, have found a salvo, by a well-tim'd dismission of them some nine lines before the mention comes in [*i. e.* to the speech in p. 520, '*All.* So are we all,' they add '*Exe. Lucius and Lucullus*']. A servant coming from them with presents the moment they are withdrawn, according to these editors, will be allow'd an oddness," &c. *Notes*, &c. vol. ii. P. iv. p. 76 —Here the more recent editors mark the entrance of "*Lucius*" and "*Lucullus*" (and of "*Sempronius*" too): but at p. 520 they do not adopt from their predecessors the "*Exe. Lucius and Lucullus;*" and they therefore suppose Lucius and Lucullus to be on the stage when the Second and Third Servants bring in the messages about the presents,—which, to use Capell's language, "will be allow'd an oddness."—1865. From "the more recent editors" just mentioned I have now to except Mr. Staunton, Mr. Grant White, and the Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*).

P. 515. (20)

"*Most honour'd Timon,*
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace."

Such is the arrangement of these lines in the folio: but the passage is doubtless mutilated. It was altered by Pope to

"*Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods*
To call my father's age unto *long peace.*"

And by Capell to

"*Most honour'd Timon,*
'T hath pleas'd the gods in kindness *to remember*
My father's age, and call him to long peace."

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P. 516. (21) "*If our betters*," &c.

"If I would make any alteration, it should be only to reform the numbers thus;

'Our betters play that game; we must not dare
T' imitate them,' &c." JOHNSON.

"Possibly Johnson is right." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 231.

P. 516. (22) "*ever*"

So Rowe (an obvious correction).—The folio has "verie."

P. 517. (23) "*I scorn thy meat*," &c.

The folio gives only three lines of this speech ("I wonder men," &c., and the next two lines) as verse. Mr. Collier, I apprehend, is quite right in supposing that the whole speech was originally measure, but that much of it has lost that character in passing from one manuscript to another, and ultimately from manuscript to print.—"the same remark," he adds, "will apply to various other portions of this play."

P. 517. (24) "*too*."

"'*To't*,' I think." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 231.

P. 517. (25) "*pledges*"

Here Malone, Mr. Collier, and Mr. Grant White print silently (with most of the earlier editors) "and *pledges*."

P. 517. (26) "*I should*"

"I believe '*should*' [a contraction of '*I should*'] is the proper reading." Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 238.

P. 517. (27) "*Flow this way*," &c.

"Arrange;

'Flow this way! a brave fellow!
He keeps his tides well. Timon, those healths will make
Thee, and thy state, look ill. Here's that which is
Too weak to be a sinner, honest water,
Which ne'er left man i' th' mire,' &c."

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 231.

P. 517. (28) "*sinner*,"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "fire."

P. 517. (29) "*dich*"

"Apparently," says Nares, "a corruption of *do it*, or may it do." *Gloss.* in v.

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P. 518. (30) "*then, that thou*"

The folio has "*then, that* then *thou ;*" a manifest error.

P. 518. (31) "*and would most resemble sweet instruments*"

"I strongly suspect 'and would *resemble most* sweet instruments'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 250.

P. 518. (32) "*joy,*"

The folio has "ioyes."

P. 519. (33) "*thee, worthy*"

Qy. "the *worthy*"?

P. 519. (34) "*and come freely*
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom ;"

Theobald printed

"*and* do *come*
Freely to gratulate thy plenteous bosom ;"

an arrangement followed by Capell, but with the substitution of "are" for "do."—These lines and the preceding part of the speech stand as prose in the folio.

P. 519. (35)

"*Th' ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise ;—*
These only now come but to feast thine eyes."

The folio has

"There *tast, touch* all, *pleas'd from thy Table rise :*
They *onely now come but to Feast thine eies.*"—

"The incomparable emendation, with which the text is here supplied, I owe to my ingenious friend Mr. Warburton. The five Senses, as he observes, are talked of by Cupid, but only three of them made out; and those in a very heavy, unintelligible manner. But now you have them all, and the poet's sense, complete, viz. The five Senses, Timon, acknowledge thee their patron; four of them, the Hearing, the Touch, the Taste, and Smell, are all regaled at your board; and these Ladies come with me to entertain your Sight in presenting a masque." THEOBALD.—Malone (*Var. Shake.*) awkwardly (and in direct opposition to the folio) removes "*Th' ear*" from the beginning of the first line of the couplet to the end of the preceding line; and, not seeing that Warburton had rightly substituted "*smell*" for the old word "all," he interpolates "*smell*" and also retains "all," thus;

"*the ear,*
Taste, touch, smell, all *pleas'd from thy table rise.*"—

The Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) retain Malone's arrangement, but throw out "all" and interpolate "and," thus;

"*th' ear,*
Taste, touch and *smell, pleased from thy table rise.*"

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P. 519. (36) "*Music, make their welcome!*"

"Perhaps the poet wrote 'Music, make *known* their welcome,'" says Steevens, —as if he had not *known* that such was Capell's reading!

P. 519. (37) "First Lord."

Here the folio has "Luc." See note 19.

P. 519. (38) "*As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.*"

"Is not something lost after this line?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 75.

P. 519. (39) "*Of their friends' gift?*"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 77) thinks that these words ought to be followed by something like "Timon, were I as thou."

P. 519. (40) "*You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,*"

"I should wish to read, for the sake of metre, '*fairest* ladies.' '*Fair*,' however, may be here used as a dissyllable." Steevens.—Capell printed "—— *pleasures* a *much grace*," &c.—I strongly suspect that "*fair*" is not the poet's word; that the scribe or compositor caught it from the next line.

P. 520. (41) "*lively*"

Added in the second folio.

P. 520. (42) "First Lady."

The folio has "1 *Lord.*"

P. 520. (43) "*There is no crossing him in 's humour;*
Else I should tell him,—well, i' faith, I should,"

"Read 'There is no crossing him in *this* his humour.'" Ritson. — Here Mr. Staunton retains the punctuation of the folio, "*Else I should tell him well, i' faith, I should,*" and understands "*tell*" in the sense of *rate, call to account.*

P. 520. (44) "*accept and wear it,*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*accept* it *and weare it.*"

P. 522. (45) "*remember,*"

Perhaps "*remember* me:" but the text of this play is truly wretched in very many places.

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P. 522. (46) "*I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.*"

"Dr. Johnson [Hanmer] reads '*I* tell you,' &c., in which he has been heedlessly followed; for though the change does not affect the sense of the passage, it is quite unnecessary, as may be proved by numerous instances in our author's dialogue. Thus in the first line of *King Henry V.*,

'My lord, *I'll* tell you, that self bill is urg'd —'

Again, in *King John*,

'*I'll* tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night —.'"

STEEVENS.—

It must be allowed, however, that the two "*I'll*'s" sound rather unpleasingly. —Mr. Sandys remarks (*Shakespeare Soc. Papers*, vol. iii. p. 23) that the expression, "I'll call *to* (*i. e.* at) your house," is still common in the West.

P. 522. (47) "*Ay, defil'd land,*"

"'*I*' is the old reading, which apparently depends on a very low quibble. Alcibiades is told that 'his estate lies in a *pitch'd* field.' Now *pitch*, as Falstaff says, *doth defile*. Alcibiades therefore replies that his estate lies *in defiled land*. This, as it happened, was not understood, and all the editors [following the editor of the second folio] published 'I defy land.'" JOHNSON.

P. 522. (48) "*fortunes,*"

Compare, p. 515,

"Long may he live
In *fortunes!*"

P. 523. (49) "*give away thyself in paper shortly:*"

"*i. e.* be ruined by his securities entered into. But this sense, as Mr. Warburton observes, is cold, and relishes very little of that salt which is in Apemantus' other reflections. He proposes '*give away thyself in* proper *shortly*,' *i. e.* in person, thy proper self." THEOBALD.

P. 523. (50) "*O that men's ears should be,*" &c.

I have already remarked, that frequently, when our early dramatists introduce a couplet, they make *the first line shorter* (sometimes *much shorter*) than the second: see note 57 on *Measure for Measure*.

P. 523. (51) "*buy ten more*

. . . . . .

Ten able horses:"

In the first of these lines the folio has "*buy* twenty moe;" in the second, "And *able Horses*."—The former correction was made by Pope, the latter by Theobald.—Walker writes; "'*Ten*' in both places. '10 more' was mistaken for '20 more.'" *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 231.—Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector makes only one change; "A stable o' *horses*."

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P. 523. (52) "*no reason*
Can found his state in safety."

i. e. "*Reason* cannot find his fortune to have any *safe* or solid *foundation*." JOHNSON.—The folio has "*Can* sound *his state*," &c.; an obvious error, yet retained and defended by Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier. (Afterwards, p. 528, the folio has the very same mistake;

"you would throw them off,
And say you *sound* them in mine honestie.")

P. 523. (53) "*sirrah*,"

Added by the editor of the second folio.

P. 524. (54) "Caph. *I go, sir.*
Sen. *Take the bonds along with you,*
And have the dates in compt."

The folio has

"Ca. *I go sir.*
Sen. I go sir?
Take the Bonds along with you,
And haue the dates in. Come."

Now, whether we make the Senator say, as in the old copy, "I go, sir?" or, as Mason recommends, "Ay, *go, sir*," the words are equally unintelligible, and at variance with the whole of the context. Feeling confident that they were repeated by a mistake of the transcriber or compositor, I have omitted them without any hesitation.—The error of the folio in the last line was corrected by Theobald.

P. 524. (55) "*nor resumes no care*
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind."

The folio has "*nor* resume *no care*," &c.; which, even when altered as above, is far from satisfactory.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "no reserve; *no care*," &c. In the last line he reads "*Was* surely *so unwise*," &c.; while Mr. Singer's Ms. Corrector gives '*Was* truly *so unwise*," &c. (which occurred also to Mr. Grant White, *Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 389).—1865. According to Mr. Collier's sec. ed. of *Shakespeare*, his Ms. Corrector reads "*no* reserves, *no care*," &c.

P. 524. (56)

"Enter CAPHIS, and the *Servants* of ISIDORE and VARRO."

The folio has "*Enter Caphis*, Isidore, *and* Varro."—But here the Servants of Isidore and Varro are called by the names of their respective masters. "In like manner," observes Malone, "in the Fourth Scene of the next Act the Servant of Lucius is called by his master's name; but our author's intention is sufficiently manifested by the stage-direction in the Fourth Scene of the Third Act, where we find in the first folio (p. 86, col. 2) 'Enter Varro's *man*, meeting others'."—We have had Caphis already, in the preceding scene.

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P. 525. (57) "*He humbly prays your speedy payment,—*"

Steevens proposes "——*your* lordship's [lordship?] *speedy payment*—".—Walker seems to have thought that in this line "*your*" was an error for "you:" see his *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 193, and the editor's note there.

P. 525. (58) "*of date-broke bonds,*"

The folio has "*of* debt, broken *Bonds.*"—"Mr. Malone very judiciously reads '*date-broken*' [confirming that reading by the line at p. 524, 'And my reliances on his *fracted dates,*' &c.]. For the sake of measure, I have omitted the last letter of the second word. So in *Much Ado about Nothing* [act ii. sc. 1], 'I have *broke* [i.e. *broken*] with her father.'" STEEVENS,—who might have cited from the present play, p. 549,

"Such a house *broke!*
So noble a master fallen!"

P. 526. (59) "*Pray,*"

Malone's *Shakespeare*, 1821, has "I *pray*;" rightly perhaps.

P. 526. (60) "Enter APEMANTUS and *Fool.*"

"I suspect some scene to be lost, in which the entrance of the Fool, and the Page that follows him, was prepared by some introductory dialogue, in which the audience was informed that they were the Fool and Page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtesan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularity." JOHNSON.—Are we not to suppose this pair to be the servants of some bawd?

There would seem to be some confusion of scene presently; for in the next page Apemantus says, "Fool, I will *go with you to Lord Timon's,*"—where they are already.

P. 526. (61) "Caph. *Where's the fool now?*
Apem. *He last asked the question.*"

"I think 'He *that* last,' &c." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 259; where, in a note, Mr. W. N. Lettsom says, "Should we not read '*Who's* the fool now?'"

P. 526. (62) "*mistress*'"

The folio has "Masters."

P. 527. (63) "*merrily;*"

The folio has "merry;" which the context shows to be wrong.—Corrected in the third folio.

P. 527. (64) "*mistress*'"

The folio has "Masters."

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P. 528. (65) "*propos'd.*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "propose."

P. 528. (66) "*made your minister,*"

The second folio has "*made* you *minister.*"—"The construction is, 'And made that unaptness your minister.'" MALONE.

P. 528. (67) "*dear-lov'd*"

So the second folio. (In the preceding play, p. 434, we have "my *dear-lov'd* cousin.")—The first folio has merely "lou'd."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 231) queries "belov'd."

P. 528. (68) "*Though you hear now—too late—yet now's a time,*"

"*i. e.* Though it be now too late to retrieve your former fortunes, yet it is not too late to prevent, by the assistance of your friends, your future miseries. Had the Oxford editor [Sir Thomas Hanmer] understood the sense, he would not have altered the text to

'Though you hear now, yet now's too late a time.'"

WARBURTON.—

"I think Sir Thomas Hanmer right, and have received his emendation." JOHNSON.—"The old reading is not properly explained by Dr. Warburton. 'Though I tell you this (says Flavius) at too late a period, perhaps, for the information to be of any service to you, yet, late as it is, it is necessary that you should be acquainted with it.' It is evident that the steward had very little hope of assistance from his master's friends." RITSON.—"Though you now *at last* listen to my remonstrances, yet now your affairs are in such a state that the whole of your remaining fortune will scarce pay half your debts. You are therefore wise too late." MALONE.—"Warburton's explanation is the right one." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 232.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*Though you hear now*, yet now's a time too late."

P. 529. (69) "*I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,*
And set mine eyes at flow."

In this much-disputed passage one thing is quite clear,—that "*wasteful cock*" can only mean "a pipe with a turning stopple running to waste," whether we refer it (as I believe we ought) to the "spilth of wine," or understand it in the sense of "cock of water," with Capell; who well observes, that "the thought of *retiring* to such a *cock* is suggested by what was passing within doors." *Notes*, &c. vol. ii. P. iv. p. 81.

P. 529. (70) "*Who is not Lord Timon's?*"

Here "*Lord*" is an addition proposed by Steevens, which the next line almost proves to be right.—The earlier emendation was "*Who* now *is not Timon's?*"

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P. 529. (71) "*No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;*"

"*Heart* occurs three lines below, likewise at the end of a line. Read '*hand*,' or '*hands*;' the latter, I think." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 301.

P. 529. (72) "*Flaminius!*"

The folio has "*Flauius.*"

P. 530. (73) "*what*—"

Not in the folio.

P. 530. (74) "*I*"

Not in the folio.

P. 533. (75) "*This slave*
Unto his honour has my lord's meat in him:"

Pope printed

"*This slave*
Unto this hour *has*," &c.;

and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes

"*This slave*
Unto his humour *has*," &c.

But qy. if here the error lies in a word not hitherto suspected? It is certain that sometimes in early-printed books (from what cause I know not) "slave" and "slander" are confounded: so in Middleton's *No Wit, no Help like a Woman's*,

"Then for the indifferent world, faith, they're apter
To bid a *slave* [*read* slander] welcome then a truth."
p. 68, ed. 1657.

and in *The Travailes of the Three English Brothers*, by Day, W. Rowley, and Wilkins,

"Reuenge and Death
Like *slander* [*read* slaves] attend the sword of Calymath."
Sig. C 4, ed. 1607.

There is therefore a probability that the true reading in the present passage is

"*This* slander
Unto his honour has," &c.

(Compare our author elsewhere;

"Till I have told *this slander* of his blood," &c.
Richard II. act i. sc. 1.

"Thou *slander* of thy mother's heavy womb," &c.
Richard III. act i. sc. 3.)—

1865. Mr. Grant White says; "I think that the old text needs no change, and that it is merely an inversion of, Unto his honour this slave has my lord's meat in him, *i. e. Lucullus* was honoured by sitting at *Timon's* table." But (without taking into consideration the violent inversion) is not *that* a wretched sense?

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P. 533. (76) "*When he is turn'd to poison,*" &c.

"Possibly;

When he is turn'd to poison?—O, may diseases
Only work *on't;* and, when he's sick to death,
Let not that part of nature,
Which my lord paid for, be of any power,' &c.

Or;

'O,
May *disease* only work upon't; and when
He's sick to death, let not that part of nature,' &c."

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 232.

Pp. 533, 534. (77) (78) (79) "*so many talents,*"

"The modern editors read arbitrarily '*fifty* talents.' '*So many*' is not an uncommon colloquial expression for an indefinite number," observes Steevens on the first of these passages.—"That is, *certain* talents," says Mr. Staunton, who compares the words in p. 528, "Return so much."—But I have little doubt that in all these places the words "*so many*" (though they may have been found in the prompter's copy) are not those of the author, who surely must have intended a specific sum to be mentioned.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom remarks; "Malone misapplied his knowledge in interpreting '*so many*' as he did. The same words, *three times occurring*, show that a definite sum was the subject of conversation, and it is clear, from this and the two preceding scenes, that that definite sum was *fifty talents*. The earlier editors saw this." Note on Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 232.

P. 534. (80) "*that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!*"

Theobald printed "—— *for a little* dirt [*i. e.* land]," &c.; Johnson proposes "—— *for a little* park," &c.; Mason believes that the author wrote "—— *for a little* port," &c. (and, as there was some danger of the reader's supposing that "port" meant wine, he explains it—show or magnificence); while Mr. Grant White recommends Jackson's transposition, "*that I should purchase the day before*, and, for a little part, *undo a great deal of honour.*"

P. 534. (81) "*do*"

Perhaps "do't."

P. 535. (82) "*flatterer's spirit.*"

So Theobald.—The folio has "*Flatterers* sport."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*flatterer's* port."

P. 535. (83) "*And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man,*" &c.

"For '*O, see,*' read perhaps '*to see.*' 'He does deny him,' &c. *i.e.* 'he denies him that which, when compared with his (Lucius's) fortune, is as trifling as the alms which men give to beggars.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 233.

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P. 535. (84) "*e'er*"

Added by Capell.

P. 535. (85) "*three*"

Added by Pope.—"Certainly '*three.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 233.

P. 536. (86) "*Have Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?*
And does he send to me? Three? hum!—"

Corrupted. The name "*Lucius*" ought assuredly to occur here.

P. 536. (87) "*Thrice give him over:*"

The folio has "Thriue *giue*," &c.; the second folio, "That thriu'd, *give*," &c. —I adopt the emendation of Johnson, which is also adopted by Mr. Knight, Mr. Collier, Mr. Staunton, and (silently) by Mr. Grant White.—"If '*thrive*' be not an interpolation, originating in some way or other from '*give*,' Johnson's '*thrice*' is perhaps the best of the suggested emendations." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 233.

P. 536. (88) "*I*"

Was inserted by the editor of the second folio.—Such is the original arrangement of the passage: but perhaps the following is better;

"*That I'll requite it last? No: so it may prove*
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And amongst *lords I be thought a fool;*"

"*lords*" in the last line being a dissyllable, as it sometimes is.

P. 536. (89) "*I'd rather . . . .*
I'd such"

I may notice that so the folio, in both places, contracts "I had."

P. 536. (90) "*last*"

The folio has "best."—"Read, of course, '*last:*' see context." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 233.

P. 536. (91) "*the gods only:*"

The folio has "onely the gods."

P. 537. (92) "*Varro.*
Lucius:"

See note 56.

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P. 537. (93) "*a prodigal course*"

In opposition to the modern alteration, "*a* prodigal's *course*," Malone cites, from the couplet which closes the preceding scene, "a liberal course." But qy.?

P. 538. (94) "Both Var. Serv."

The folio has "2 Varro.;" which the modern editors have misunderstood. It certainly means "the two servants of Varro:" see note 98.

P. 538. (95) "*friends?*"

The folio has "Friend."

P. 538. (96) "*Ay*," &c.

The usual modern arrangement of this speech is very different; and, though Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 101) quotes that arrangement as the right one, I still greatly prefer the old regulation.

P. 539. (97) "*for an answer*,"

The folio has "*for answer*."—"The article was doubtless omitted accidentally before a word beginning with the same two letters." COLLIER.

P. 539. (98) "Hor. Serv. *And mine, my lord.*"

"In the old copy this speech is given to Varro [to '1 Var.']. I have given it to the servant of Hortensius (who would naturally prefer his claim among the rest), because to the following speech in the old copy is prefixed 2 *Var.*, which, from the words spoken ['And *ours*, my lord'], means, I conceive, 'the two servants of Varro'." MALONE, who had been anticipated in the correction by Capell.

P. 540. (99)

"*Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all*," &c.

So the third folio.—The first folio has

"*Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius* Vllorxa: *All*," &c.;

the strange name "Vllorxa" having crept in, it would seem, by some mistake.—The second folio has

"*Lucius, Lucullus*, add Semprovius: *All*," &c.—

1865. The Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) give

"*Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius:*
All, sirrah, all:
I'll once more feast the rascals."

P. 540. (100) "*lords*,"

The folio has "Lord."

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P. 541. (101) "*him.*"

The folio has "em."

P. 541. (102) "*setting his fault aside,*"

The folio has "*setting his* Fate *aside.*"—"Palpably wrong; read, as some of the critics have suggested [Pope and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector], '*fault.*' Perhaps the printer was deceived by the then ordinary pronunciation of *fault*, which was not obsolete even in the time of Pope," &c. Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 107. (Steevens's forced explanation of the old reading, "*setting his* fate *aside,*" is quite amusing: it means, he gravely tells us, "putting this action of his, which was predetermined by fate, out of the question.")

P. 541. (103) "*An*"

The folio has "And."

P. 541. (104) "*and fair spirit,*"

"'*Fair,*' except in a modern sense, is inadmissible here. I suspect that for '*faire*' we should read '*free,*' i.e. *single-hearted, generous, ut passim ap. Nostrum.*" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 312.

P. 541. (105) "*behave*"

So Rowe; which, if the right reading, must be understood in the sense of *govern, manage.*—The folio has "behoone."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "reprove;" and in the next line alters "*prov'd*" to "mov'd."

P. 541. (106) "*My lords,*—"

Here the folio has "*My* Lord;" but in the next two pages Alcibiades uses the address "*my lords*" no less than five times.

P. 542. (107)

"*Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,*
And not endure all threats? sleep upon't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad?"

"Vulg. [in the second line] 'all *threat'nings,*' to salve the metre, instead of the folio's '*threats.*' But surely '*endure*' requires a different word." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 301.—In the fourth line Capell inserts "or" before "*If.*"—Walker (in the work just quoted, vol. ii. p. 48) declares that, in the fifth line, "*the*" ought to be omitted; and he suggests;

"*quietly cut their throats*
Without repugnance? *If there be such valour*
In bearing, what make we abroad?"

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P. 542. (108) "*felon*"

Johnson's correction.—The folio has "fellow" (which Boswell defends by observing that "*Fellow* is a common term of contempt"!).

P. 542. (109) "*Why, I say,*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*Why say.*"—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 284) queries the omission of "*Why ;*" which was an early alteration.

P. 542. (110) "*'em,*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "him."

P. 542. (111)

"*If there were no more foes, that were enough*"

The folio has "*If there were no Foes,*" &c.; a mutilated line, which has been variously amended by the editors.—I adopt the reading of Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 259), who, to account for the omission of the word in the folio, observes that "'*More*' was written '*mo*'."

P. 543. (112) "*honours . . . . . return.*"

The folio has "Honour" (which is corrected in the second folio) and "returnes."

P. 543. (113) "*friend or brother,*
He forfeits his own blood that spills another."

See note 45 on *Coriolanus*, p. 245 of the present volume.

P. 543. (114) "*not to swell our spirit,*"

"I believe means 'not to put ourselves into any tumour of rage, take our definitive resolution'." STEEVENS.—Capell prints "*not to swell* your *spirit.*"

P. 544. (115) "*wounds ! Ha, banishment !*"

So the second folio.—The first folio omits "*Ha.*"—Steevens compares, in *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. sc. 3, "*Ha, banishment !* be merciful, say 'death'."

P. 544. (116) "*'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds ;*"

Here Warburton substituted (and Johnson thought "very properly") "hands" for "*lands.*"—Malone proposed to substitute "lords."—Heath explains the line to mean, "Governments are in general so ill administered, that there are very few whom it is not an honour to oppose."

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P. 544. (117) "Enter, at several doors, divers Lords," &c.

Here the folio has merely "Enter diuers *Friends at seuerall doores*;" while afterwards, p. 547, it has "Enter the Senators, with other Lords," and "Exeunt the Senators;" and prefixes to the respective speeches of the guests "1," "2," "3," "4."

P. 544. (118) "*many my near occasions*"

"Was this ['*many my*' instead of 'my many'] ever English? I doubt it." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 250.

P. 544. (119) "*He sent to me, sir,*"

"Qu. 'He sent to me *for*'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 290.

P. 545. (120) "*willing*"

Probably "willingly," as in the next speech.

P. 545. (121) "*feast your ears with the music awhile,*" &c.

So Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 235), except that he omits "*O.*"—The passage stands in the folio thus; "Feast your eares with the Musicke awhile: If they will fare so harshly o' th' Trumpets sound: we shall too't presently."

P. 545. (122) "Tim. *Ah, my good friend,—what cheer?*"

After this the folio has "*The Banket brought in,*"—marking the stage-direction prematurely (as is often the case in dramas printed from the prompter's book; that the property-man might be ready with the articles required for the scene). I need hardly add, that the words "*what cheer?*" have no reference to the banquet.

P. 546. (123) "*your foes,*"

So Warburton; and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "*your* Fees;" which Capell (*Notes*, &c. vol. ii. P. iv. p. 85) most violently interprets "forfeits to your vengeance."—"What can '*fees*' mean? '*Foes*,' surely." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 235.

P. 546. (124) "*lag*"

So Rowe.—The folio has "legge."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "tag;" rightly perhaps.

P. 546. (125)

"*Who, stuck and spangled with your flattery,*"

The folio has

"*Who stucke and spangled* you with Flatteries;"

and so it is given by the more recent editors (without any note), though the

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correction which the passage so evidently demands, "*with your*," was to be found in the eds. of Hanmer, Warburton, and Capell.—1865. "'*Flatterie*' is positively required by the sense." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 250. —Mr. Staunton, Mr. Grant White, and the Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) print "*with your*."

P. 546. (126) "*infinite maladies*"

The folio has "*infinite* Maladie;" which Johnson explains "Every kind of disease incident to man and beast."—Corrected by Hanmer.—"For '*maladie*' read '*maladies*.' '*Infinite*,' i. e. *innumerable*, ut sæpe." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 236.

P. 547. (127) ["Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out."

This stage-direction was inserted by Rowe.—"Ought we not to substitute '*Pelts them with stones*'? see line ult. of the scene, and Var. notes; also the line,

'Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none;'

stones being more like money than dishes are." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 235.—See *Introduction* to this play, p. 504.

P. 547. (128) "Re-enter the Company."

Here (as already remarked) the folio has "Enter the Senators, with other Lords;" for which in the more recent editions [1865. that of Mr. Grant White and the *Globe Shakespeare* excepted] is substituted "Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators;" Malone informing us in a note that the next two speeches "are spoken by *the newly arrived Lords*,"—as if Timon were giving an evening-party as well as a dinner. But, though the old stage-direction is awkwardly worded, it certainly was intended to have no other meaning than that the guests who had been driven out by Timon now return to the stage.

P. 547. (129) "*humour*"

The folio has "humors."—Corrected in the third folio.

P. 547. (130) "Third Lord. . . .
Sec. Lord." . . .

The folio has

"2. . . . . .
3." . . . . .

But see what precedes.

P. 547. (131) "*One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.*"

See *Introduction* to this play, p. 504.

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P. 548. (132) "*son*"

The folio has "Some."—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 548. (133) "*And let confusion live!*"

So Hanmer; and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "*And* yet *Confusion liue;*" which it seems to me quite astonishing that any editor should attempt to defend.

P. 549. (134) "*As we do turn our backs*
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars from his buried fortunes
Slink all away;"

In this passage the folio has "*So his Familiars* to *his buried Fortunes*," &c.—The alteration was made by Hanmer; and Mason would also read, in the preceding line, "To *our companion*," &c.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 301) cites the text of the folio, "*So his Familiars* to *his*," &c., and asks "What is the construction? *Quere.* 'So *the* familiars to his,' &c.; those who were familiar to his—now buried—fortunes." But the error of the folio is manifestly in the "to" (repeated probably by mistake from the "*into*" just above), not in the "his;" and the context plainly requires "*from*:"—*So his familiars* (*his familiar friends*) *slink all away from his buried fortunes.*

P. 549. (135) "*or so live*
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,"

The folio has "*or* to *liue*," &c.—Rowe gave "as to *live*," &c.; and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—I adopt the reading of Mr. Staunton (which also occurred to Mr. Grant White).—Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 237) says, "Perhaps [in the second line] the rhyme is continued;" and he conjectures "*To have his pomp, and all* state comprehends:" so too Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, who fills up the second line with the words "and revive."

P. 550. (136) "*blood,*"

"Is here supposed to signify *propensity* or *disposition;* but we suspect it to be one of several misprints by which this speech is depraved." STAUNTON.

P. 550. (137) "*does*"

The folio has "do."—Corrected in the fourth folio.

P. 550. (138) "*Twinn'd brothers* . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . *not nature,*" &c.

"The meaning I take to be this; 'Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will

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scorn brother; for this is the general depravity of human nature, which, besieged as it is by misery, admonished as it is of want and imperfection, when elevated by fortune will despise beings of nature like its own.'" JOHNSON.—"Mr. M. Mason observes that this passage 'but by the addition of a single letter may be rendered clearly intelligible, by merely reading *natures* instead of *nature*.' The meaning will then be; 'Not even beings reduced to the utmost extremity of wretchedness can bear good fortune without contemning their fellow-creatures.' The word *natures* is afterwards used in a similar sense by Apemantus;

'Call the creatures,
Whose naked *natures* live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven,' &c.

Perhaps, in the present instance, we ought to complete the metre by reading

'—— not *those* natures ——.'" STEEVENS.—"'*But by*' is here used for '*Without*.'" MALONE.—Walker declares that this passage "puzzles" him (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 135).

P. 550. (139) "*Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord;*
The senator shall bear"

Here "*deny't*,"—which Warburton alters to "denude," Hanmer to "degrade," Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "decline," and Mr. Staunton to "demit,"—is, I believe, right after all, the "*it*" meaning (to use Steevens's words) "a proportionable degree of elevation."—The folio has "*The* Senators," &c.

P. 550. (140) "*rother's*"

So Mr. Singer; and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "Brothers" (and in the next line the obvious misprint "leaue").

P. 551. (141) "*idle votarist:*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "idol-*votarist*."—Here "*idle*" is explained "insincere or inconstant" by Johnson; "mad-brained, demented," by Mr. Staunton.

P. 551. (142) "*what*"

Qy. "why"?

P. 551. (143) "*stout*"

"*i.e.* men who have strength yet remaining to struggle with their distemper. This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their last agonies, to make their departure the easier. But the Oxford editor [Hanmer] supposing '*stout*' to signify '*healthy*,' alters it to '*sick*.'" WARBURTON.—"Hanmer was surely right in substituting '*sick*' for 'stout.'" STAUNTON.

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P. 551. (144) "*this is it*"

"Some word is here wanting to the metre. We might either [with Hanmer] repeat the pronoun '*this*,' or avail ourselves of our author's common introductory adverb, emphatically used, '*why*, this is it.'" STEEVENS.

P. 552. (145) "*gules, gules :*"

Capell prints "*gules*, total *gules*." Compare *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2, "Now is he *total gules*," &c.

P. 552. (146) "*Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.*"

Altered by Mr. Grant White to "Leaving with thee their lust. Give them diseases."

P. 552. (147) "*tub-fast*"

The folio has "*Fubfast.*"

P. 553. (148)

"*The gods confound them all in thy conquest; and*
Thee after, when thou'st conquer'd!
Alcib. *Why me, Timon?*
Tim. *That, by killing of villains, thou wast born to conquer*
My country."

There is manifestly some error in this limping passage. Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 228) proposes;

"Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?
Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.
Tim. The gods confound them
All, in thy conquest; and thee after, when
Th' hast conquer'd!
Alcib. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That by killing
Of villains, thou wast born to [ ] *thy* country."

"'*Conquer*,'" he adds, "is not the word required; possibly '*scourge*.'"

P. 553. (149) "*window-bars*"

The folio has "*window* Barne."

P. 553. (150) "*set down*"

The folio has "*set* them *down.*"

P. 553. (151) "*thy*"

The folio has "the."

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P. 553. (152) "*objects;*"

i. e. "objects of charity and compassion. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Ulysses says,

'For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender *objects*.'" MASON.—

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "abjects."

P. 554. (153) "*Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,*
And to make whores, a bawd."

An obscure passage, which, according to Johnson, means "Enough to make a whore leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*And to make whores* abhorr'd:" but, as Mr. Singer pertinently asks (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 242), "Why should abundance of gold make whores *abhorr'd*?"

P. 554. (154) "*Consumptions sow*
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring."

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 230) reads;

"Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of *men;* strike their sharp shins,
And mar *their* spurring."

P. 554. (155) "*scolds*"

The folio has "scold'st."

P. 555. (156) "*whose*"

In all probability the usual modern addition (an obvious one), "O thou *whose*," is right.

P. 555. (157) "*who all thy human sons doth hate,*"

The folio has "*who all* the *humane Sonnes* do *hate*."

P. 555. (158) "*mansion all*"

Walker, maintaining that "*all*" has here no meaning, would read "*mansion-hall*" (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 239).

P. 556. (159) "*marrows,*"

The folio has "*Marrowes;*" qy. if a mistake for "marrowie" ("marrowy") as an epithet to "*vines*"? Cotgrave, in his *Dict.*, gives "Moëlleux. *Marrowie*, pithie, full of strength or *strong sap*."

P. 556. (160) "*This is in thee a nature but infected;*"

Here Rowe changed "*infected*" to "affected;"—but, surely, the old reading (in the sense of diseased) suits better with what immediately follows.

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P. 556. (161) "*fortune.*"

The folio has "future."—Corrected by Rowe.

P. 556. (162) "*like tapsters that bid welcome*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "(*like Tapsters, that* bad *welcom*);" which Mr. Staunton retains: "bad," he tells us, means "the *bad* of society, *bad people.*"

P. 556. (163) "*moss'd*"

So Hanmer.—The folio has "moyst."

P. 556. (164) "*where*"

The folio has "when."—Corrected by Walker, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 240.

P. 557. (165) "*To vex thee.*"

Hanmer prints "Only *to vex thee.*"

P. 557. (166) "*To such as may the passive drugs of it*
Freely command,"

The folio has

"*To such as may the passiue drugges of it*
Freely command'st."—

Mr. Collier's and Mr. Singer's Ms. Correctors read "—— *the passive* dugs *of it,*" &c. But I think there can hardly be a doubt that here "*drugs*" is equivalent to *drudges.* Todd (*Johnson's Dict.* sub *Drug*) cites from Huloet, "Drudge, or *drugge*, a servant which doth all the vile service;" and from Barret, "Drudge, a *drug*, or kitchen-slave:" to which other examples might easily be added.

P. 558. (167) "*poor rag,*"

"If," observes Johnson, "we read '*poor* rogue,' it will correspond rather better to what follows;" and Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 242) says that here the "*ragge*" of the folio is evidently a misprint for "rogue." But "*rag*" occurs elsewhere in our author as a term of contempt; and it was formerly a very common one.

P. 558. (168) "*my*"

The folio has "thy."

P. 560. (169) "*Yonder comes a poet and a painter:*"

See note 190.

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P. 560. (170) "*I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.*"

Here "*I'll*" has been altered to "I'd:" but in such sentences our old writers frequently use *will* and *should* (just as they also use *will* after *should*; see note 27 on *King Henry VIII.* and note 53 on *Coriolanus.*

P. 560. (171) "*swoon*"

The folio has "swoond;" which spelling is altered to "swound" in the third folio.—See note 93 on *The Winter's Tale.*

P. 561. (172) "*son and sire!*"

The folio has "Sunne *and* fire."

P. 561. (173)

"*Long live so, and so die!* [Exit Apemantus.] *I am quit.*—"

Hanmer prints "*Long live so* or *so die*, so *I am quit*;" Capell, "*Long live so, and so dye!*—So, *I am quit.*"

P. 561. (174)

"*More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.*"

The folio prefixes "*Ape.*" to this line, and has "*abhorre* then."

P. 561. (175) "*the falling-from of his friends,*"

Altered by Pope to "*the falling* off *of friends*;" and by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "*the falling from* him *of his friends.*"

P. 562. (176)

"*Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.*"

Altered by Theobald to "—— *much of* meet;" by Hanmer to "—— *much of* men." Steevens conjectures "—— *much of* me;" and Farmer would print (according to Steevens, "with no small probability"!)

"Your greatest want is, you want much. Of meat
Why should you want?"

P. 562. (177) "*take wealth and lives together;*
Do villany,"

The folio has "*Do* Villaine."—Altered in the second folio to

"*take wealth, and* live *together,*
Do Villaine."

Hanmer prints

"takes *wealth and* life *together.*
Do villany."

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P. 562. (178) "*protest*"

Altered by Theobald to "profess;" very unnecessarily.

P. 562. (179) "*not*"

Inserted by Rowe.

P. 563. (180) "*there is no*," &c.

Given by Warburton to *Sec. Ban.*

P. 563. (181) "*if thou grant'st thou'rt man*,"

The folio has "*if thou* grunt'st, *th'art* a *man*."

P. 563. (182) "*Then I know thee not*," &c.

Something wrong here.—Capell gives

"Nay, *then*
I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man
About me, I; all that *I kept were knaves*,
To serve in meat to villains."—

Walker proposes "—— *honest* men," &c. *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 240.

P. 564. (183) "*It almost turns my dangerous nature mild*."

The folio has "—— *Nature* wilde;" which has been defended!

P. 564. (184) "*You*"

An interpolation?

P. 564. (185) "*I do proclaim*," &c.

"Arrange, if the text is correct,

'I do proclaim
One honest man:—
Mistake me not,—but one; no more, I pray,—
And he's a steward.'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 240;

where Walker's editor, in a note, pronounces "*I pray*" to be wrong, and conjectures "*I say*."

P. 564. (186) "*If not a usuring kindness*," &c.

"'*If not*' [which some of the earlier editors omitted] seems to have slipt in here, by an error of the press, from the preceding line. Both the sense and metre would be better without it." TYRWHITT.—"May not Shakespeare have written somewhat as follows?

'A usuring kindness, and as rich men deal

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Gifts *to catch gifts*, expecting in return
Twenty for one?' "

Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 240.

P. 564. (187) "*where*"

Altered by Hanmer and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "when."

P. 564. (188) "*My most honour'd lord*,"

These words stand in a line by themselves in the folio; but that Shakespeare intended them to form a verse is not to be imagined: something has dropt out here.

P. 565. (189) "*exchange*"

Hanmer prints "*exchange* it."

P. 565. (190) "Enter *Poet* and *Painter*;"

"The Poet and the Painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon [see p. 560], and might then have seen Timon, since Apemantus, standing by him, could see them: but the scenes of the Thieves and Steward have passed before their arrival, and yet passed, as the drama is now conducted, within their view. It might be suspected that some scenes are transposed, for all these difficulties would be removed by introducing the Poet and Painter first, and the Thieves in this place. Yet I am afraid the scenes must keep their present order, for the Painter alludes to the Thieves, when he says, 'he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity.' This impropriety is now heightened by placing the Thieves in one act, and the Poet and Painter in another: but it must be remembered, that in the original edition this play is not divided into separate acts, so that the present distribution is arbitrary, and may be changed if any convenience can be gained, or impropriety obviated by alteration." JOHNSON.—"In the immediately preceding scene, Flavius, Timon's steward, has a conference with his master, and receives gold from him. Between this and the present scene a single minute cannot be supposed to pass; and yet the Painter tells his companion, 'Tis said he gave *his steward* a mighty sum.' Where was it said? Why, in Athens, whence, it must therefore seem, they are but newly come. Here then should be fixed the commencement of the Fifth Act, in order to allow time for Flavius to return to the city, and for rumour to publish his adventure with Timon. But how are we in this case to account for Apemantus's announcing the approach of the Poet and Painter in the last scene of the preceding act, and before the Thieves appear? It is possible that when this play was abridged for representation, all between this passage and the entrance of the Poet and Painter may have been omitted by the players, and these words put into the mouth of Apemantus to introduce them; and that when it was published at large, the interpolation was unnoticed. Or, if we allow the Poet and Painter to see Apemantus, it may be conjectured that they did not think his presence necessary at their interview with Timon, and had therefore returned back into the city." RITSON.—"I am afraid many of the difficulties which the commentators on our author have

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employed their abilities to remove, arise from the negligence of Shakespeare himself, who appears to have been less attentive to the connection of his scenes than a less hasty writer may be supposed to have been. On the present occasion I have changed the beginning of the act. It is but justice to observe, that the same regulation has already been adopted by Mr. Capell." REED.—"I perceive no difficulty [—Malone seldom does!]. It is easy to suppose that the Poet and Painter, after having been seen at a distance by Apemantus, have wandered about the woods separately in search of Timon's habitation. The Painter might have heard of Timon's having given gold to Alcibiades, &c. before the Poet joined him; for it does not appear that they set out from Athens together; and his intelligence concerning the Thieves and the Steward might have been gained in his rambles: or, having searched for Timon's habitation in vain, they might, after having been descried by Apemantus, have returned again to Athens, and the Painter alone have heard the particulars of Timon's bounty. But Shakespeare was not very attentive to these minute particulars; and if *he* and the *audience* knew of the several persons who had partaken of Timon's wealth, he would not scruple to attribute this knowledge to persons who perhaps had not yet an opportunity of acquiring it. The news of the Steward's having been enriched by Timon, though that event happened only in the end of the preceding scene, has, we here find, reached the Painter; and therefore here undoubtedly the Fifth Act ought to begin, that a proper interval may be supposed to have elapsed between this and the last." MALONE.

P. 566. (191) "*black-corner'd night*,"

Which Steevens explains to mean "night which is as obscure as a *dark corner* [?]," has been amended to "*black*-con'd *night*," "*black*-crown'd *night*," "*black*-cover'd *night*," &c.—Qy. "*black*-curtain'd *night*"?—"This couplet in all the editions is placed to the Painter; but, as it is in rhyme, and a sequel of the sentiment begun by the Poet, I have made no scruple to ascribe it to him." THEOBALD.

P. 567. (192) "*worship*."

The folio has "worshipt."

P. 567. (193) "*Whose thankless natures—O abhorrèd spirits!—*
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—"

i. e. *For* whose thankless natures, &c. Compare *The Tempest*, act i. sc. 2;

"Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough," &c.

P. 568. (194) "*Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him*,"

A slightly-mutilated line; which has been mended in two ways (and not very successfully); Pope reading "——*love him*, and *feed him*;" and Capell, "——yet *love him, feed him*."

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P. 568. (195) "*but two in company:*"

"There are not two words more frequently mistaken for each other, in the printing of these plays, than *but* and *not*. I have no doubt but that mistake obtains in this passage, and that we should read it thus; '*not* two in company' [Hanmer's emendation]." MASON.—The old reading is explained "Each man, being himself a villain, will *take a villain along with him*, and so each of you will have two in company."

P. 568. (196)

"*You have done work for me, there's payment: hence!*—"

The folio has "*You haue worke for me*," &c.—I adopt Malone's correction.

P. 569. (197) "*It is in vain*"

So the third folio.—The earlier folios have "*It is vaine.*" (Afterwards, p. 571, the same speaker says to the same persons, "Stay not, all 's *in* vain.")

P. 569. (198) "*It is our pact*"

The folio has "*It is our* part."—Corrected by Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 276). See note 78 on *The Taming of the Shrew*.

P. 569. (199) "*chance*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "chanc'd."

P. 569. (200) "*Peace and content be here!*" &c.

"This speech would be more appropriate to one of the Senators." STAUNTON.

P. 569. (201) "*cauterizing*"

The folio has "Cantherizing;" the second folio "Catherizing."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "cauter."

P. 569. (202) "*And now the public body,—which doth seldom*"

The reading of the folio is "Which *now the publike Body, which*," &c.; and Malone, the champion of error, after defending it, adds; "Sir Thomas Hanmer and the subsequent editors read here more correctly '*And* now the public body,' &c. [Capell gives '*But* now,' &c.]: but by what oversight could *Which* be printed instead of *And*?"—The first "Which" crept in by mistake, the eye of the scribe or the compositor having glanced to the second one.

P. 570. (203) "*feeling in itself*
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fail, restraining aid to Timon;"

The folio has

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"—— *hath* since *withal*
Of it *owne* fall, *restraining*," &c.

Hanmer altered "fall" to "fault:" Capell printed "*fail*,"—which is manifestly the genuine reading: the Senator means to say; "At the same time that they feel a lack of Timon's aid, they feel also how they failed (or, how faulty they were) in withholding their aid from Timon."—The substantive "*fail*" was formerly common: in *The Winter's Tale*, act ii. sc. 3, we have

"Mark, and perform it,—seest thou? for the *fail*
Of any point in 't," &c.

and in *Cymbeline*, act iii. sc. 4, "From thy great *fail*." (Johnson explains "*hath sense of its own* fall" to mean "The Athenians *had sense*, that is, felt the danger *of their own fall* by the arms of Alcibiades:" but *that* is sufficiently implied in the preceding declaration, "feeling a lack of Timon's aid;" and besides it has no fitness when taken in connection with what immediately follows, "restraining aid to Timon."—Malone "once suspected that our author wrote 'fail':" he, however, eventually persuaded himself that the old reading was fully supported by the occurrence of the word "fall" in two subsequent passages of the play.)

P. 570. (204) "*sorrow'd render*,"

"'*Render*' is *confession* [account]. So in *Cymbeline*, act iv. sc. 4;

'may drive us to a *render*
Where we have liv'd.'

The modern editors read '*tender*.'" STEEVENS.

P. 571. (205) "*I will*"

"Possibly Shakespeare wrote '*say*, I will.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 241.

P. 571. (206) "*take his haste*,"

Altered by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "*take his* halter."—The original lection is supported by the following passages (the first two of which I cited in the *Add. and Corr.* to my former edition, and the third in my *Strictures on Mr. Collier's ed. of Shakespeare*, 1858);

"If on my credit you dare build so far
To *make your speed* to Dover," &c.
King Lear, act iii. sc. 1.

"and, with all *his haste*,
Informd Ægisthus."
Chapman's *Homer's Odysses*, B. iv. p. 61, ed. fol.

"Rise ye up, *take your journey*, and pass over the river Arnon," &c. *Deuteronomy*, chap. ii. 24:

and it derives still further support from the following lines (adduced here by Mr. Grant White);

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" With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy *take his gait.*"
Midsummer-Night's Dream, act v. last scene.—

I would observe, too, that the expression "take HIS *halter*," almost implies that every man in Athens ("from high to low throughout") was provided with a halter for his own especial use in case of need.

P. 572. (207) "*Who once a day*," &c.

Altered in the second folio to "Which *once a day*," &c.—Malone printed "Whom *once a day*," &c., referring "Whom" to Timon.—But there can be no doubt that here "*Who*"=*whom*, i. e. *which*, is the relative to "everlasting mansion." (As to the use of "*Who*," compare;

" a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her," &c.
The Tempest, vol. i. p. 177.

" the elements,
Of *whom* your swords are temper'd," &c.
Id. vol. i. p. 216.

" a peascod . . . . from *whom* I took two cods," &c.
As you like it, vol. iii. p. 51.

" That eyes . . . . . .
Who shut their coward gates on atomies," &c.
Id. vol. iii. p. 51.

" Nothing so certain as your anchors; *who*," &c.
The Winter's Tale, vol. iii. p. 482.

" Till he behold them formèd in th' applause
Where they're extended; *who*, like an arch, reverberates," &c.
Troilus and Cressida, p. 56 of the present volume.

" Fame, at the which he aims,—
In *whom* already he's well grac'd," &c.
Coriolanus, p. 142 of the present volume.

" my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup," &c.
Id. p. 194.

" Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot," &c.
Titus Andronicus, p. 313 of the present volume.)

P. 572. (208) "*sour*"

" Papæ! '*your*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 241.

P. 572. (209) " *Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,*
Yet our old love had a particular force,
And made us speak like friends :"

This irregular construction—or rather, no construction—"*Whom*," is defended by Malone.—Hanmer printed "And, *though in general part*," &c.; and Mr.

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Singer would read "When, *though* on several *part*," &c.—In the second line the folio has "*Yet our old loue* made *a particular force*;" the transcriber or printer having caught "made" from the next line: Hanmer substituted "had."

P. 573. (210)

"Sold. *By all description* . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Some beast rear'd this; here does not live a man," &c.

So the passage was corrected by Theobald at Warburton's suggestion (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also gives "*rear'd*").—The folio has "*Some Beast* reade *this*; There *do's not liue a Man*."

In Mr. Staunton's edition this speech and the annotation on it stand as follows;

"'SOLD. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer? What is this?
[*Reads*] TIMON IS DEAD!—*who*[a] *hath outstretch'd his span*,—
Some beast—read this; there does not live a man.[b]
Dead, sure, and this his grave: what's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;
Our captain hath in every figure skill,'[c] &c.

[a] *Who hath*, &c.] That is, *whoever* hath, &c.

[b] TIMON IS DEAD!—*who hath outstretch'd his span*,—
Some beast—read this; there does not live a man.] Of the many erroneous interpretations of Shakespeare's text for which his commentators are responsible, none perhaps is so remarkable, and, at the same time, so supremely ridiculous, as that into which they have lapsed with regard to the above passage. Not perceiving—what it seems scarcely possible from the lines themselves and their context to miss—that this couplet is an inscription by Timon to indicate his death and point to the epitaph on his tomb, they have invariably printed it as a portion of the soldier's speech, and thus represented him as misanthropical as the hero of the piece! Nor was this absurdity sufficient: as, says Warburton, 'The soldier had yet only seen the rude pile of earth heaped up for Timon's grave, and not the *inscription* upon it,' we should read

'Some beast *rear'd* this;'

and he prints it accordingly. And because 'our poet certainly would not make the soldier call on a beast to read the inscription *before* he had informed the audience that he could not read it himself; which he does *afterwards*,' Malone adopts Warburton's reading, and every editor since follows his judicious example! What is still more amusing, too, Mr. Collier, who has claimed for his mysterious annotator three-fourths of the most acute of modern emendations, assigns this precious 'restoration' to him also! We are curious to know whether he derived it from some manuscript copy of the play, or merely from the traditions of the stage.

[c] *Our captain hath in every figure skill*;] We are obviously to understand that the insculpture on the tomb, unlike the inscription which he has just read, is in a language the soldier was unacquainted with."

1. I certainly have no pleasure in maintaining an opinion directly opposed

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to that of Mr. Staunton: but I differ from him *toto cælo* in the peculiar view he takes of the present passage. I believe that the two lines,—which the folio gives *pointed exactly thus, and printed* (with the exception of the name) *in Roman, not in italic type*,—

> "*Tymon* is dead, who hath out-stretcht his span,
> Some Beast reade this; There do's not liue a Man,"—

are a portion of the Soldier's speech, not an inscription; and, moreover, that Warburton and the Ms. Corrector were quite right in substituting "*rear'd*" for "reade" (a misprint which might have been occasioned by the scribe's or the compositor's eye resting on the word "read" just below, in the next line but one).

2. As here the Soldier says to himself,

> "*Timon is dead*, who hath outstretch'd his span,"

so in the next scene, when he delivers to Alcibiades the impression of the epitaph taken in wax, he says,

> "My noble general, *Timon is dead*."

3. Besides this *couplet* (and its quaintness might lead us to suppose that Shakespeare adopted it, as he appears to have done other passages of the play, from some older drama on the story of Timon), we have a second *couplet* at the close of the present speech, short as it is.

4. I interpret the words of the Soldier thus; "By all description this should be the place *where I am directed to find Timon*.—Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this? *a sepulchral mound of earth! Then* Timon is dead, who has outstretched his span: *and it would almost seem that* some beast reared this *mound, for* here does not live a man *to have done so. Yes, he is* dead, sure, and this his grave," &c.

5. The lines which Shakespeare makes Alcibiades read in the concluding speech of the play, "*Here lies a wretched corse*," &c., *are found, with the difference of a single word* ("wretches" *instead of* "caitiffs"), in *The Life of Antony* apud North's Plutarch; but neither in that Life, nor in the novel on the subject of Timon in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*,—with which also Shakespeare was doubtless acquainted,—is there the remotest hint of "an inscription by Timon to indicate his death and point to the epitaph on his tomb."

6. I think it quite plain that the insculpture on Timon's tomb is in the common language of the country, and that it is unintelligible to the Soldier only because he cannot read any sort of writing (in the next scene he confesses his "poor ignorance"). Why should Timon engrave his epitaph in characters which were to be deciphered by the learned alone?

P. 573. (211) "*strong*,"

Walker proposes "stung" (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 167).

P. 574. (212) "*To wipe out our ingratitudes with loves*
Above their quantity."

The folio has "Ingratitude."—"Read [with Capell] '*ingratitudes*;' for it is to this that '*their*' refers, not to '*rages*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i.

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p. 262. (Warburton referred "*their*" to "*rages ;*" Malone, most absurdly, to "*griefs.*")—In *Troilus and Cressida*, p. 57 of the present volume, we have the plural "*ingratitudes.*"

P. 574. (213) "*means :*"

Altered by Theobald to "'mends."

P. 574. (214) "*griefs :*"

"The old copy has '*grief ;*' but, as the Senator in his preceding speech uses the plural, '*grief*' was probably here an error of the press [or of the transcriber]. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald." MALONE.

P. 574. (215) "*revenges :*"

"Old copy '*revenge.*' Corrected by Mr. Steevens. See the preceding speech." MALONE.

P. 575. (216) "*Descend,*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "Defend."

P. 575. (217) "*render'd to your public laws*"

The folio has "remedied *to your*," &c.; which the editor of the second folio altered to "remedied by *your*," &c.—Mason saw (what the earlier critics ought to have seen) that here "remedied" was an error for "*render'd.*"

P. 575. (218) "*Interprets for my poor ignorance.*"

Pope printed "Interpreteth *for*," &c.—Malone declares that here "*poor*" is a dissyllable.—"Possibly '—— *poorer* ignorance ;' though this seems most improbable." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 54; where Walker's editor observes in a note; "But compare Massinger, *Unnatural Combat*, iv. 1, Gifford, vol. i. p. 192;

'Or twine mine arms about her softer neck,'

and Gifford's note."

P. 576. (219) "*our brains' flow,*"

Here, says Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 102), "'*brain*' for '*brains*' would be modern, not Elizabethan, English."

P. 576. (220) "*On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead,*" &c.

"I suspect that we ought to read '[On thy low grave.] *One fault's* forgiven.—Dead,' &c. One fault (viz. the ingratitude of the Athenians to Timon) is forgiven, *i. e.* exempted from punishment by the death of the injured person." TYRWHITT.—"Tyrwhitt's emendation is unquestionably right. No

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satisfactory explanation can be given of the words '*on faults forgiven.*' *On* for *one* is frequent in the folio. . . . In the present instance the '*On*' at the beginning of the line may have facilitated the error. Timon's injuries had been one of the two impelling motives of Alcibiades's attack on Athens, v. 2;

> 'this man was riding
> From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
> With letters of entreaty, which imported
> His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
> In part for his sake mov'd.'

And again, a little previous to the passage before us;

> 'Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
> Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
> Fall, and no more.'

Hence it was natural and necessary that, on receiving the news of Timon's death, he should make some such observation as the present. It may be added, that, many of the offenders being already removed by death,

> ('nor are they living
> Who were the motives that you first went out,')

Timon's death still further diminishes the number of victims required, and brings the catastrophe still nearer to that repose—a 'glooming' one in this case, it is true, for none other was possible—with which Shakespeare always concludes his dramas. The rhythm, too, is improved by the change." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 241.

P. 576. (221) "*use*"

"We should, I think, read '*twine.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 243.

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JULIUS CÆSAR.

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JULIUS CÆSAR.

First printed in the folio of 1623. — Mr. Collier (*Introd. to Julius Cæsar*) has gone far to prove that this play was acted before 1603. In that year Drayton published his *Barons' Wars*,—a complete *rifacimento* of his *Mortimeriados*, 1596,—and in Book iii. of the recast poem is the following stanza;

> "Such one he was, of him we boldly say,
> In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit,
> In whom in peace *the elements all lay*
> *So mix'd*, as none could sovereignty impute;
> As all did govern, yet all did obey:
> His lively temper was so absolute
> That 't seem'd, when heaven his model first began,
> In him it show'd *perfection in a man*."

Now the above lines bear such a resemblance to a passage in *Julius Cæsar*, act v. sc. 5,—

> "His life was gentle; and *the elements*
> *So mix'd in him*, that *Nature* might stand up
> And say to all the world, '*This was a man!*'"—

that one of the two poets must have borrowed from the other; and few will dissent from Mr. Collier's opinion that the borrower was Drayton, who had become acquainted with Shakespeare's play either by having heard it at the theatre, or by having read it in manuscript: this is rendered the more likely, as Mr. Collier observes, by "the fact, that in the subsequent impressions of 'The Barons' Wars,' in 1605, 1607, 1608, 1610, and 1613, the stanza remained precisely as in the edition of 1603; but in 1619, after Shakespeare's death and before 'Julius Cæsar' was printed, Drayton made even a nearer approach to the words of his original, thus;

> 'He was a man, then boldly dare to say,
> In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit;
> In whom *so mix'd the elements did lay*,
> That none to one could sovereignty impute;
> As all did govern, so did all obey:
> He of a temper was so absolute,
> As that it seem'd, when *Nature* him began,
> She meant to show *all that might be in man*.'"—

It appears from Henslowe's *Diary* (p. 221, ed. Shakespeare Soc.), that in May 1602 (at which time perhaps Shakespeare had produced his tragedy), "Antoney Monday and Mihell Drayton, Webester, Mydelton and the Rest" were employed on a piece called *Cæsar's Fall*. As to Lord Stirling's *Julius Cæsar*, which was first printed in 1604, Mr. Collier (*ubi supra*) remarks; "the resemblances [between it and our author's *Julius Cæsar*] are by no means numerous or obvious, and probably not more than may be accounted for by the fact that two writers were treating the same subject."—Throughout this play Shakespeare is mainly indebted to North's *Plutarch* (trans-

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lated from the French of Amiot): but it is not improbable that there was a much earlier English drama about Julius Cæsar, from which he may have derived something.

1865. According to Mr. Halliwell (*Introd. to Julius Cæsar*), this play was written by Shakespeare "in or before the year 1601, as appears from the following lines in Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, printed in that year,—lines which unquestionably are to be traced to a recollection of Shakespeare's drama, not to that of the history as given by Plutarch;

> 'The many-headed multitude were drawne
> By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious;
> When eloquent Mark Antonie had showne
> His vertues, who but Brutus then was vicious?'"

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS,
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.

CICERO,
PUBLIUS,
POPILIUS LENA, } senators.

MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA, } conspirators against Julius Cæsar.

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, tribunes.

ARTEMIDORUS, a sophist of Cnidos.

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, a poet.

Another Poet.

LUCILIUS,
TITINIUS,
MESSALA,
Young CATO,
VOLUMNIUS, } friends to Brutus and Cassius.

VARRO,
CLITUS,
CLAUDIUS,
STRATO,
LUCIUS,
DARDANIUS, } servants to Brutus.

PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.

CALPHURNIA, wife of Cæsar.

PORTIA, wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE—*during a great part of the play at Rome; afterwards near Sardis, and near Philippi.*

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JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, [1] *and a rabble of* Citizens.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

First Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir, what trade are you?

Sec. Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

Sec. Cit. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?[2]

Sec. Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Sec. Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with[3] no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters,

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but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
See, whêr their basest metal be not mov'd!
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;

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This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.
Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.
Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A public place.*

Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the course;* CALPHURNIA,[4] PORTIA, DECIUS,[5] CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and* CASCA; *a great crowd following, among them a* Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.
[*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Calphurnia,—
Cal. Here, my lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius'[6] way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius,—
Ant. Cæsar, my lord?
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touchèd in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.
Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says "Do this," it is perform'd.
Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*
Sooth. Cæsar!
Cæs. Ha! who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still:—peace yet again!
[*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?

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I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry "Cæsar." Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cass. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him:—pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all except Brutus and Cassius.*

Cass. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cass. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cass. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexèd I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;(7)
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cass. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself

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But by reflection from some other thing.[8]

Cass. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirror[9] as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,—
Except immortal Cæsar,—speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cass. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher,[10] or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. [*Flourish and shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cass. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For, let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cass. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.

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Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plungèd in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy:
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tirèd Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Flourish and shout.*

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Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.
Cass. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;[11]
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?[12]
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.
Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;

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Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cass. I am glad
That my weak words have struck but thus much show
Of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cass. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CÆSAR *with his Train.*

Bru. I will do so:—but, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senator.[12]

Cass. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius,—

Ant. Cæsar?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter!—but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease

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Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to bè fear'd
Than what I fear,—for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and all his Train, except Casca.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not, then, ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him; and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cass. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cass. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted,[14] and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned,[15] and fell down at it: and for mine

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own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cass. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like;—he hath the falling-sickness.[16]

Cass. No, Cæsar hath it not: but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut:—an I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cass. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cass. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cass. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

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Cass. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold,[17] and your dinner worth the eating.

Cass. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell, both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle[18] when he went to school.

Cass. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest[19] his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cass. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.
[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glancèd at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

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SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, *with his sword drawn, and* CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave — you know him[20] well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides,—I ha' not since put up my sword,—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd[21] upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformèd with their fear; who swore they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noonday upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
"These are their reasons,[22]—they are natural;"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposèd time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,

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Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night, then, Casca: this disturbèd sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero, [*Exit Cicero.*

Enter CASSIUS.

Cass. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cass. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this![23]

Cass. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cass. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbracèd, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cass. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and case yourself in wonder,[24]
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind;
Why old men fool,[25] and children calculate;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formèd faculties,
To monstrous quality;—why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,

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To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,[26]
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,—
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cass. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cass. I know where I will wear this dagger, then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cass. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,

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What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made; but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:[27]
Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cass. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like[28] the work we have in hand,
Most bloody-fiery[29] and most terrible.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cass. 'Tis Cinna,—I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA.

Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cass. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempt.[30] Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin. I'm glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cass. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.—
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cass. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it;[31] and throw this

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In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cass. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit Cinna.*

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cass. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome.* BRUTUS'S *orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

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Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the question:
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found [*Giving him a paper.*
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?[32]

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.
[*Opens the paper and reads.*

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"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!"—
"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"—
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
"Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
My ancestor[33] did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!"—Am I entreated[34]
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen[35] days.
[*Knocking within.*
Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.
[*Exit Lucius.*
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,[36]
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.
Bru. Let 'em enter. [*Exit Lucius.*

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They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou put thy native semblance on,[37]
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

Cass. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour; awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cass. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cass. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cass. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.—
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cass. Shall I entreat a word? [*Brutus and Cassius whisper.*
Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

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Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cass. And let us swear our resolution.
Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face[38] of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.
Cass. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.
Casca. Let us not leave him out.
Cin. No, by no means.
Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.
Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;

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For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.
Cass. Then leave him out.
Casca. Indeed he is not fit.
Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?
Cass. Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.
Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,—
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:
Let's be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O that we, then, could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:[39]
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.
Cass. Yet I fear him;[40]
For in th' ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—
Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself,—take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given

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To sports, to wildness, and much company.
Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*
Bru. Peace! count the clock.
Cass. The clock hath stricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Cass. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does,—being then most flatter'd.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cass. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?
Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:[41]
He loves me well, and I have given him reason;[42]
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.
Cass. The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you,
Brutus:—
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.
Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;

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But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good morrow to you every one.
[*Exeunt all except Brutus.*
Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the heavy honey-dew of slumber:[432]
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You 've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick,—and is it physical

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To walk unbracèd, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,—
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurgèd air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm[44] you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you,—for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,—
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed,—Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels; I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound

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Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?
Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart:
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charáctery of my sad brows:—
Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*]—Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter LUCIUS *with* LIGARIUS.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius,—how!
Lig. Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!
Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortifièd spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.
Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
Bru. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II. *The same. A hall in* CÆSAR'S *palace.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, *in his nightgown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!"—Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd[45] me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanishèd.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelpèd in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.[46]
O Cæsar, these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them!

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

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Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions[47] litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:—
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day,—tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?

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Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.
Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.
Cæs. The cause is in my will,—I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know,—
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,[48]
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these
Does she apply for warnings and portents
Of evils imminent;[49] and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.
Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance'.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.
Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now,—the senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Cæsar is afraid"?
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

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Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!
I am ashamèd I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.
Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—
Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is 't o'clock?
Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.
Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.
Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.
Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—now, Metellus:—what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Treb. Cæsar, I will:—[*aside*] and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.
Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
Bru. [*aside*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper.*

Art. "Cæsar, beware of Brutus;[50] take heed of Cassius; come

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not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS."

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Another part of the same street, before the house of* BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?
Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
[*Aside*] O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
Luc. I hear none, madam.
Por. Prithee, listen well:

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I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.[51]

Por. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.[52]
Good morrow to you.—Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Por. I must go in.—[*Aside*] Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!—
Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint.—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol; the* Senate *sitting.*

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS *and the* Soothsayer. *Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and others.*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.[52]
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cass. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR *enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the* Senators *rise.*

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cass. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well. [*Advances to Cæsar.*
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cass. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discoverèd.
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.
Cass. Casca,
Be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.[54]
Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purpose;[55]
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cass. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,

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He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius. Cæsar and the Senators take their seats.*

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd: press near and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Casca. Are we all ready?[56]

Cæs. What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart,— [*Kneeling.*

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings[57] and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law[58] of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crookèd[59] curt'sies, and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banishèd:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,[60]
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cass. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber,

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,

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Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world,—'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,—
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[*Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and last by Marcus Brutus.*

*Cæs. Et tu, Brute?**—Then fall, Cæsar!

[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

* *Et tu, Brute?*] After quoting Suetonius in Holland's version, and Plutarch in North's translation, Malone observes; "Neither of these writers, therefore, we see, furnished Shakespeare with this exclamation. His authority appears to have been a line in the old play entitled *The True Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke*, &c., printed in 1600 [1595], on which he formed his *Third Part of King Henry VI.*;

'*Et tu, Brute!* Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?'

[p. 176, Shake. Soc. reprint.]

This line Shakespeare rejected when he wrote the piece above mentioned; but it appears it had made an impression on his memory. The same line is also found in *Acolastus his Afterwitte*, a poem, by S. Nicholson, printed in 1600;

'*Et tu, Brute!* Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?
Thou art my friend, and wilt not see me wrong'd.'

So in Cæsar's Legend, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587;

'O this, quoth I, is violence: then Cassius piere'd my breast;
And Brutus thou, my sonne, quoth I, whom erst I loved best.'

The Latin words probably appeared originally in the old Latin play on this subject [written by Dr. Eedes, and acted at Christ-Church, Oxford, in 1582]."

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Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cass. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

Bru. People, and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cass. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so:—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cass. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:—
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cass.[61] Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"

Cass. Stoop, then, and wash.—How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er[62]
In states[63] unborn and accents yet unknown!

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Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies[64] along
No worthier than the dust!
Cass. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.
Dec. What, shall we forth?
Cass. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.
Bru. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Servant.

A friend of Antony's.
Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:—
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.
Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.
Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*
Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.
Cass. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.
Bru. But here comes Antony.

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Re-enter ANTONY.

Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not,—they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony,
Our arms no strength of malice; and our hearts,[65]
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cass. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.

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Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.—(66)
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cass. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cass. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compáct mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

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Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cass. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. [*aside to Cass.*] By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all due[67] rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cass. [*aside to Bru.*] I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say you do 't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all except Antony.*

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man

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That ever livèd in the tide of times.
Woe to the hands[68] that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
A curse shall light upon the minds of men;[69]
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Cæsar!— [*Seeing the body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for[70] mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Begin[71] to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take

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The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*

SCENE II. *The same. The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of* Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be renderèd
Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them renderèd.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the rostrum.*

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: there is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition.

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Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death. Here comes his body, mourned by Mark

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Citizens. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall now[72] be crown'd in Brutus.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glory;[73] which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

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Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. [*Goes up.*
Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?
Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.
Third Cit. Nay, that's certain:
We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.
Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans,—
Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.

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You all did love him once,—not without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he not, masters?[74]
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,—
I found it in his closet,—'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

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Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Cit. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will,—Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honourable men!

Citizens. The will! the testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Citizens. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend.

Third Cit. You shall have leave. [*Antony comes down.*

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony,—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far' off.

Citizens. Stand back; room; bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,

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As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,[75]
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!

Third Cit. O woful day!

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!

First Cit. O most bloody sight!

Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.

Citizens. Revenge,—about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay,—let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable;—
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do 't;—they're wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

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That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit,[76] nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We 'll mutiny.

First Cit. We 'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Citizens. Peace, ho! hear Antony,—most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not,—I must tell you, then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens. Most true; the will:—let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal:—
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar!—we 'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Citizens. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever,—common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never.—Come, away, away!
We 'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

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Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work:—mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou[77] what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus[78] are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard 'em[79] say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

Enter CINNA *the poet.*

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy:[80]
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?

Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?

Third Cit. Where do you dwell?

Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.

First Cit. Ay, and briefly.

Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.

Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to

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answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly:—wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he 's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Rome. A room in* ANTONY'S *house.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent,—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

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But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
Lep. What, shall I find you here?
Oct. Or here, or at
The Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*
Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.
Oct. You may do your will:
But he 's a tried and valiant soldier.
Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,—
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;—
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abject orts and imitations,
Which,[81] out of use and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,

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Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out;[82]
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answerèd.
Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before* BRUTUS' *tent, in the camp near Sardis.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, *and* Soldiers; PINDARUS *meeting them;* LUCIUS *at some distance.*

Bru. Stand, ho!
Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?
Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
[*Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus.*
Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.
Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.
Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforcèd ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,

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Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*

Bru. Hark! he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and* Soldiers.

Cass. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Cass. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cass. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cass. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucius, do you the like;[83] and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Lucilius and Titinius guard the door. [*Exeunt.*[84]

SCENE III. *Within the tent of* BRUTUS.

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Cass. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this,—

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You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.[85]

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cass. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru.[86] And let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cass. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cass. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cass. Brutus, bay not me,—[87]
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cass. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cass. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cass. Is 't possible?

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Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cass. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cass. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of abler men.[88]
Cass. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say "better"?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cass. When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cass. I durst not!
Bru. No.
Cass. What, durst not tempt him!
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cass. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

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By any indirection;—I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cass. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cass. I did not:—he was but a fool that brought
My answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cass. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cass. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do[89] appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cass. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus'[90] mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;

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Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cass. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cass. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cass. O Brutus,—
Bru. What's the matter?
Cass. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
Poet. [*within*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Lucil. [*within*] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [*within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, *followed by* LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Cass. How now! what's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.
Cass. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!
Cass. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?—
Companion, hence!
Cass. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet.*
Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cass. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine!
Cass. I did not think you could have been so angry.

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Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cass. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.

Cass. Ha! Portia!

Bru. She is dead.

Cass. How scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came;—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cass. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cass. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, *with wine and taper.*

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine.—
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*

Cass. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Bru. Come in, Titinius! [*Exit Lucius.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cass. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,

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Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cass. Cicero one!
Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cass. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cass. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cass. This it is:—
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-aided,[91] and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,

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If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cass. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
Cass. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?
Cass. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.
Bru. Lucius, my gown!—Farewell,[92] good Messala:—
Good night, Titinius:—noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.
Cass. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.
Bru. Every thing is well.
Cass. Good night, my lord.
Bru. Good night, good brother.
Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.
Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt Cassius, Titinius, and Messala.*

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Luc. Here in the tent.

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Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius[93] and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.—
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Varro and Claudius lie down.*

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee.

[*Music, and a song, towards the end of which Lucius falls asleep.*

This is a sleepy tune:—O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.—

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Let me see, let me see;—is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well;
Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then. [*Exit Ghost.*
Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy, Lucius!—Varro! Claudius![94]—Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah Claudius!—
[*To Var.*] Fellow thou, awake!

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;

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Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their* Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answerèd:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions:
It proves not so; their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou[95] the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their* Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cass. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

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Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.
Oct. Stir not until the signal.
Bru. Words before blows:—is it so, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words;
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"
Cass. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;[96]
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
Ant. Not stingless too.
Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damnèd Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers![97]
Cass. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.
Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look,—
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.[98]
Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,

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Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cass. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away!—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*

Cass. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho,
Lucilius! hark; a word with you.

Lucil. My lord?

[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*

Cass. Messala,—

Mes. What says my general?

Cass. Messala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I[99] compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former[100] ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cass. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

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Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cass. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since th' affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you, then, determinèd to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,[101]
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:[102]—arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some[103] high powers
That govern us below.

Cass. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then, this parting was well made.

Cass. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away! [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II. *The same. The field of battle.*

Alarums. Enter BRUTUS *and* MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side:
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius'[104] wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter CASSIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Cass. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far' off.
Cass. This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Cass. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*
Cass. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;

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My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—
[*Pindarus goes up.*[105]
This day I breathèd first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?
Pin. [*above*] O my lord!
Cass. What news?
Pin. [*above*] Titinius is enclosèd round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;—
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him;—
Now, Titinius!—
Now some light: O, he lights too: he's ta'en; [*Shout*] and, hark!
They shout for joy.
Cass. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

PINDARUS *descends.*

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*
Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

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Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
Mes. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondsman, on this hill.
Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Mes. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,—
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful Error, Melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!
Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?
Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomèd,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.
Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit Messala.*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstru'd every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;[106]
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*

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Alarums. Re-enter MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whêr he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
Thou last of all the Romans, fare thee well![107]
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.[108]—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato;—let us to the field.—
Labeo and Flavius,[109] set our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter fighting, Soldiers *of both armies; then* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, LUCILIUS, *and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!
Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [*Charges the enemy.*
Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

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Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!
[*Exit, charging the enemy. Young Cato is overpowered, and falls.*
Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.
First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.
Lucil. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
First Sold. We must not.—A noble prisoner!
Sec. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
First Sold. I'll tell the[110] news:—here comes the general.

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whêr Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. Another part of the field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

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Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [*Whispers him.*
Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
Bru. Peace, then, no words.
Cli. I'll rather kill myself.
Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispers him.*
Dar. Shall I do such a deed?
Cli. O Dardanius!
Dar. O Clitus!
Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night,—at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.
Vol. Not so, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.[111]
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarums still.*
Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony

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By this vile conquest[112] shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarums. Cry within,* "Fly, fly, fly!"
Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.
Bru. Hence! I will follow.[113]
[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
Stra. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.
Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

Alarums. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and* Army.

Oct. What man is that?
Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?
Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.
Lucil. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.
Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.—
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.
Oct. Do so, good Messala.
Mes. How died my master, Strato?
Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;

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He only, in a general-honest thought,
And common good to all,[114] made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

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P. 615. (1) "MARULLUS,"

In the folio he is called "Murellus" throughout the play; except in one instance, where it has "Murrellus."

P. 615. (2)

"*What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?*"

This is given in the folio to "Fla.:" but the next speech of Marullus ("mend ME, thou saucy fellow!") distinctly proves that *he* is the speaker here.

P. 615. (3) "*I meddle with*," &c.

"This should be, 'I meddle with no *trade*,—man's matters, nor woman's matters, but with *awl*.'" FARMER.—"Surely this is at least a step to the right reading." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 244.

P. 617. (4) "CALPHURNIA,"

"Such is the name she bears in North's 'Plutarch,' 1579, p. 769, both in the body of the book and in the margin. [So too in ed. 1612, p. 718, now before me.] We only mention it because Mr. Craik, in his 'English of Shakespeare,' p. 60 [p. 56, sec. ed.], by mistake says the reverse [and so says Mr. Grant White], and objects that Shakespeare ought to have called her *Calpurnia*. See Plutarch's 'Life of Antonius'." COLLIER.

P. 617. (5) "DECIUS,"

"The name of the person called *Decius* Brutus throughout the play was *Decimus* Brutus. *Decius* is not, like *Decimus*, a prænomen, but a gentilitial name. The error, however, is as old as the edition of Plutarch's Greek text produced by Henry Stephens in 1572; and it occurs likewise in the accompanying Latin translation, and both in Amyot's and Dacier's French, as well as in North's English," &c. Craik's *English of Shakespeare*, &c. p. 57, sec. ed.

P. 617. (6) "*Antonius*'"

"The old copy generally reads—*Antonio, Octavio, Flavio* [and *Claudio*]. The players were more accustomed to Italian than Roman terminations," &c. STEEVENS.

P. 618. (7) "*behaviours*;"

See note 42 on *All's well that ends well*.

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P. 619. (8) "*But by reflection from some other thing.*"

The folio has "—— by *some other* things."—The first of these corrections was made by Pope, the second by Walker, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 244.—(Here the "by" was evidently repeated by mistake, and *s* added to "*thing*" by a very frequent error of the folio.)

P. 619. (9) "*mirror*"

The folio has "Mirrors" (another instance of *s* wrongly added to a word).—Corrected by Walker, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 244.

P. 619. (10) "*laugher,*"

The folio has "Laughter."

P. 621. (11) "*yours is as fair a name;*"

Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 98) suggests "yours' *as fair a name,*"—the apostrophe marking the elision of "*is.*"

P. 621. (12) "*When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,*
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?"

The folio has "*That her wide* Walkes," &c.; which is retained by most of the recent editors, though the error had been corrected long ago.—"Undoubtedly '*walls.*' The error, probably, originated in '*talk'd.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 244.

P. 622. (13) "*senator.*"

The folio has "Senators."—Corrected by Walker, *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 98. (See *ante*, notes 8, 9.)

P. 623. (14) "*shouted,*"

The folio has "howted" (the initial letter having dropt out).

P. 623. (15) "*swooned,*"

Here the folio has "swoonded," and in the next speech "swound."—See note 93 on *The Winter's Tale.*

P. 624. (16) "'*Tis very like;—he hath the falling-sickness.*"

The folio has no point after "*like;*" and so Mr. Collier gives the line. But Brutus certainly does not mean to say "It is very likely that Cæsar hath the falling-sickness:"—Brutus knew that Cæsar was subject to it. Compare North's *Plutarch;* "he [Cæsar] was leane, white, and soft-skinned, and *often subiect* to head-ache, and otherwhile *to the falling sickenes* (the which tooke him the first time, as it is reported, in Cordvba, a citie of Spayne)," &c. p. 771, ed. 1579.

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P. 625. (17) "*and your mind hold,*"

"Surely, 'and *my* mind hold.' '*Your*' is absurd." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 245.

P. 625. (18) "*mettle*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "mettled."—"Nonsense. '*Metal.*' Compare the line preceding, 'What a *blunt* fellow is this grown to be!'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 245.

P. 625. (19) "*digest*"

Here the folio has "disgest;" but afterwards, p. 668, it has "You shall *digest*," &c.

P. 626. (20) "*you know him,*" &c.

Qy. "you'd *know him*" (*i. e.* you would recognise him for a common slave), &c.?

P. 626. (21) "*glar'd*"

The folio has "glaz'd"

P. 626. (22) "'*These are their reasons,*'"

"Is it possible that Mr. Collier can hold the new reading which he gives us on the authority of his Ms. annotator, 'These are their *seasons*,' to be what Shakespeare really wrote? *This is their season* might have been conceivable; but who ever heard it remarked of any description of phenomena that *these are their seasons?*" CRAIK.

P. 627. (23) "*what night is this!*"

The folio has an interrogation-point after these words, and the modern editors retain it; most erroneously. Casca is not putting a question, but uttering an exclamation of surprise: here "*what night is this!*" is equivalent to "*what* a *night is this!*"—In such exclamations it was not unusual to omit "a." See note 11 on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, vol. i. p. 326.—1865. Since I wrote what precedes, Mr. Staunton and Mr. Grant White have very properly substituted here an exclamation-point for the interrogation-point.—Mr. Craik (in both editions of his *English of Shakespeare*, &c.) prints, with disregard of the metre and of the old phraseology, "*what* a *night is this!*"

P. 627. (24) "*case yourself in wonder,*"

The folio has "cast *your selfe in wonder.*"—Corrected by Mr. Swynfen Jervis; who compares, *Much Ado about Nothing*, act iv. sc. 1, "For my part, I am so *attir'd in wonder*," &c. (The same correction occurred to the late Mr. W. W. Williams: see *The Parthenon* for June 7, 1862, p. 186.)

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P. 627. (25) "*Why old men fool,*"

The folio has "*Why Old men*, Fooles."—Corrected by Mr. W. N. Lettsom, note on Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 250.

P. 628. (26) "*Unto some monstrous state.*
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night," &c.

Such is the arrangement in the folio. But Capell, by omitting "*to*," made the lines run in regular metre;

"Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name thee a man most like this dreadful night," &c.

P. 629. (27) "*Hold, my hand:*"

In most of the modern editions the comma after "*Hold*" is improperly omitted. The expression is elliptical: if complete, it would be, "Hold, there's my hand," &c.; like

"*Holde*, ther's my swoord, and with my swoord my heart."
A Pleasant Commodie, called Looke about you, 1600, sig. E 4.

and

"*Holde thee*, George Bettes, ther's my hand and my hart."
Sir Thomas More (a play printed from a Ms. for the Shakespeare Soc.), p. 5.

P. 629. (28) "*In favour's like*"

So Johnson.—The folio has "Is *Fauors, like.*"—Rowe printed "Is feav'rous, *like;*" Capell, "Is favour'd *like,*" with which reading Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 23) cites the passage.—Mr. Hunter (*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 148) would read "It favours *like,*" &c., and observes, "*it favours* is a common English phrase, now degraded into the rank of vulgarisms, denoting the same thing as *it resembles*. In some parts of the country they still say of a child that it *favours of* some uncle or other relation," &c. But do they ever say—it *favours* LIKE some uncle, &c.?

P. 629. (29) "*Most bloody-fiery*"

The folio has "*Most* bloodie, fierie."—"Read 'Most *bloody-fiery*,' &c., *αἱμόφλοξ*, as a Greek tragedian might have expressed it, or, in Latin poetical language, *sanguineum ardens;* covered over with fiery meteors of a blood-red colour." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 23.

P. 629. (30) "*attempt.*"

The folio has "Attempts."—Corrected by Walker, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 245; and so Mr. Grant White silently. (See *ante*, notes 8, 9.)

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P. 629. (31) "*Where Brutus may but find it;*"

"If *but* be the true word (and be not a misprint for *best*), the meaning must be, Be sure you lay it in the prætor's chair, *only* taking care to place it so that Brutus may be sure to find it." CRAIK.—See the conclusion of note 146 on *All's well that ends well.*

P. 631. (32) "*the ides of March?*"

So Theobald.—The folio has "*the* first *of March?*"

P. 632. (33) "*My ancestor*"

The folio has "*My* Ancestors." (See *ante*, notes 8, 9.)

P. 632. (34) "'*Speak, strike, redress?*'—*Am I entreated*"

To this line "then" was added by Pope.—Mr. Craik prints it as two hemistichs.

P. 632. (35) "*fourteen*"

So Theobald.—The folio has "fifteene."

P. 632. (36) "*the state of man,*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*the state of* a *man,*" &c., which Malone, Mr. Knight, &c. defend, though the "a" evidently crept in by the mistake of the transcriber or compositor. If Mr. Knight will turn to his *National Edition of Shakespeare*, he will find that, in act iv. sc. 3 of the present play, his printer has thus falsified the text by inserting the article;

"I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say A better?"—

1865. Walker notices as faulty the reading of the folio here, "*the state of* a *man,*"—"quod restituerunt Eques et Collierius, jure a Dycio reprehensi, *Remarks*, p. 185." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 90.

P. 633. (37) "*For if thou put thy native semblance on,*"

The folio has "*For if thou* path *thy,*" &c., which commentators have vainly endeavoured to explain. The alteration now adopted was made by Southern (in his copy of the fourth folio); was proposed by Coleridge also; and is pronounced to be "certainly" right by Walker, who observes; "*Path* occurs, indeed, in a different sense, Drayton, *Epistle of Duke Humphrey* [*to Elinor Cobham*],

'Pathing young Henry's unadvisèd ways,' &c.

Again, *Polyolbion*, ii., somewhat differently,

'Where, from the neighbouring hills, her passage Wey doth path,'

i. e. *tracks* her way. Nares quotes these two passages, in v., as instances of the signification which he attributes to the word in the place of Shakespeare; the Variorum also quotes one or both of them for the same purpose [Steevens apud the Var. quotes both; and from the Var. Nares borrowed them]; Col-

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lier refers to Drayton, without any quotation. Yet it is quite clear that neither of them is to the point." *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 245—Mr. Staunton asks "who for a moment could admit the possibility that *put* was the genuine word?" But earlier in this play (p. 625) we have "However he *puts on* this tardy *form*."—Mr. Grant White observes that the quarto of 1691 reads "*For if thou* hath *thy native semblance on*;" and he is inclined to think that "path" is a misprint for "hadst."

P. 634. (38) "*face*"

Warburton reads "fate;" Mason proposes "faith;" and Malone conjectures "faiths."

P. 635. (39) "*fit for the gods,*
. . . . . *fit for hounds*:"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 294) cites this repetition of the word "*fit*" as suspicious.

P. 635. (40) "*Yet I fear him*;"

Pope printed "*Yet I* do *fear him*:" and Steevens compares, in *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 1, "Whose being I *do* fear."

P. 636. (41) "*by him*:"

"That is, by his house. Make that your way home. Mr. Pope substituted *to* for *by*; and all the subsequent editors have adopted this unnecessary change." MALONE.

P. 636. (42) "*given him reason*;"

The folio has "*giuen him* Reasons."—Corrected by Walker, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 250. (See *ante*, notes 8, 9.) Here assuredly the old reading is not to be defended by a later passage, p. 652,

"you shall *give me reasons*
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous."

P. 637. (43) "*the heavy honey-dew of slumber*:"

The folio has "*the* hony-heauy-*Dew of Slumber*."—The two Ms. Correctors—Mr. Collier's and Mr. Singer's—make the transposition.

P. 638. (44) "*charm*"

"Mr. Pope and Sir Thomas Hanmer read '*charge*;' but unnecessarily. So in *Cymbeline* [act i. sc. 6];

'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.'" STEEVENS.

But the passage just cited does not support "*charm*" in the present one.—"I think, '*charge*'." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 246.

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P. 640. (45) "*threaten'd*"

"Qu. '*threaten*'? see context." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 246.

P. 640. (46)

"*Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,*
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets."

In the first line I have substituted "*fought*" for the reading of the folio "fight," which is shown by what follows ("drizzl*ed* blood," &c.) to be an error, since we cannot suppose that here the poet used "*fight*" as a past tense. In the fifth line the folio has "*Horsses* do *neigh*," &c., which the editor of the second folio properly corrected. ("The tenses," says Mr. Knight, "we have no doubt, are purposely confounded, in the vague terror of the speaker"!). — 1865. Here the reading "*fought*," which was originally proposed by me, has been adopted by Mr. Grant White and the Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*): but Mr. Craik adheres to, and most weakly defends, the corruption "fight."

P. 641. (47) "*We are two lions*"

So Upton (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The folio has "*We* heare *two Lyons*."—Theobald printed "*We* were *two lions*."

P. 642. (48) "*statua*,"

The folio has "statue."—See note 102 on *The Sec. Part of King Henry VI.* vol. v. p. 214.—Since the volume just referred to was published, Mr. Arrowsmith (*Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators*, p. 4) has shown that Heywood in his *Troja Britannica* always prints "statue" with a diæresis ("statuë"). But in so doing Heywood, I believe, was singular. And it by no means follows that where the word was to stand as a trisyllable, Shakespeare did not write "*statua*;" a form which, both in his days and long after, was common, not only in verse, but in the most vulgar prose. Nor will any one venture to assert that the folio has preserved to us the very spelling of Shakespeare,—made up as that folio undoubtedly was, partly from playhouse transcripts, partly from printed copies, and presenting throughout the greatest inconsistency of spelling (*e.g.* "vilde" and "*vile*," "conster" and "*construe*," "bankerout" and "*bankrupt*," &c. &c.).

P. 642. (49) "*And these*
Does she apply for warnings and portents
Of evils imminent;"

This passage seems almost to defy any satisfactory arrangement.—The folio has "And *euils imminent*;" which was corrected by Hanmer.

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P. 643. (50) "*Cæsar, beware of Brutus,*" &c.

Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 12) endeavours to arrange this "paper" as verse; unsuccessfully, I think.

P. 645. (51) "Enter *Soothsayer.*"

Here Rowe altered "Soothsayer" to "*Artemidorus.*"—"The introduction of the Soothsayer here is unnecessary, and, I think, improper. All that he is made to say should be given to Artemidorus; who is seen and accosted by Portia in his passage from his first stand to one more convenient." TYRWHITT.

P. 645. (52) "*may chance.*"

An interpolation?

P. 646. (53) "*What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.*"

Is surely right, though Mr. Craik follows Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector in reading

"That *touches us? Ourself shall be last serv'd.*"

P. 646. (54) "*Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,*
For I will slay myself."

Malone's conjecture, "*Cassius* on *Cæsar never shall turn back,*" &c. is adopted (very inconsiderately, I think) both by Mr. Craik and by Mr. Grant White; who probably had forgotten that "*turn*" was formerly not uncommon in the sense of "*return.*" (See Glossary, in *turn*).—"The editor [Malone] believes that Shakespeare wrote

'Cassius *on* Cæsar never shall turn back,'

and says, the next line strongly supports this conjecture. He must mean, it is presumed, in the Irish way; as a mere English reader would conclude that the next line totally destroys it. . . . Cassius says, if the plot be discovered, at all events either he or Cæsar shall never return alive; for, if the latter cannot be killed, he is determined to slay himself. The sense is as plain, as the alternative is just and necessary, or the proposed reading ignorant and absurd." RITSON.

P. 646. (55) "*our purpose;*"

The folio has "*our* purposes;" which words, indeed, have occurred earlier in the play, p. 636; but the plural is surely an error here, since only a few lines above Cassius has said, "I fear *our purpose* is discoverèd." (See *ante*, notes 8, 9.)

P. 647. (56) "*Are we all ready?*"

In the folio these words stand as the commencement of the next speech.—Ritson saw the impropriety of their being uttered by Cæsar; and proposed

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making them a portion of the preceding speech.—With Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, I have transferred them to Casca, in whose mouth they form a very natural rejoinder to what Cinna has just said.

P. 647. (57) "*couchings*"

Hanmer and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitute "crouchings;" an alteration which, according to Mr. Craik, "does not admit of a doubt."—But Mr. Singer well observes; "*Couching* had the same meaning as *crouching;* thus Huloet: *cowche*, like a dogge; Procumbo, Prosterno." *Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 246. And compare "Issachar is a strong ass *couching* down between two burdens." *Genesis* xlix. 14.

P. 647. (58) "*law*"

So Johnson and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "lane."

P. 647. (59) "*Low-crookèd*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*Low*-crouched;" which Mr. Craik adopts. —But hear Mr. Singer again; "Low-*crooked* is the same as low-*crouched;* for Huloet has *crooke*-backed or *crowche*-backed, and to *crook* was to *bow*." *Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 246.

P. 647. (60)

> "*If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,*
> *I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.*
> *Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause*
> *Will he be satisfied.*
>
> Met. *Is there no voice more worthy than my own,*" &c.

"I remember," says Ben Jonson in his *Discoveries*, "the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand! Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour; for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power: would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause,' and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned." *Works*, vol. ix. p. 175, ed. Gifford. Again, in *The Induction* to *The Staple of News*, Jonson makes *Prologue* say, "Cry you mercy, *you never did wrong but with just cause.*" *Works*, vol. v. p. 162, — where Gifford observes; "The attacks on Jonson for this quotation, which are multiplied beyond credibility, are

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founded on two charges, first, that he has falsified the passage; and secondly, that he was actuated by malignity in adverting to it at all. I cannot believe that the passage is 'quoted (as Steevens says) unfaithfully.' It is sufficient to look at it in the printed copy, to be convinced that it never came, in this form, from the pen of Shakespeare. One of the conspirators, Metellus Cimber by name, kneels at the feet of Cæsar, with this short address,

'Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart.'

And what is Cæsar's reply?

'Know Cæsar *doth not wrong*, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.'

How satisfied, and of what? Here is no congruity, and the poetry is as mean as the sense. In Jonson it stands thus;

'*Met.* Cæsar, *thou dost me wrong.*
Cæs. Cæsar *did never wrong* but with just cause.'

Here is, at least, a reference to something. The fact seems to be that this verse, which closely borders upon absurdity without being absolutely absurd, escaped the poet in the heat of composition, and being unluckily one of those quaint slips which are readily remembered, became a jocular and familiar phrase for reproving, as here, the perverse and unreasonable expectations of the male or female gossips of the day. To suppose, with Steevens and Malone, that Jonson derived all his knowledge of Shakespeare from his printed works, is not a little ridiculous: those gentlemen choose to forget that he passed his life among playhouses and players, and that he must have frequently seen *Julius Cæsar* on the stage. There he undoubtedly heard the expression which he has quoted. He tells us himself that, till he was past the age of forty, he could repeat every thing that he had written. His memory therefore was most retentive, and as his veracity was never called in question, but by the duumvirate just mentioned, I cannot but believe that he has faithfully given the words as they were uttered. When the *Staple of News* was written, cannot be told, but it was acted in 1625, nine years after Shakespeare's death; it seems, however, not to have been published till 1641, when the author himself had long been dead; though the title-page bears date 1631. *Julius Cæsar* was printed in 1623; but it does not necessarily follow from this, that Jonson consulted the players' copy. He had no occasion to look into it for what he already knew; and if he had opened it at all, the probability is, that he would have paid no attention to their botchery (for theirs I am persuaded it was), when the genuine words were already so familiar to him. He wrote and spoke at a time when he might easily have been put to shame, if his quotation had been unfaithful." Let me add (for it may escape the reader) that Gifford supposes Shakespeare to have written thus;

"If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Met. Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.
Cæs. Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause.
Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own," &c.—

In *The Parthenon* for August 2, 1862, p. 442, the late Mr. W. W. Williams

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writes thus; "In an earlier part of the scene [*i. e.* the first scene of the third act of *Measure for Measure*, vol. i. p. 477, Claudio] had expressed to the Duke his readiness to die; and the latter, overhearing the subsequent dialogue between Claudio and Isabella, recommends him, not to allow any false hopes to shake his previous determination;

'Do not *satisfy* your resolution with hopes that are fallible.'

The obvious drift of these words is to the effect that Claudio should not *unsettle* his resolution by encouraging expectations of reprieve. The word 'satisfy' does not, either etymologically or according to known usage, convey this meaning, and hence the perplexity occasioned by the text. But does not Shakespeare so employ it elsewhere? If I am not mistaken, he does, and in a remarkable instance. In 'Julius Cæsar,' act iii. sc. 1, upon Cæsar's taking his seat in the Capitol, Metellus Cimber kneels before him, petitioning for the recall of his brother Publius from banishment. Cæsar replies to his supplication by a somewhat ostentatious display of his own firmness of character. He does not

'bear such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools;'

and he concludes with,

'Know Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be *satisfied*.'

Mr. Craik, in his Commentary on this play, observes that the words 'nor without cause will he be satisfied' have 'an especially suspicious look,' and his difficulty appears to lie in the word 'satisfied.' But Cæsar's speeches are declarative of his determination not to remit the sentence on Publius Cimber, or suffer his resolution to be shaken or unsettled without adequate cause. Accordingly, he responds to the intercession of Cassius by vaunting that he is 'constant as the northern star,' 'unshak'd by motion;' and winds up with

'I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.'

The whole speech to Cassius is a running commentary on the last words addressed to Metellus Cimber. Upon comparing the passage in 'Measure for Measure' with this in 'Julius Cæsar,' we find the same word apparently in the same sense, and translatable only by the same modern equivalent. What precise shade of meaning Shakespeare may have attached to it is another matter; but we must pause before tampering with either passage, when each is so confirmatory of the other."—Again, in *The Parthenon* for Nov. 1, 1862, p. 849, the same critic,—after citing from *All's well that ends well*, act v. sc. 3,

"But when I had . . . inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she cease'd
In heavy *satisfaction*, and would never
Receive the ring again,"—

observes; "Note the expression 'heavy satisfaction.' In 'The Parthenon' of Aug. 2, I ventured to vindicate the old text in the case of the words 'satisfy' and 'satisfied,' as found respectively in 'Measure for Measure' and

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'Julius Cæsar.' The present passage is entirely confirmatory of my opinion, then expressed, that Shakespeare occasionally employed the word 'satisfy' in some such signification as to *disturb* or *unsettle*."—With all my respect for the acuteness of the late Mr. Williams, I must confess that his present remarks by no means "*satisfy*" me.

P. 649. (61) "Cass."

The folio has "Cask."

P. 649. (62) "*o'er*"

The folio has "ouer."—"The flow requires '*o'er*.' *Over* for *o'er* is a frequent error in the folio." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 247.

P. 649. (63) "*states*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "State."

P. 650. (64) "*lies*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "lye."

P. 651. (65)

"*For your part,*
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony,
Our arms no strength of malice; and our hearts,"

The folio has

". . . . . *Marke Antony:*
Our Armes in *strength of malice*," &c.

I give Capell's reading, as preferable to any other yet proposed.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, without altering the punctuation, changes "*malice*" to a word which no way resembles it in the *ductus literarum*, "welcome;" and which to my thinking (though Mr. Craik eagerly adopts it) makes almost nonsense.—Mr. Singer proposes "amity" for "*malice;*" and Dr. Badham (*Cambridge Essays*, vol. for 1856, p. 287) conjectures "*Our arms* unstring their *malice*," &c.

P. 652. (66) "*lethe.*—"

Spelt in the folio "*Lethee.*"—Capell, *Gloss.* sub "*Lethe,*" says that here it is "a term us'd by hunters, to signify—the blood shed by a deer at its fall, with which it is still a custom to mark those who come in at the death." According to Steevens, "*Lethe* is used by many of the old translators of novels for *death.*" And Nares, *Gloss.* sub "*Lethe,*" observes that the word when used, as it is here, in the sense of *death*, "must be formed from *lethum*, not *lethé.*" — But Theobald and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector read "death."

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P. 653. (67) "*due*"

The folio has "true."—"Read '*due*' [with Pope and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector]." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 239.

P. 654. (68) "*Woe to the hands*"

The folio has "*Woe to the* hand." But Antony has previously (p. 651) said to the conspirators,

"Now, whilst your purpled *hands* do reek," &c.

P. 654. (69) "*the minds of men ;*"

The folio has "*the* limbes *of men ;*" which is defended by Capell, Steevens, and Malone; Steevens citing from Phaer's *Æneid* "*limmes of men*," as if the words were not easily to be found in a hundred other books.—Hanmer reads "*the* kind *of men ;*" Warburton, "*the* line *of men ;*" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, "*the* loins *of men*" (a most vile alteration, which nevertheless is adopted with high praise by Mr. Craik, who tells us that "the *loins* of men means, or COURSE, the generations of men").—Johnson's conjecture is "*the* lives *of men ;*" Walker's (*Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 247), "*the* times *of men ;*" Mr. Staunton's, "*the* tombs *of men ;*" and Mr. Grant White's, "*the* sons *of men.*"—I give, at the suggestion of Mr. Swynfen Jervis, "*the minds of men ;*" a reading which suits the context excellently: and "limbes" was a not unlikely mistake for "*mindes.*" In an earlier passage of the play, p. 628, where Cassius complains that "our fathers' *minds* are dead," the folio has "*mindes.*"

P. 654. (70) "*for*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "from."

P. 654. (71) "*Begin*"

The folio has "Began" (a manifest error).

P. 656. (72) "*now*"

Added by Pope.

P. 656. (73) "*Cæsar's glory ;*"

The folio has "*Cæsars* Glories."—Corrected by Walker, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 250.—The author's Ms. most probably had "*Glorie :*" above, in the present page, Brutus speaks of "his [Cæsar's] *glory* not extenuated."

P. 658. (74) "*Has he not, masters ?*"

The folio has merely "*Ha's hee Masters ?*"—"Perhaps we should read 'Has he, *my* masters ?'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 259.—The "*not*" is the addition of Mr. Craik.

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P. 660. (75) "*statua*,"

See note 48.

P. 661. (76) "*wit*,"

The folio has "writ" (which more than one editor has retained,—"writ" meaning "penned or premeditated oration"!).—The correction was made in the second folio.

P. 662. (77) "*thou*"

Mr. Craik proposes "now;" an alteration quite unnecessary, and even objectionable, on account of the immediately preceding and following "*now*."

P. 662. (78) "*He and Lepidus*"

"Perhaps, 'He and *Lord* Lepidus.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 264.

P. 662. (79) "*'em*"

The folio has "him."

P. 662. (80) "*I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,*
And things unlucky charge my fantasy:"

In the second line the folio has "vnluckily;" which Warburton altered to "*unlucky*."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "unlikely;" of which Mr. Collier approves, because "Why should Cinna consider it unlucky to dream of feasting with Cæsar?" Steevens has given the reason, *ad l.*: "I learn," he says, "from an old black-letter treatise on Fortune-telling, &c. that to dream 'of being at *banquets*, betokeneth misfortune, &c.'"—1865. "Undoubtedly '*unlucky*.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 247.—Mr. Craik approves and adopts the Ms. Corrector's reading; while Mr. Staunton pronounces it to be "certainly wrong."

P. 664. (81) "*one that feeds*
On abject orts and imitations,
Which," &c.

The folio has "*On* Obiects, Arts, *and Imitations*," &c.—I adopt Theobald's correction, "*On abject orts*," &c.,—"*i. e.* on the scraps and fragments of things rejected and despised by others,"—a correction which Capell (*Notes*, &c. vol. i. P. ii. p. 110) calls "decisive" on account of the preceding "*feeds*," and which at least is strongly supported by that word. (Shakespeare elsewhere has

"The fractions of her faith, *orts* of her love," &c.
Troilus and Cressida, p. 88 of the present vol.

"It is some poor fragment, some slender *ort* of his remainder," &c. *Timon of Athens*, p. 561 of the present vol.

"Let him have time a beggar's *orts* to crave," &c.
Lucrece.)—

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Steevens, who brought back the old reading, first asserts that "objects" means "*speculative knowledge*," and that "arts" means "*mechanic operations*;" and then adds, "*objects*, however, may mean things *objected* or thrown out to him:" but of what follows,—

"*and imitations*,
Which, out of use," &c.—

he prudently takes no notice, for it is quite sufficient to prove that his explanations are wrong.—Malone too adheres to the original text: "*objects*," he says, "means, in Shakespeare's language, whatever is presented to the eye [which it generally means *in every body's language*]. So, in *Timon of Athens*, 'Swear against *objects*,'" &c.—Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight also retain the lection of the folio; Mr. Collier, without any remark; and Mr. Knight, with a note, in which, after declaring that the whole difficulty of the passage has been created by the modern editors putting a semicolon, instead of a comma, after "*imitations*," he proceeds thus; "It is marvellous that the editors have not seen that Lepidus is called barren, because, a mere follower of others, he feeds

'On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which, *out of use, and stal'd by other men*,
Begin his fashion.'"

And can Mr. Knight seriously believe that the substitution of a comma for a semicolon materially affects the sense of the passage, or renders it a whit more intelligible?—Mr. Grant White (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 398) would read

"*one that feeds*
On abject arts *and imitations*," &c.:

but "*abject* arts," I apprehend, could only mean "*abject* artifices;" and that meaning does not suit the context.—1865. Mr. Grant White now (in his edition of *Shakespeare*) adheres to the folio, dropping all mention of his conjecture.—Mr. Staunton and the Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) print

"*one that feeds*
On objects, *orts, and imitations*," &c.—

Mr. Craik is quite satisfied with Mr. Knight's comma, "which slight change makes every thing plain and easy."

P. 665. (82)

"*Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out*;"

So the second folio.—In the first folio the line stands mutilated thus, "*Our best Friends made, our meanes stretcht*."

P. 666. (83) "*Lucius, do you the like*," &c.

"The original text is,

'Lucillius, do you the like, and let no man

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Come to our Tent, till we haue done our Conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our doore.'

To cure the prosody in the first line, Steevens and other modern editors strike out the *you*. It is strange that no one should have been struck with the absurdity of such an association as *Lucius* and *Titinius* for the guarding of the door—an officer of rank and a servant boy—the boy, too, being named first. The function of Lucius was to carry messages. As Cassius sends *his* servant Pandarus with a message to his division of the force, Brutus sends his servant Lucius with a similar message to his division. Nothing can be clearer than that *Lucilius* in the first line is a misprint for *Lucius*, and *Lucius* in the third a misprint for *Lucilius*. Or the error may have been in the copy; and the insertion of the *Let* was probably an attempt of the printer, or editor, to save the prosody of that line, as the omission of the *you* is of the modern editors to save that of the other. The present restoration sets everything to rights. At the close of the conference we have Brutus, in p. 670, again addressing himself to Lucilius and Titinius, who had evidently kept together all the time it lasted. Lucius (who in the original text is commonly called the *Boy*) and Titinius are nowhere mentioned together." CRAIK,—who omits to notice that the "our *doore*" of the folio was long ago properly altered to "*the door;*" the "our" having been repeated by mistake from the preceding line.

P. 666. (84) "[Exeunt.

SCENE III.," &c.

The folio has

"Exeunt.

Manet Brutus and Cassius:"—

on which Mr. Knight remarks; "In the Shakespearean theatre Brutus and Cassius evidently retired to the secondary stage." But the "*Manet*" of the folio shows, I think, that Mr. Knight is mistaken, and that here the audience were to *suppose* (as they frequently had to *suppose*) a change of scene.

P. 667. (85) "*slighted off.*"

Mr. Craik—who mentions that some of the modern editors print "slighted *of*," and that "at a date considerably later than Shakespeare we have still *slighted over* (for to treat or perform carelessly)"—seems to be at a loss for an example of *slight* used with *off*. Here is one;

"Braue Shalcan Bohor, all this while
Our eye has followed yours, and seene it smile
(As twere in scorne) of what these men could doe,
Which made vs *slight* them *off*," &c.

Dekker's *If it be not good, the Diuel is in it*, 1612, sig. E 2.

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P. 667. (86) "*And*"

Inserted by Capell.—An earlier insertion was "Yet."—Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 135) "feels all but certain" that this line is mutilated in the first syllable.

P. 667. (87) "*I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,*
Than such a Roman.
Cas. *Brutus, bay not me,—*"

The folio has "*Brutus*, baite *not me*;" which, though corrected by Theobald, is retained by Malone in direct opposition to common sense; for the veriest child might perceive that the author intended Cassius to echo the word used by Brutus. Here, with a view to such a repetition, the editor of the second folio printed "——*and* baite *the Moone*," &c.: but assuredly the error lies, not in the first speech, but in the second (where "baite" grew out of "*baie*").

P. 668. (88) "*abler men.*"

So Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (and compare what Cassius has said a little before,

"Older in practice, *abler* than yourself
To make conditions").—

The folio has "Noble *men*."

P. 669. (89) "*do*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "did,"—and rightly perhaps; for "*do*" may have been repeated by mistake from the line but one above.

P. 669. (90) "*Plutus*'"

The folio has "Pluto's."—See note 103 on *Troilus and Cressida*.

P. 672. (91) "*new-aided,*"

The folio has "*new* added."—The emendation "*new-aided*" occurred both to Mr. Singer (see *Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 247) and to myself (see *A Few Notes*, &c. p. 116); nor do I think it the less certain because a critic in *Blackwood's Magazine* for Oct. 1858, p. 459, is pleased to declare that "no change is necessary."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes strangely "*new*-hearted."—1865. Mr. Collier, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, adopts the Ms. Corrector's reading, "*new*-hearted;" and remarks, "'New-*aided*,' which is the Rev. Mr. Dyce's emendation, is only saying the same thing over again that appears in the line just above,

'By them shall make a fuller number up.'

'New-hearted' is a strong and expressive compound, and, as Mr. Craik ob-

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serves (*Engl. of Shakesp.* p. 260), 'the very sort of word that one would expect to find where it stands, in association with *refresh'd* and *encourag'd*.'"

1. The word substituted here by the Ms. Corrector, "hearted," bears not the most distant resemblance, either in spelling or in sound, to the original word, "added;" from which the word substituted by me, "*aided*," differs only in a single letter.

2. Mr. Collier declares that "'new-*aided*' is only saying the same thing over again that appears in the line just above:" but how came it to escape him that

"new-hearted, and encourag'd,"

are synonymous terms?—

"To HEART. To encourage; to hearten."
Todd's *Johnson's Dictionary*.

3. Mr. Craik's note on the passage would seem to show that he was not aware of my conjecture, "new-*aided*;" though the reader would be apt to conclude, from what Mr. Collier says above, that it was known to Mr. Craik, and had been condemned by him; in which case, let me add (without any disrespect to Mr. Craik), I should not have thought the worse of it.

P. 673. (92) "*Farewell*,"

"Perhaps '*Fare you well.*'" Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 141. —Hanmer prints "Now, *farewell*."

P. 674. (93) "*Claudius*"

Here the folio has "Claudio;" and in the next speech and stage-direction "Varrus *and* Claudio." See note 6.—"'*Varrus*,' as the folio calls Brutus's attendant in *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 3,—vulg. '*Varro*,'—is, if this form be the right one, '*Varus*;' of course, not *the* Varus. I rather think, however, that '*Varro*' is the true reading." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 323.

P. 675. (94) "*Varro! Claudius!*"

Here again the folio has "Varrus, Claudio;" and in the fourth speech of Brutus after this "Claudio."

P. 676. (95) "*thou*"

"The tenour of the conversation evidently requires us to read '*you*.'" RITSON.—"'*You*' seems to be required. See context. Qu." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 249.

P. 677. (96) "*The posture of your blows are yet unknown;*"

See note 116 on *Love's Labour's lost*.

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P. 677. (97) "*O flatterers!*" &c.

"The old copies corruptly read 'O *you* Flatterers;' an error which Malone was the first to restore, to the ruin of the metre." W. N. LETTSOM (note on Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 135).—Mr. Craik, however, is quite satisfied with the old reading: he informs us that in this line "there is the common prosodical irregularity of a superfluous short syllable."—Walker (*ubi supra*, p. 136) says, "We ought to [read and] arrange;

'—— O flatterers!
Cassius. Flatterers!
Now, Brutus, thank yourself;'

a six-syllable line."

P. 677. (98) "*Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds*
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors."

Here Theobald altered "*three-and-thirty*" to "*three-and-*twenty."—Ritson advocates the old reading, observing that Fletcher and [. . . . ?] have fallen into a similar mistake in their *Noble Gentleman*, where they speak of "Cæsar's *two-and-thirty* wounds."—In the last line Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "—— *to the* word *of traitors*,"—a most unhappy alteration. Surely, Octavius means—"or till you, traitors, have added the crime of slaying me (another Cæsar) to that of having murdered Julius."

P. 678. (99) "*am I*"

"'*I am' I*" Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. ii. p. 247.

P. 678. (100) "*former*"

Rowe substituted "foremost;" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "forward."—"'*Former*' is right; and the meaning 'our *fore* ensign.' So, in Adlyngton's *Apuleius*, 1596 [originally printed in 1566]: 'First hee instructed me to sit at the table vpon my taile, and howe I should leape and daunce, holding vp my *former* feete.'" RITSON.

P. 679. (101) "*Even by the rule of that philosophy*
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how," &c.

According to Mr. Craik, "The construction plainly is, 'I know not how it is, but I do find it, by the rule of that philosophy, &c., cowardly and vile," &c.—But qy.?

P. 679. (102) "*The time of life:*"

"By '*time*' is meant the full and complete time, the period." MALONE.—"The

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expression, '*time of life*,' for duration of life, occurs again in 'Henry IV.' Part ii. Act v. Sc. 2,

'O, gentlemen, *the time of life* is short;'

a fact Mr. Craik must have forgotten when he adopted the specious modernization, '*term* of life,' from Capell." STAUNTON.

P. 679. (103) "*some*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "those;" which Mr. Craik inconsiderately adopts.

P. 680. (104) "*Octavius*'"

The folio has "Octanio's." See note 6.

P. 682. (105) "[Pindarus goes up."

Here the folio has no stage-direction; but to the next speech of Pindarus it prefixes "*Aboue*,"—which proves that, when this play was originally acted, Pindarus took his station on the upper-stage.

P. 682. (106) "*But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;*"

Mr. Craik tells us that "'*But, hold thee*,' is equivalent to our modern 'But hold,' or 'but stop';" a very erroneous interpretation. It is equivalent to "But, have thou, receive thou:" see note 4 on *Measure for Measure*, vol. i. p. 523, and note 27 on the present play: compare too, in *The Winter's Tale*, vol. iii. p. 484, the words of Camillo when he gives money to Autolycus; "though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet *hold thee*, there's some boot."

P. 683. (107) "*Thou last of all the Romans, fare thee well!*"

So Rowe.—The folio has "The *last*," &c.,—the Ms. most probably having had the contraction "$\overset{\text{u}}{\text{y}}$," which the compositor mistook for "$\overset{\text{e}}{\text{y}}$."—If ever a critic showed himself puzzleheaded, Malone has done so in his note on this passage. To say nothing of his monstrous assertion that "*Thou* last," &c., "was not the phraseology of Shakespeare's age,"—he defends the old reading by citing from North's *Plutarch*; "So, when he [Brutus] was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him THE *last of all the Romans, being impossible that Rome should ever breede againe so noble and valiant a man as he*, he caused his bodie to be buried," &c. But, as Steevens remarks, "the passage cited from Plutarch can have no weight on the present occasion. The biographer is only *relating* what Brutus *had said*. In the text Brutus is the *speaker*, and is *addressing himself, propria persona*, to Cassius."—And see note 168 on *The Third Part of King Henry VI.*

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P. 683. (108) "*Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;*
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us."

Here Theobald was the first to substitute "*Thassos*" for the "Tharsus" of the folio.—The more correct form of the name is *Thasos:* but, as Steevens observes, "it is *Thassos* in Sir Thomas North's translation [of *Plutarch*]:"—where the words are; "and sent it to the citie of *Thassos*, fearing lest *his funerals* within the campe should cause great disorder." p. 1076, ed. 1579. This forbids our altering "*funerals*" (i.e. obsequies) in the text to "funeral" (though Walker prefers here the latter, *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. iii. p. 249); and compare *Titus Andronicus*, act i. sc. 1,

"and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his *funerals*."

The Warres of Cyrus King of Persia, &c. 1594, sig. G 3,

"We rescued him [*i.e.* the dead body of Abradates], and
brought him to your grace,
Here to receiue such worthie *funerals*
As fits the honour of so great a lord."

and Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*, act v. sc. 2,

"an hundred piles
Already to my *funerals* are flaming."

P. 683. (109) "*Labeo and Flavius,*"

The folio has "Labio *and* Flauio." See note 6.

P. 684. (110) "*the*"

The folio has "thee."

P. 685. (111) "*sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.*"

In the third folio "*sword-hilts*" is altered to "Swords hilt;" without regard to the older phraseology.—Compare in p. 681.

P. 685. (112) "*by this losing day,*
. . . . . .
By this vile conquest"

"Qy. '*By* their *vile conquest*'? The repetition seems awkward and unShakesperian." Walker's *Crit. Exam.* &c. vol. i. p. 302.

P. 686. (113) "*follow.*"

Pope added "thee."

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